Why We Must Prepare for Hell in the Air in the Next War

WEEK
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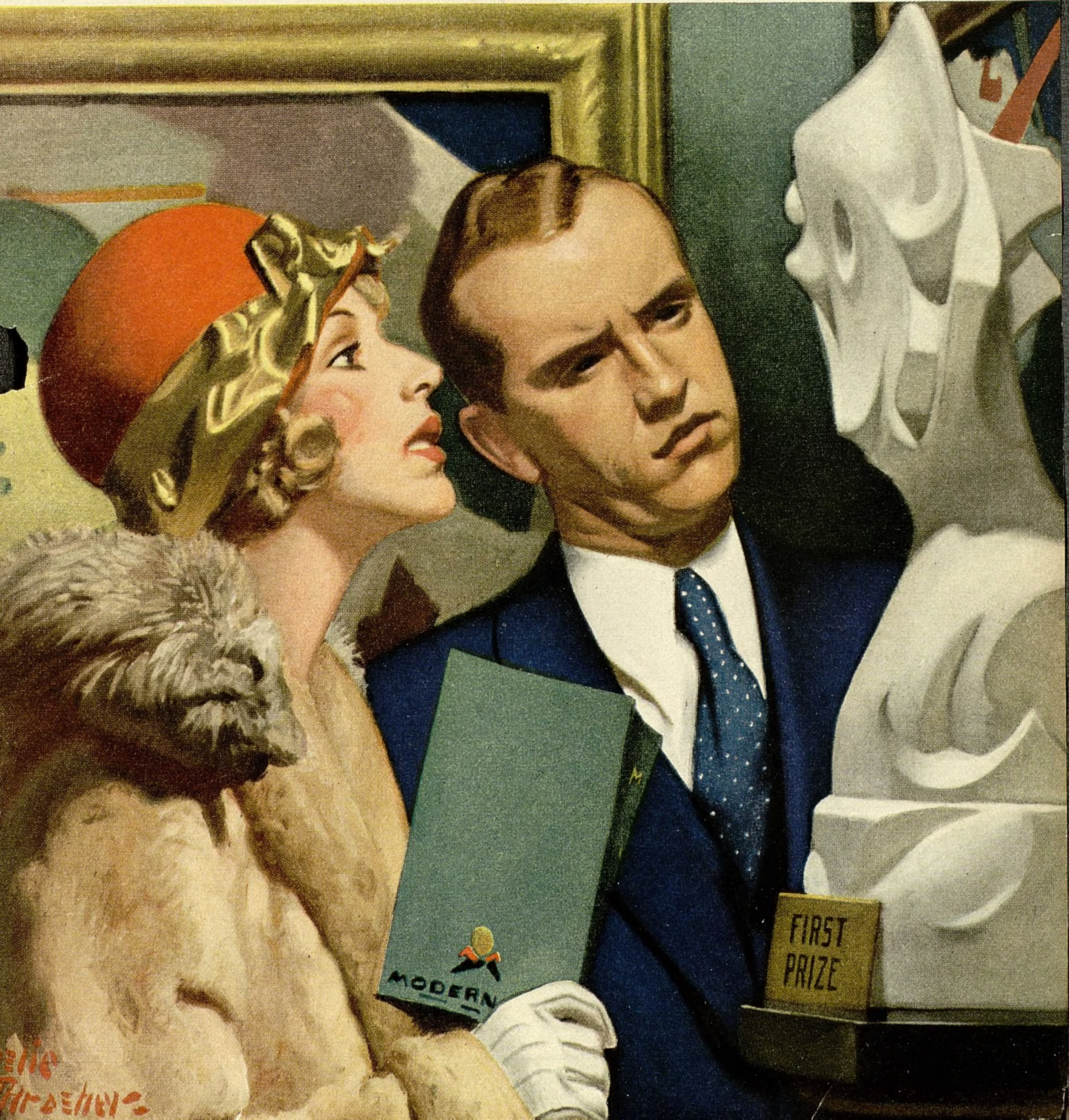
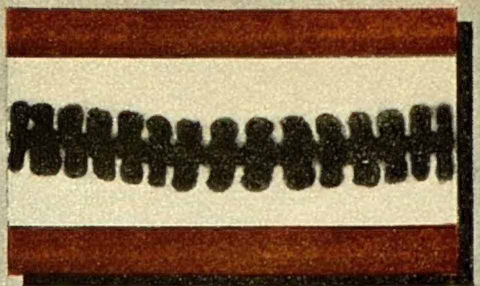

MODERN
FIRST PRIZE
Leslie Thrasher

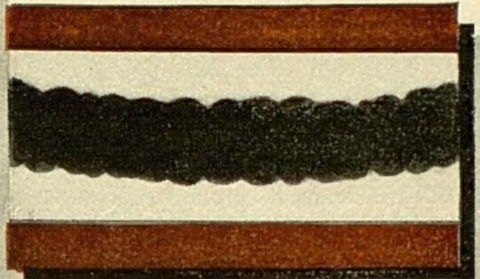
It's how a laxative WORKS that's important!



Section of a Normal Intestine

From an actual X-ray photograph, showing how the peristaltic muscles constantly knead and churn, eliminating waste matter from the system.

When Nature needs help, the right laxative should mildly stimulate the bowel muscles so that they do their work normally. Ex-Lax simply gives a gentle "nudge" and proper function is resumed.



The Danger of Violent Cathartics

Chronic constipation creates a distended condition of the intestines, as shown above. This results in loss of muscle "tone." Repeated abuse with violent cathartics may further impair the action of these already overstretched muscles by submerging their latent impulse to respond to milder, gentler stimuli, thus doing more harm than good.

More important than mere *results*, your doctor will tell you, is *how* a laxative works inside your body.

Nature has given you a mechanism for the elimination of food waste. Day and night, the "peristalsis" of the bowel muscles, churning and kneading ceaselessly, performs this vital task. When you are constipated it simply means the intestines have been obstructed. They've stopped moving, temporarily.

Beware of laxatives that do this!

Wrong laxatives violate the essential law of "peristaltic action." The food is forced through the intestines in utter disregard of the normal action of the bowel muscles. Such laxatives get results—but at the cost of digestion and general health.

Avoid this danger! Choose a laxative that *gently* helps the bowel muscles to do their work naturally. Choose Ex-Lax!

The doctor approves of the way Ex-Lax works. He knows that its scientific ingredient, phenolphthalein, acts gently—not violently—on the intestinal muscles, merely giving them a slight "nudge" when normal action is delayed.

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The doctor knows too, that Ex-Lax is absolutely safe and effective for young and old alike. Today Ex-Lax is one of the world's leading laxatives.

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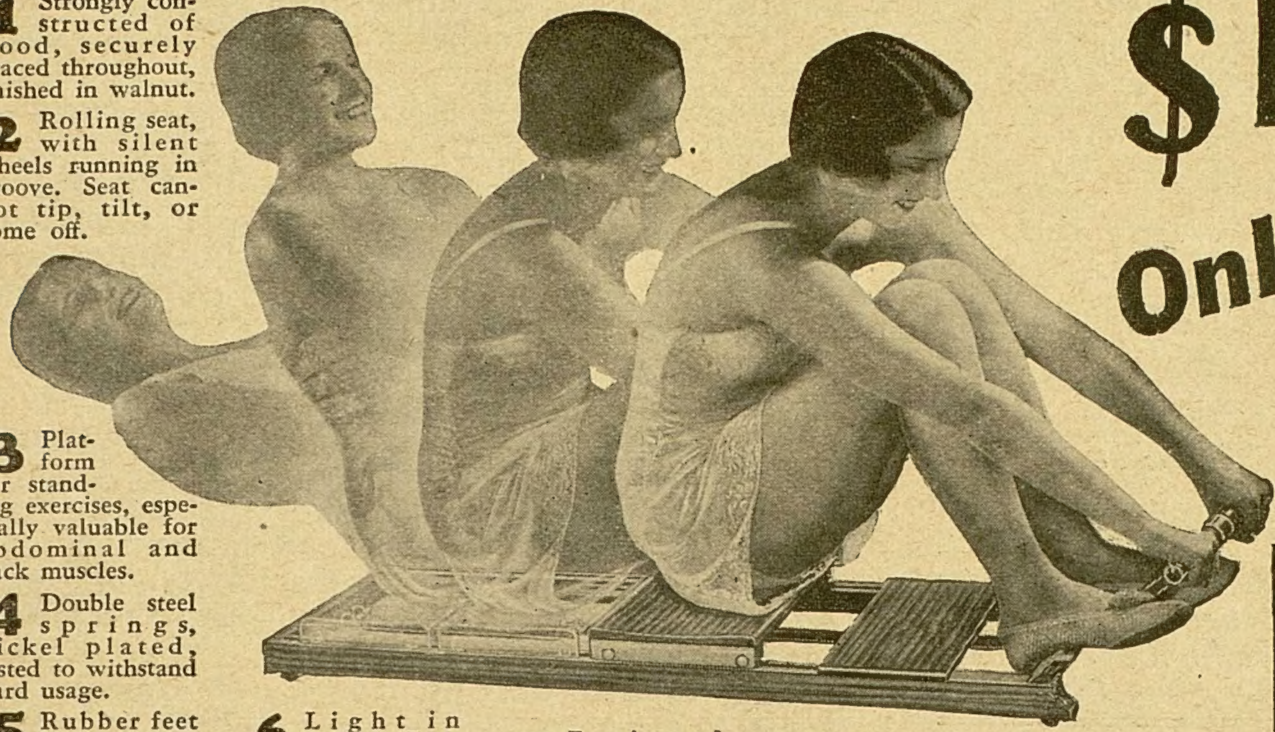

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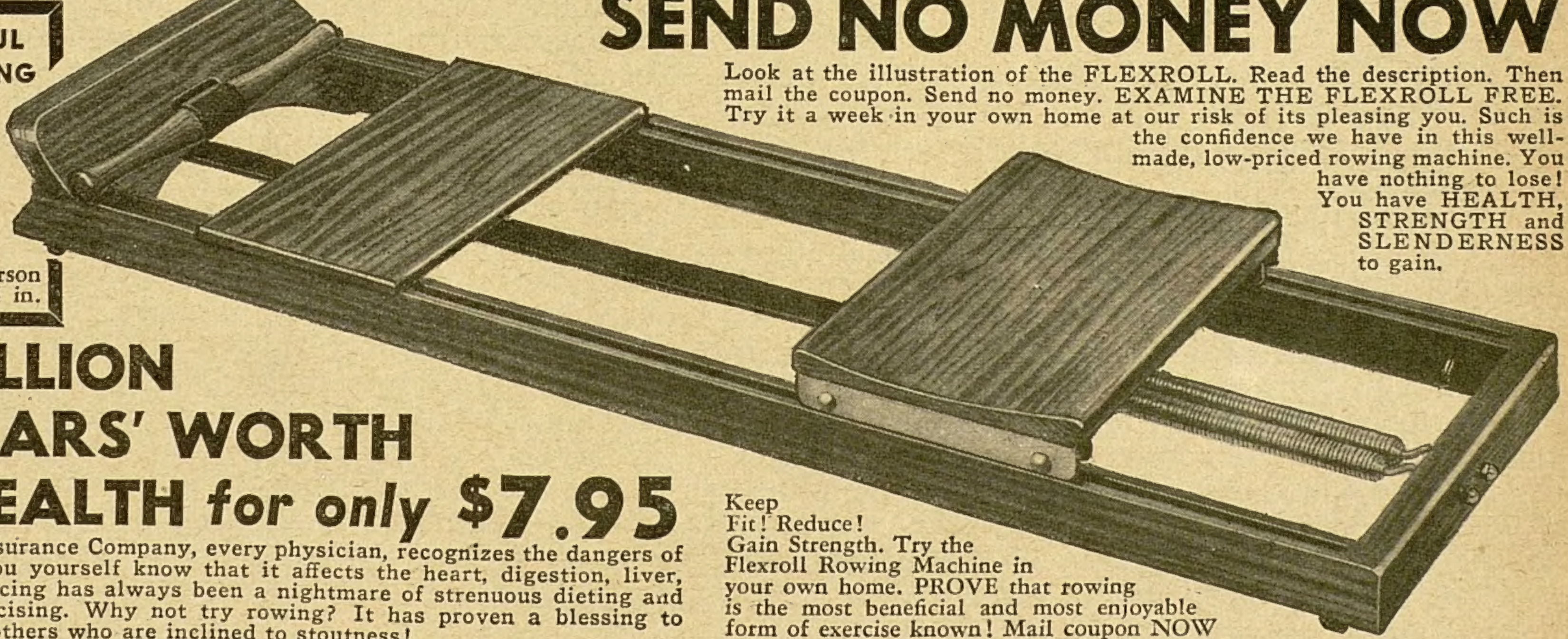

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FEB. 6, 1932

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

VOL. 9
NO. 6

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

A GREAT POLITICAL DRAMA

Politics are beginning to simmer. The hectic fervor of the coming Presidential campaign will soon be registering fever heat.

We have an oversupply of all kinds of merchandise. We have more food than we can eat for some time to come. We have money enough to supply the needs of the world.

But we are still in the midst of a stubborn depression. And everybody is turning to politics for a remedy!

What we need is laws for this and laws for that. Laws—and still more laws! And what the average intelligent citizen would like to know is: What is the use of laws when so many people recklessly disregard them?

Our principal difficulty at this time is too much law. There are laws that become so difficult to interpret that justice in many instances is entirely disregarded.

If we had a few simple laws founded on the fundamental need for justice that this nation first legalized, at least there would be a recognition of the fundamental principle upon which all laws should be founded—the demand for justice to one and all.

It is often said that we have one law for the rich and another for the poor. But that is a mistake. It is the same law, the difference being in its interpretation. The interpretation for the rich man is made by high-priced lawyers, and the poor man has to take the legal talent he can afford.

Graft and the favoritism that it breeds is one of the causes of the present serious situation. Man's inhumanity to man is proverbial. "Business is business," you will hear on all sides, and it is appalling when you realize that a principle of this sort is frequently adhered to in order to insure success in some commercial enterprise.

Starving jobless men are calling upon the government everywhere for relief. Huge funds have been raised to feed those who are facing starvation. The hungry man is desperate. Fasting may be beneficial to some people, but actual hunger is a dire physical need. It is rarely associated with reasoning, and the resentful spirit of the jobless is in some cases excusable.

From unparalleled luxury we have in the short period of a year or two passed into a state of business stagnation that has no equal for those that are now living. And the remedies that have been suggested are too numerous for computation.

Father Cox marched on Washington recently with several hundred jobless men, and demanded immediate consideration for the victims of this business stagnation. He wanted governmental action. At the same time several millions of people were protesting against high taxation—and any effort that the government may make to relieve the present suffering means more taxation.

The suffering of our people must be given the necessary consideration. The rich must dig down deep into their pockets and give until it hurts; for, as a very prominent official said on one occasion: "If the giving is not satisfactory, the government will take through confiscation."

The desire for money is an appetite that grows in proportion to its attainment. The more one gets the more he wants. He is never satisfied. The struggle for wealth often becomes a fierce and terrific fight which destroys every worth-while trait in the human character. And doubtless this appallingly selfish spirit sometimes pervades financial wizards in their wild endeavor to retain the breath-taking wealth that many acquired when balloonlike values were placed on securities during Wall Street's chaotic period of financial insanity.

Money often drives people mad—paralyzes their sense of justice. They become hard and calloused—selfish beyond measure. Insanity or suicide is often the fate of those whose minds become unbalanced through its influence.

And it is through this chaotic situation that we must struggle into the light of business stability. We must get our balance and fearlessly face the emergencies that confront us. We must work toward a readjustment in accordance with what we have today, and throw aside the fictitious values established during the wild inflation of wartime insanities.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Use a Gargle with Purging Action

IF YOU WOULD STOP A COLD AT ONCE

Physicians Now Urge This Special Type of Treatment To Get Rid of Germs EMBEDDED In The Mucus . . . A Really Scientific Way To Check Fresh Colds Quickly

MODERN science practically agrees that there is one best way to stop a fresh cold. Killing loose surface germs won't do it. For it's the germs embedded *in the mucus* that attack your mouth and throat. And 90 per cent of the time ordinary gargles, no matter how strong, don't touch them. Because they don't get under the mucus.

That's why the advice of doctors is— At the first indication of a cold, use a PURGING TREATMENT. Cleanse the membranes of the mouth and throat. Get rid of every vestige of germ-breeding mucus. And give tissues a chance to exercise their disease-resisting functions.

That is why Lavoris is being so widely specified by physicians as the first step in treating colds.

How It Acts

The action of Lavoris in the mouth and throat will be a revelation to you.

First: It loosens, "cuts" and removes dangerous, germ-laden mucus. Turns it into a "curd" so you can expel it easily and quickly.

You see the shreds with your own eyes. Thus you know that bacteria are washed out because the mucus that they lodge in is flushed out.

No longer can mucus hold germs in contact with the tissues where they breed and multiply. It leaves the tissues clean and sweet.

In all this, its effect is soothing. It cannot harm the most delicate membranes or disturb the important gastric juices or digestive process.

Second: After the tissues are purged, cleansed and soothed, Lavoris stimulates circulation and fortifies against other germs.

Accept Trial Offer

At the first sign of a cold—do as physicians now advise. Use this purging type of treatment. *Mix Lavoris with hot water, half-and-half.* Gargle frequently until you get relief. Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or accept the trial offer at the right. And receive a generous bottle for the cost of packing and mailing.

See how swiftly it gets the sticky mucus out. Note the quick relief. See how speedily cold is checked.

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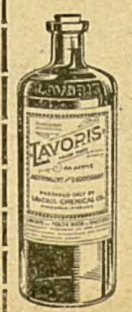

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the hat the TOOTH PASTE paid for and the teeth it beautified

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Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25¢.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of $3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

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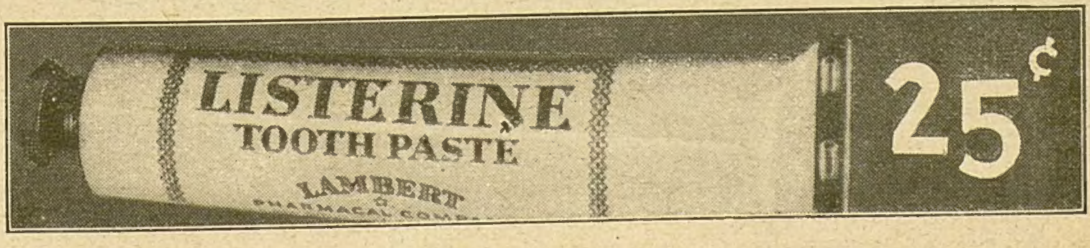
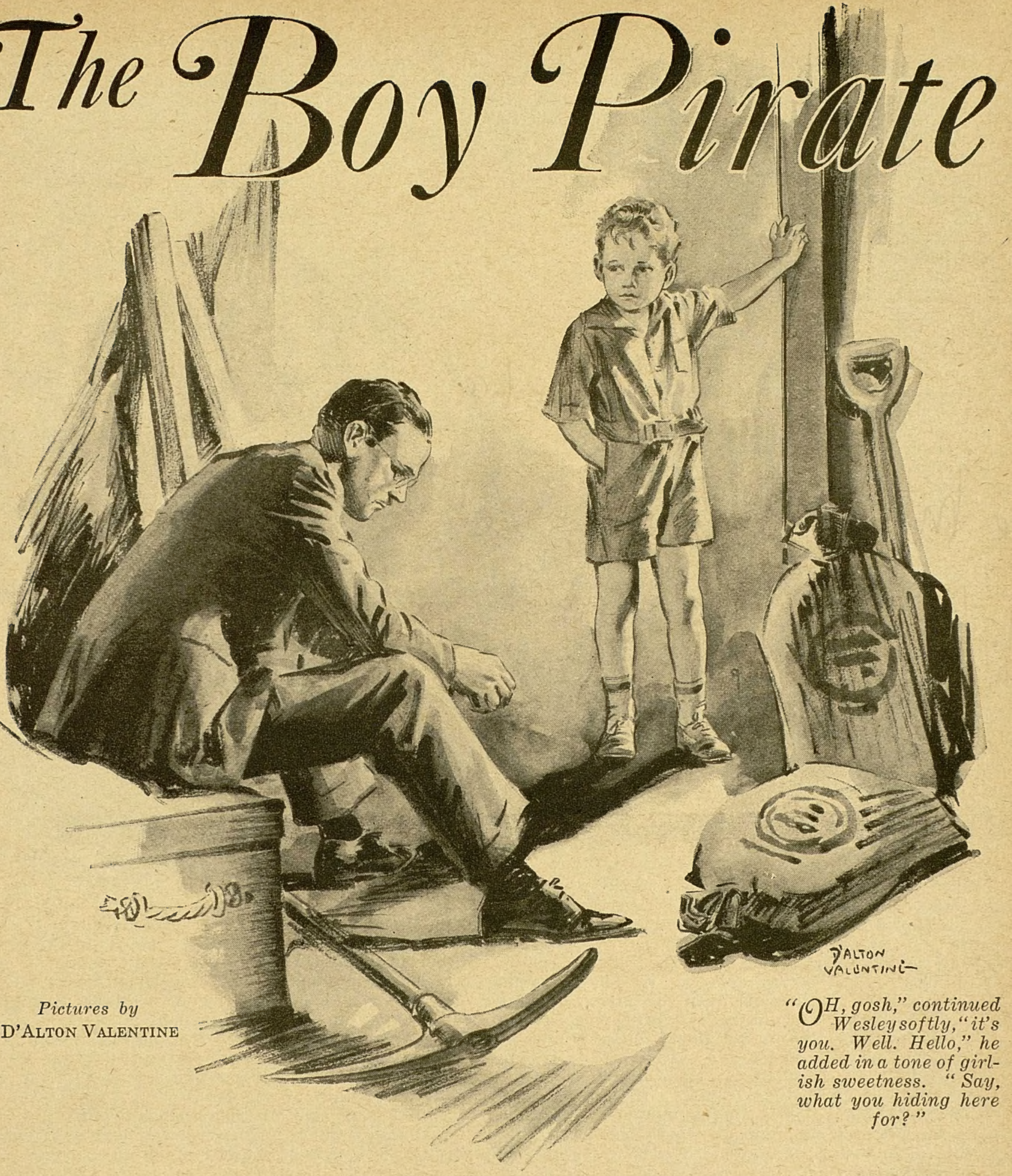


THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

The Boy Pirate



Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

"OH, gosh," continued Wesley softly, "it's you. Well. Hello," he added in a tone of girlish sweetness. "Say, what you hiding here for?"

The Story of a Youngster's Imagination and a Hollywood Hoax

By BEN HECHT

(Reading time: 33 minutes 25 seconds.)

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

WHEN Philip Warren came to Hollywood and announced his entry on a large scale as a producer of motion pictures, the czars and sachems of that fabulous town smacked their lips as if confronted by a large succulent herring, winked knowingly at their subsidiary potentates, and fell to daydreaming. The arrival in Hollywood of so famous a bank roll as Mr. Warren's—four millions a year net from his father's copper mines in Idaho—was regarded as legitimate manna.

It is a very strange thing to relate, but despite all the glitter and whopp-dee-doo and all the Aladdinlike wonders surrounding their courts, there is always a peculiar sort of insolvency dodging the footsteps of these Hollywood czars and sachems. They are always a million or two shy.

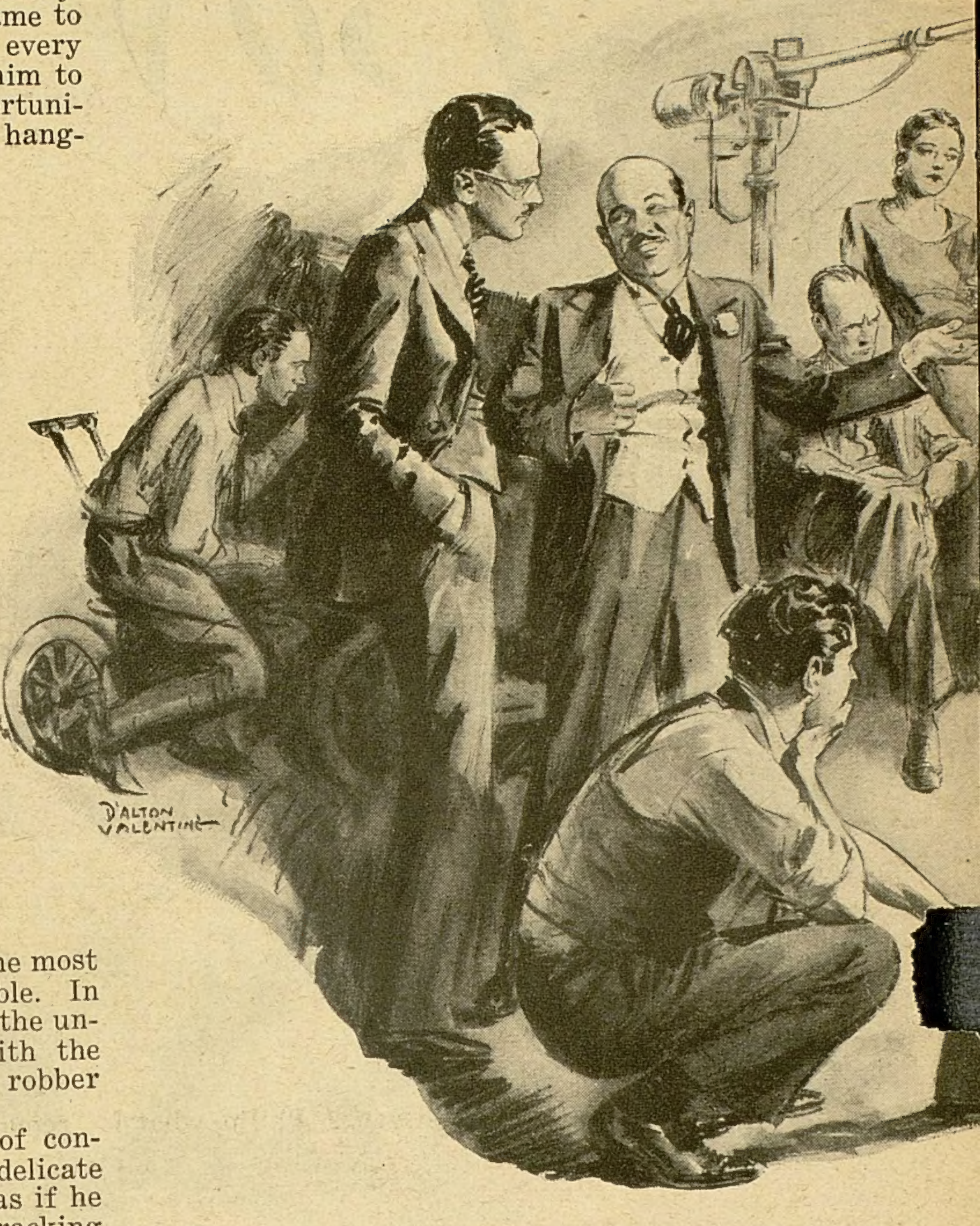
Mr. Warren, therefore, had no sooner signaled his presence than a great many impressive schemes were hatched to simplify his début as a producer. These were submitted to him by one after another of the industry's caliphs. What made matters unusually interesting was the fact that Mr. Warren was only twenty-six years old and none too bright, judging from either his remarks or his exterior.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BOY PIRATE

Continued from page seven

IT was with Mr. Spangleman's persistent aid that Mr. Warren produced his first picture.



He turned out to be a tall, lean, aimless-looking bonanza with a certain callow and effacive charm, a high-pitched, indecisive voice, and full of a peculiar wallflower modesty. But, despite these happy signs, a strange thing came to pass. Mr. Warren persisted in spurning each and every one of the paternal wings tenderly held out for him to nestle under. He listened limply to the superb opportunities the caliphs and their wazirs came offering and, hanging his head, mumbled apologetically when it came his time to talk that what he wanted to do was produce movies all by himself, because he had certain ideas he wanted to carry out.

And after some months of all kinds of intrigue during which Mr. Warren was dined and wined off his feet and wangled at till the cows came home, but never the bacon, the potentates, stung by his Idahoan's juvenile and suspicious nature, decided to wash their hands of him and let him go break his neck the way he wanted, with no assistance from them. That is, all the potentates decided to do this with the exception of Mr. Leo Spangleman, ermined autocrat of the World Geniuses Motion Picture Company, Inc. Mr. Spangleman was not the one to wash his hands at the first breath of dilemma.

THERE were czars in Hollywood with much redder faces and bigger realms and with more nobles bearing their trains, but, placed side by side with Mr. Spangleman, it could be seen they were lacking in something—perhaps noise. There were czars in Hollywood of greater vision, more arresting power, but among them Mr. Spangleman easily took precedence as the greediest, the most fenagling, the most righteous, the most egoistic, and the most unreliable. In conducting his empire Mr. Spangleman combined the unscrupulousness and fervor of a Savonarola with the finesse of a Richelieu. He maneuvered like a robber baron and orated like an early Christian martyr.

Yet, seen close, Mr. Spangleman was a man of considerable charm—in fact, one who, owing to his delicate but prognathic jaws, looked in serious moments as if he were engaged in nothing more devastating than cracking nuts. Observing this sachem, this scourge of two continents—if you gave ear to his rivals or associates—beaming at his desk, his small heart-shaped face, despite its bald head, full of boyish innocence, his black, gnomelike eyes snapping with merriment or enthusiasm, his throat always ready with resonant if somewhat hollow laughter, his slight and finely tailored figure giving off aristocratic odors of pomade and well-being—observing this amiable and tasty fellow, one could hardly credit the legends that so maligned him.

A day in the Spangleman studios, however, and these legends gained a certain credence. One beheld as purring and furtive, as jumpy and bedeviled a crew of nobles as were to be found in any of the Hollywood temples of art. For, behind the doors of his Tudor retreat, Mr. Spangleman carried on from morning to night like a banshee. Through these doors passed bedraggled and foggy-eyed nobles. Authors, actors, and directors emerged hourly spent and hoarse. And yet, through all the havoc he wrought, Mr. Spangleman himself remained the selfsame aristocratic and unruffled figure. He was one who appeared after hysterias as after a refreshing cold shower. Cataclysms seemed only to heighten his bloom and improve his haberdashery. Debacles left him unctuous, since there was no event, battle, or double-dealing but found him always beside the banners of Right. In his continual refinancings, shady and secret mergers, star stealing, director filching, contract jumping, and juggling with his fellow czars, Mr. Spangleman could outholler any of the industry's savants, and did—three and four times a day.

During the first months in which Mr. Warren from Idaho had been looking limply around trying to figure out just how to start spending his millions, Mr. Spangleman, at the time dreadfully in need of cash, had been one of his most gracious hosts. And as Mr. Warren's childlike stubbornness had increased and his popularity waned, Mr. Spangleman had remained, as he put it himself, loyal.

"I never go back on a friend," said Mr. Spangleman, curtly explaining this phenomenon.

He had, as the clouds of ostracism thickened about the young man's head, gone so far as to insist that Mr. Warren regard himself as a son and rely on him for advice, money, assistance of any type.

"I like you," said Mr. Spangleman firmly.

In giving tongue to his deeper thoughts he spoke always with the fervor and rhythm of an auctioneer.

"I LIKE young men with talent. I like new blood in the Moofing Peek-chure Business."

These last three words Mr. Spangleman, in his effort to lend them great dignity, pronounced always in an unexpected Weber & Fields accent.

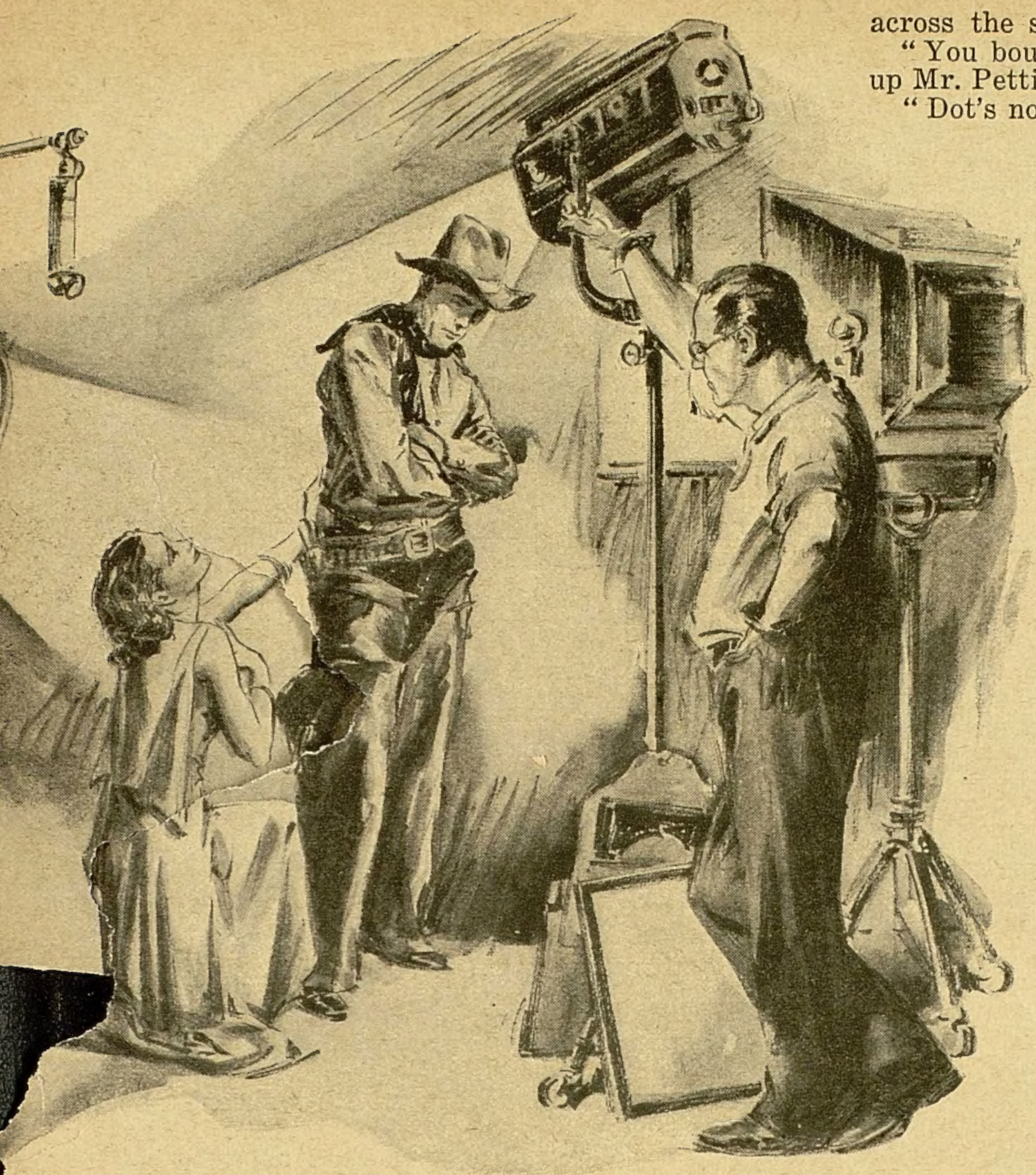
"I am not one of those fellas around here who are always knocking new ideas, new blood. You follow me?"

However short the conversation, Mr. Spangleman always asked to be followed in a revelation of his right-living and right-doing credos.

This particular *conversazione* took place in Mr. Spangleman's gaudy throne room a few weeks after his fellow czars had turned their brooding intellects to other matters than the Warren bank roll.

"I like to see people happy," he continued with increasing firmness, his eyes catching the fire of his ideals. "Successful. Doing big things. You follow me? And, young man, I want to see you get yours."

Noting the warning stare of his head noble, Wilson Pettigrew, Mr. Spangleman corrected himself hastily:



"When I say I want to see you get yours, Philip, what I mean iss I wish you every success and happiness in the world. Anything I got," he added soulfully, "iss yours. Anything, up to a million. Although I don't suppose you need money—as yet. Am I right?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Warren shyly. "But I would like to buy that land across the street. I hear you own it. How much do you want for it?"

"Just a minute," said Mr. Spangleman. "You wish to build a moofing peek-chure stoodio on that ground? Am I right?"

Mr. Warren nodded. His benefactor regarded him with hurt eyes.

"With me," said Mr. Spangleman, "everything must be aboveboard. Carts on the table. That's the only way to do business or keep a friendship. Am I right?"

Again Mr. Warren nodded, as if he were in school, and added: "That's right. I'd like to put up my studio there. If I could get the land reasonably."

"Fine and dendy!" said Mr. Spangleman. "That's the way I like to hear young men talk. Open and aboveboard. Now, Philip, I'll show you something."

MR. SPANGLEMAN settled back in his old-English chair and eyed Mr. Pettigrew, who was an English gentleman but, like the throne chair, of Indiana origin, with the peculiar and unnerving distaste he always turned on his chief noble in moments of crisis. Mr. Pettigrew came to attention, his mouth opening, his eyebrows lifting, his head tilting back—all in all a very cultural and sophisticated pose as if he were listening to a Wagnerian concert with lush appreciation and yet critical integrity.

"I'll show you something," repeated Mr. Spangleman as if nerving himself to this promised deed. "Vilsin"—this was Mr. Pettigrew—"I want to show this Philip Varren how to do business."

Mr. Pettigrew reddened like a happy girl.

Forming his words very carefully, Mr. Spangleman demanded, "How much did I pay for that parcel of land across the street? I want the exact amount, Vilsin."

"You bought it seven years ago at a bargain," spoke up Mr. Pettigrew gravely and melodiously.

"Dot's not what I asked you to tell me!" howled Mr. Spangleman, and hit the table with his hand.

Mr. Pettigrew's eyes grew foggy and his chin shook. "Fifty-five thousand dollars," he said.

"Fifty-five thousand dollars seven years ago," said Mr. Spangleman. "Now, what do you consider that same parcel of land to be worth today, Vilsin? Conservatively speaking. You follow me?"

"Oh," said Mr. Pettigrew very nonchalantly, "in the general neighborhood of a quarter of a million, I should say."

"Draw up a deed of sale," said Mr. Spangleman, shaking now in the grip of a great emotion, "between me and Mr. Philip Varren, here"—he pointed a stern forefinger—"giving this gentleman that same parcel of land for exactly the fifty-five thousand dollars which is what I paid for it to a penny. I don't want any profits. You follow me?"

Mr. Warren chuckled and nodded.

Mr. Pettigrew whistled faintly and remarked, "By Jove, that's an amazing gesture, Leo. That's superb."

At these words Mr. Spangleman lowered his head and murmured, "Never mind. Hurry up."

His eyebrows elegantly lifted, his mouth opened, Mr. Pettigrew withdrew from the room. Mr. Pettigrew always entered or departed the Spangleman presence with this mixture of awe and grace. Other of the Spangleman nobles were more ready at acquiescence and more fearful of forfeiting the good will and protection of their chief. But Mr. Pettigrew remained the favorite, and this was because he was of a higher species of servant. He was the captive, the cultured Roman, awed and waiting on the table of Attila.

II

SIX months later Mr. Spangleman, enthroned in his Tudor chair and staring out of the leaded casement windows of his retreat at the completed Century Motion Picture Company, Inc.—Philip Warren, president—which had risen across the street, allowed a certain Delphic look to come over his impish face until he resembled quite remarkably a very spruce cat studying a cage full of canaries. In a short time, daydreamed Mr. Spangleman, everything would turn out nicely.

* * * *

It was with Mr. Spangleman's persistent aid that Mr. Warren produced his first picture. Spangleman authors, camera men, technicians, and supervisors all contributed in its manufacture—that is, in the manufacture of its first version. For after having completed the film Mr. Warren decided it was no good and started making it over with new authors and new actors and even a new plot, and in the remaking he issued a peculiar order forbidding any Spangleman employee to enter the Century studios.

"I hope you don't mind," Mr. Warren apologized shyly to his benefactor. "But it's cost me a million so far and I want to see if I can do any better all by myself. I got certain ideas I want to carry out."

"I've done everything I could to help you," said Mr. Spangleman, beaming as only Virtue can.

He returned to his throne room. Things were turning out nicely. A retake of this first Warren fiasco could result only in a second and worse fiasco and a realization by his young friend that he was unfit for the Moofing Peek-chure Business. Mr. Spangleman accordingly addressed his court that afternoon. He was in high spirits. He outlined plans for the future.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BOY PIRATE
Continued from page nine

He was, said he, figuring on expanding. He was going to add, very shortly, new sound stages, new color process plants, and other high-priced equipment—all of which increase would put the Spangleman studios at the head of all the moofing peek-chure producing companies in Hollywood.

And as he dwelt on this pretty thought Mr. Spangleman, despite a guard on his manner, could not avoid casting a tender and proprietary eye on the Century plant across the street which he fancied he had cleverly sent floundering toward the reefs.

The vast success of Mr. Warren's first picture came as a shock to the industry—a shock which was, however, mitigated by the collapse of the Spangleman plans. Mr. Warren's successful début was discomfiting enough, considering the already overcrowded ranks of czars and sachems. It was like the hatching of another Balkan state. But it was not nearly so discomfiting as Mr. Warren's failure might have been. For then Mr. Spangleman, out of his close friendship for the ruined youth from Idaho, would have devoured Mr. Warren, and the Warren sound stages, color processes, personnel, and organization would have gone gently down the Spangleman gullet, clinging to a rain check. And this would have increased dangerously the stature of Mr. Spangleman, reasoned his colleagues.

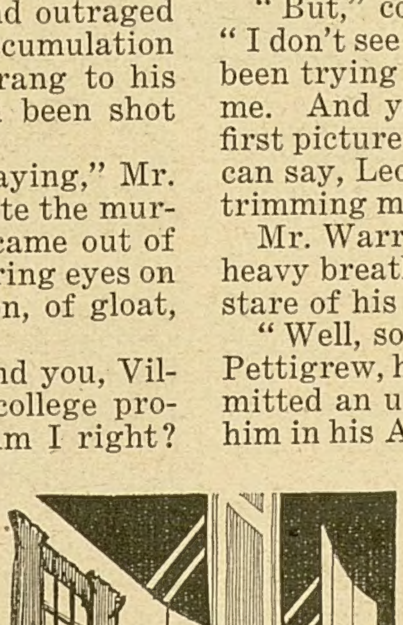
Mr. Warren's attitude toward his success came as another pleasing shock to the Spangleman rivals. What satisfied him most, Mr. Warren was quoted as having said, was not so much that he had turned out a great movie, but that he had outwitted his good friend Leo, who had been lying in wait for two years to gobble him up for a song.

"He certainly did his best to ruin me," Mr. Warren said modestly when questioned on the matter.

On the arrival of these tidings in the Spangleman throne room, brought there by a quivering and outraged Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Spangleman swept an accumulation of documents from his desk to the floor, sprang to his feet, and stood shaking as if an arrow had been shot through his body from ambush.

"That's what everybody in Hollywood is saying," Mr. Pettigrew murmured, white-faced. Yet despite the murmur and the whitened face Mr. Spangleman came out of his death throes long enough to turn his glittering eyes on his Trilby. Had he detected a note of unction, of gloat, under his chief noble's faltering voice?

"Just a minute," he spoke. "When I found you, Vilsin, you were a failure, a good-for-nothing college professir pulling down sixty dollars a week. Am I right? I took you with me. I made you my right-hand man. I gave you a t'ousand dollars a week. You follow me? And I got a right to expect something from you."



"WHAT?" inquired Mr. Pettigrew, his mouth wide open and his eyebrows pushing frantically into his baldish head. For Mr. Pettigrew, despite his comparatively youthful face, was nearly as bald as Mr. Spangleman—out of deference, some of his detractors held.

"Loyalty!" thundered Mr. Spangleman.

"You have it," said Mr. Pettigrew, all aquiver.

"See that you do! You follow me?" said Mr. Spangleman, and sat down. "Now," he continued, "I want you to do something for me. I want you to bring this vippersnapper Philip Varren into my office. I want him just to face me face to face and repeat vot I have just been listening to. I'm gonna show this two-faced little rat from Idaho just who and vot I am! Such kind of peeple are unfit to be in the Moofing Peek-chure Industry. I'm gonna make him eat his words!"

An hour later Mr. Pettigrew, the Idaho rodent in tow, paused before the Spangleman doors. Within, an ominous rumble, punctuated by screams, proclaimed to Mr. Pettigrew that his chief was still batting out home runs. . . . Turning on Mr. Warren with a courteous and almost sympathetic eye, he remarked lamely, "The boss is rawther sore about something, you know."

Mr. Warren chuckled, and the door opened. Mr. Spangleman was not alone. He was flanked by a group of fellow czars who wore their high blood pressure and kidney trouble like a royal purple. Circling the room were a half dozen subsidiary potentates.

"Come in," said Mr. Spangleman hoarsely and, ignoring the amenities of greeting, declaimed at once: "Philip, I have sent for you because I have heard you are saying something which is a dastardly and rotten lie. Everybody knows me in the Moofing Peek-chure Industry. Everybody knows what I have done for you, beginning with that parcel of land which I practically gave you for nothing. Am I right? I have treated you like a white man.

"And for you to go round talking against me like a rat is something which I am not going to stand for. You follow me? Dot's not the way we do business in Hollywood. And you've got to learn something, no matter how it hurts.

"Now, I wanna tell you something, young feller. You're young. You're new in the Moofing Peek-chure Industry. You've got a tough road ahead of you and all you're doing by these tactics is making enemies for yourself. Now"—here Mr. Spangleman's voice became suddenly gracious and forgiving—"we are all friends here, and I want you simply, like the man you are deep down in your heart, to apologize and take back those lies you have been peddling."

MR. WARREN, who had been listening limply to this tirade, stood up and looked arcund at the company of silent, glowering faces.

"Well," he said, chuckling inanely, "I don't exactly know what it is I'm supposed to have peddled."

Mr. Spangleman nodded firm encouragement as if to a reluctant but contrite child.

"But," continued Mr. Warren with a sheepish smile, "I don't see what you're so excited about, Leo. All you've been trying to do ever since I came to Hollywood is trim me. And you even went so far as to try and spoil my first picture. Everybody knows that, I guess. Well, all I can say, Leo, is that I'm darn' glad you didn't succeed in trimming me."

Mr. Warren, noting the hush caused by his words, the heavy breathing of his purplish auditors, the glassy-eyed stare of his host, turned shyly to Mr. Pettigrew.

"Well, so long," he said, extending his hand; and Mr. Pettigrew, his intelligence paralyzed for the moment, permitted an unfortunate memory of Roman ways to guide him in his Attilean tent.

He accepted the proffered hand and shook it, albeit gingerly as if it were a bomb.

An hour later, the studio deserted, a white-faced Mr. Pettigrew emerged alone from the Spangleman throne room. He moved with so scourged an air and such bewildered steps toward his own empty chamber that he seemed like one loaded down with chains dragging his way to a seat in the galleys.

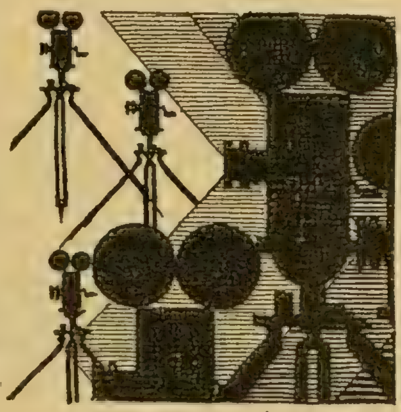
His mouth was closed. Behind him, watching him walk away, stood the figure of Mr. Spangleman, dark and silent and apparently cracking nuts.

And this, in a fashion, is the true start of my narrative, this the beginning of the epic struggle to the death between World Geniuses, Inc., and Century, Inc.

Never in the history of Hollywood, plentifully inscribed with Borgian didos though it is and over whose political credos one flag alone, the Skull and Crossbones, is never unfurled—never had so desperate a fracas as this been witnessed. Mr. Spangleman fought, as he explained, not alone for his own honor but for the honor of the entire Moofing Peek-chure Industry from whose white bosom he sought to remove this dangerous viper.

Mr. Spangleman's tactics are perhaps of more interest to the student of cinema intrigue than to the lay reader. They included, to be brief, therefore, all kinds of side-line mergers and compromises with a half dozen fellow czars, and had to do with bookings and exhibitors and fêtes given in honor of the newspaper illuminati who spoke their say in the movie columns and with peculiar subterranean boycotts.

They resulted in such a general bedevilment of Mr. Warren's efforts to market his wares outside of Korea, Peru, and Madagascar as would have brought to knee a dozen ordinary mortals. Yet, thwarted, mysteriously harassed by censors, critics, agents, unions, and even actors on his own pay roll, Mr. Warren continued limply on his chosen way.



Barred the theaters controlled by the amalgamated czardoms, he bought theaters of his own. Refused censorship permits, he shuffled into courtrooms and threatened legal reprisals which would shatter the industry. In short, he managed by a tenacity one would never have looked for in such a woozy, lanky, amiable figure to produce three more pictures, all of which proved highly successful, although in their making and exhibiting the famous Warren bank roll was strained to the vanishing point.

Mr. Spangleman, however, suffered casualties almost equal. His affiliations and compromises had drastically hemmed in his empire, curtailed his powers, and bled his own bank balance. But Mr. Spangleman had weathered other dreadful campaigns in behalf of honor and although the day looked dark he did not for a moment despair of its outcome; for, as he explained, he was in the right, fighting not for himself but for the whole Moofing Peek-chure Industry.

And then, just as Mr. Spangleman had a thousand times prophesied, victory, which awaits always the forces of truth, suddenly signaled its presence. Word trickled through to Mr. Spangleman that his two-faced and despicable rival was figuring on producing an epic of child life starring a youthful actor named Wesley Parnell.

Although only six years old going on seven, this artist had already won his spurs as among the handful of leading box-office attractions in the world. Mr. Spangleman did not have to learn that two of Hollywood's leading directors and four of the nation's highest-priced dramatists were collaborating on the new Warren venture to know that this Idaho clod (this was one of Mr. Pettigrew's contributions to the fracas) was on his stumbling way to another success.

Listening to these details, Mr. Spangleman pushed his mouth violently together until it resembled an unopened rose and gurgled nastily in the back of his throat.

"Of course," said Mr. Pettigrew, "the time is quite ripe for films of this sort. The public is getting a bit sick of gunmen and their molls, you know. And Warren, in his blundering, oafish way, has stumbled on the very thing we were figuring to do."

THIS was news to Mr. Spangleman but he snorted angrily none the less.

"A thief!" he scowled. "A common thief. Am I right?" He glared out of the leaded casements at the enemy's battlements. "I'm giving him enough rope," he added, raising his eyes darkly as to a far-away gibbet.

"There's just one thing," said Mr. Pettigrew. "From all I've been able to find out I don't think that Wesley Parnell's mamma has signed the contract yet."

Saying which, Mr. Pettigrew chuckled roguishly.

"Im-possible!" said Mr. Spangleman, pronouncing this opinion as if it were two words.

"It does seem unlikely," cooed Mr. Pettigrew.

"Im-possible," said Mr. Spangleman and rose to his feet. There was that feeling in the air which always signaled this white knight that something important was in his mind.

"Find out," he said softly, "if the boy is signed up or not. Just for our own information. You follow me?"

Mr. Pettigrew, his mouth opened, his eyebrows raised in their perpetual grimace of good-natured disdain—it was this position of his eyebrows that had first attracted Mr. Spangleman to him as a man of culture and social importance—withdrew. He reappeared the next morning with a completed report which would have given a layman the impression that not Mr. Pettigrew alone but whole batteries of sleuths, spies, and traitors had toiled during the night.

The gist of these findings was that Madam Parnell had not signed any contract in behalf of her talented son, but that Mr. Warren had gone ahead, carried away by an infatuation for the Parnell child. Madam Parnell, however, was expected in Hollywood in a week to rejoin her son, who had been wintering hand in hand with Mr. Warren. When she arrived the contract under discussion would undoubtedly be signed.

Mr. Spangleman listened with his little face screwed up as if he were looking directly into the sun—and continued to crack nuts violently.

"What kind of a woman iss this Mrs. Parnell?" he inquired softly, the tidings completed.

"She's a widow—" began Mr. Pettigrew.

Mr. Spangleman's brow cleared.

"It's a cinch, Vilsin!" He dug his fist playfully into the Pettigrew ribs. "Vat are we wasting time for? Come on. I got a great idea."

Forty minutes later without having had time to pack or shave Mr. Pettigrew alighted at the flying field in time to be rushed aboard a transcontinental plane—a mode of travel he abhorred.

"Talk to her!" hollered Mr. Spangleman as the propellers set up a roar. "Tell her vot kind of a fella this Varren iss. You follow me?"

"O. K.!" yelled Mr. Pettigrew.

"It'll be a cinch!" yelled back Mr. Spangleman; and his head noble, reddening, nodded dully, his eyes dead to the happy laughter of his chief.

III

TEN days later Mr. Spangleman pressed the button on his desk which unlocked the oak doors of his Tudor retreat, sprang up, and advanced beaming and with outstretched hand to greet his returning high chamberlain.

"Vilsin," he cried, "how are you? Well, well! Come in. Shut the door. Vilsin, I want to tell you something. You done a fine thing, Vilsin."

Mr. Pettigrew smiled nervously until, his lips peeling from his teeth, a mirthless laugh issued. When Mr. Pettigrew laughed, mirthlessly or not, he had a habit of opening his mouth as wide as it would open, as if he were in a dentist's chair, and this was always embarrassing to Mr. Spangleman, who deemed it not a very cultured mannerism. Listening to this Pettigrew explosion, Mr. Spangleman continued to beam, however, and squeezed his noble eagerly by the hand and elbow.

"Well," said Mr. Pettigrew, "I'm deucedly glad to be back."

"Did you have a nice trip?" inquired Mr. Spangleman.

"Oh, very jolly," said Mr. Pettigrew, again indulging in his cavernous laugh.

"What's the matter, Vilsin?" demanded Mr. Spangleman, two such laughs in one conference being more than he could overlook.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said Mr. Pettigrew, a bit wildly.

"Where is Mrs. Parnell?" Mr. Spangleman lowered his voice. "You didn't lose her!"

"No," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Quite the contrary."

"Just what do you mean quite the contrary?" demanded Mr. Spangleman.

"I've promised to marry the lady," said Mr. Pettigrew.

Mr. Spangleman, as all his true friends knew, was of the old-fashioned school that still believed in the sanctity of marriage.

"Vilsin," he said softly, "my congratulations. If it was my own son I couldn't feel more—"

Mr. Spangleman broke off, overcome, and dug his fist lovingly into the Pettigrew ribs.

"You put one over on me that time," he resumed and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BOY PIRATE
Continued from page eleven

threw back his little heart-shaped face and laughed richly and magnanimously at his own expense.

"I'm dying to meet her," he added, quieting his happiness.

Mr. Pettigrew opened his mouth and roared mirthlessly as was his wont.

"She's quite a woman," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Weighs one hundred and seventy-nine pounds. Not very tall, either."

"Ho, ho," said Mr. Spangleman. "You always liked them plump, eh?"

His noble failed to contradict this sidelight on his love life but reddened so painfully that the Earth Shaker, taking him by the hand once more, added in suddenly serious tones, "Vilsin, I want to tell you something. You listen to me. I wish you every happiness in the worlt. And you won't regret it. You follow me."

IV

THE announcement that Wesley Parnell, boy talkie idol of the nation, had been signed up by Leo Spangleman for his next three pictures came into the Warren camp as a bolt from the blue. Mr. Warren, at breakfast in his Malibu Beach home, learned the news, so deficient was his espionage department, from his morning newspaper.

He rose without finishing his coffee and went out and looked at the Pacific Ocean a few feet beyond his front porch. An irresponsible mood had laid hold of him. The Century Company's enterprises became an irritating and boring business. Its production schedule for the year struck him as a nuisance and, in fact, the entire motion-picture industry seemed to Mr. Warren, as he eyed the wide Pacific, a miserable waste of time.

These major changes in the Warren ego were occasioned by something other than the facts that Mr. Warren had already invested several hundred thousand dollars in the forthcoming epic of child life, as yet untitled; had already blazoned the news of his opus through the land; and had again been rendered cap-a-pie by the nasty Mr. Spangleman. All these factors weighed on Mr. Warren's spirit, but were never enough to crush it had it not been for another and entirely human matter.

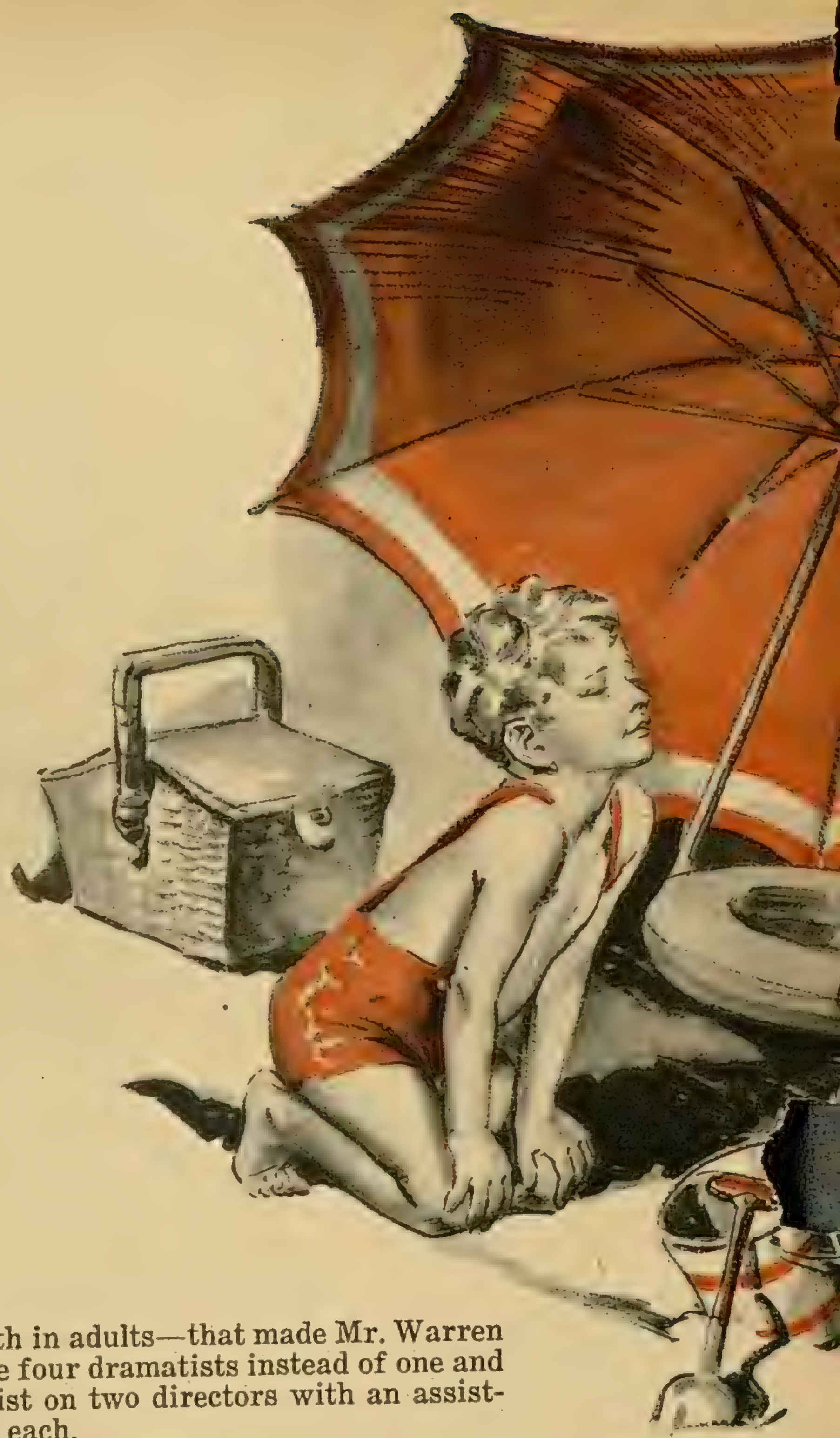
This matter involved the treachery of Wesley Parnell. Wesley, tow-headed, cherubic-faced, hoarse-voiced, and aged six going on seven, was the only human being in Hollywood whom Mr. Warren had come to love, trust, and admire. He was Mr. Warren's comrade.

Despite the fact that Mr. Warren himself had matured, at least in many ways, grown-ups had always remained disturbing to him, and had failed to bring out the true realities of his character. Grown to manhood, Mr. Warren had somehow retained his original and juvenile feeling toward the once alien race of adults. He had continued to regard their antics with a sense of amusement or grave detachment.

Surrounded by Spangleman pitfalls, threading his way daily through the chicaneries and bedevilments peculiar to adult intrigue, Mr. Warren had baffled his enemies by relapsing completely into childhood—a tendency which a dozen tutors had sought vainly to overcome in him since he had first donned long trousers. He had replied to the moves of the enemy with improvised and irresponsible tactics, crowing when he should be raging, chuckling when he should be cursing, or, at least, knitting his brows in worry and treating the whole fracas of World Geniuses, Inc., vs. Century, Inc., as if it were a snowball battle between himself and a fantastic adult in a silk hat.

Wesley Parnell, whom he had encountered a year ago on Malibu Beach and who, it turned out, was a neighbor, had immediately struck Mr. Warren as a true friend and understanding ally. And there had been no ulterior motive of gain or success behind his plans to employ Wesley in the epic of child life.

He and Wesley, disporting on the sand, had made up the story together, the four internationally famous dramatists being called in merely to polish it up a bit and put it in the proper words. It was the impractical and grandiose soul of childhood—and perhaps a lack of faith in adults—that made Mr. Warren hire four dramatists instead of one and insist on two directors with an assistant each.



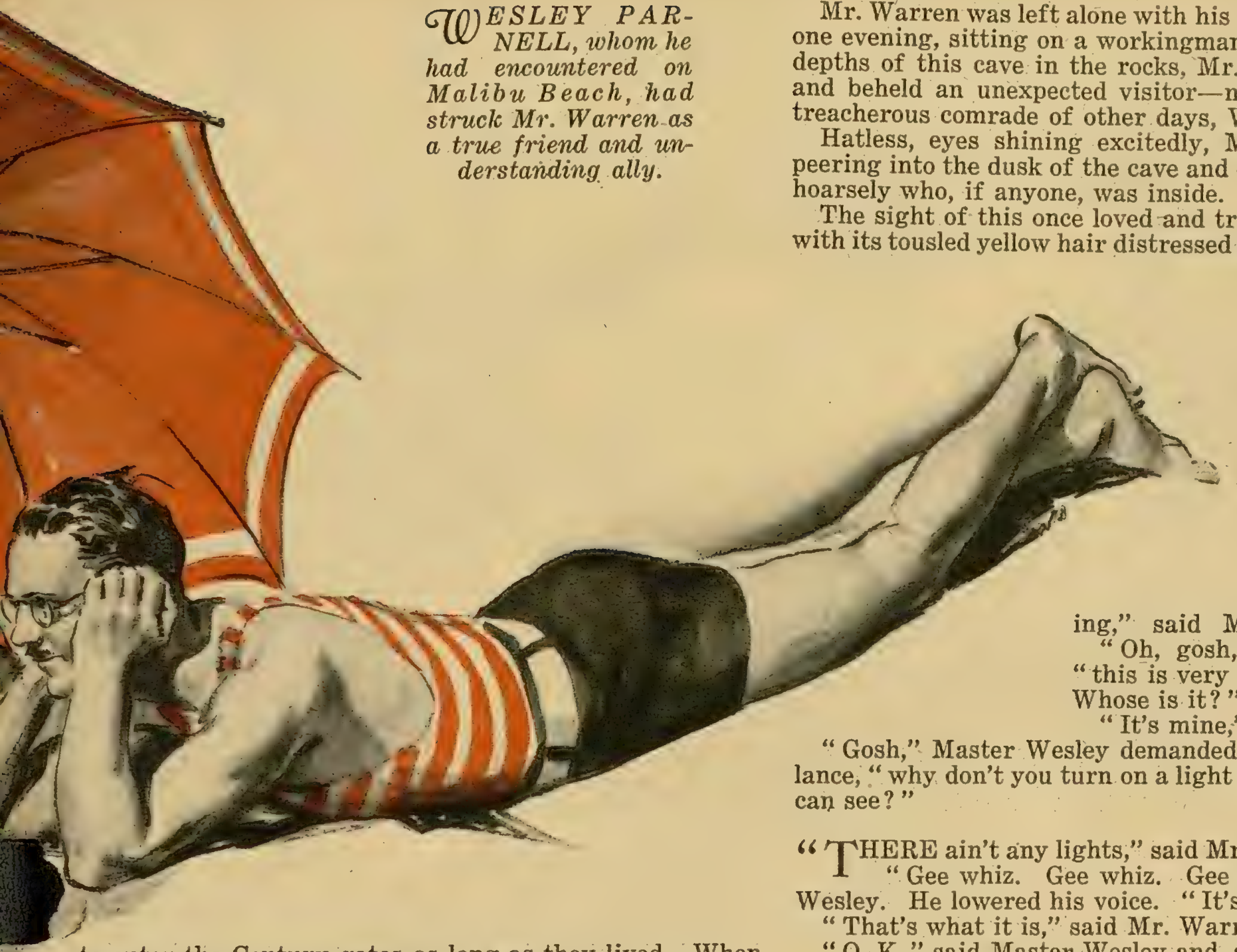
Now, as he stood regarding the ocean, Mr. Warren felt no impulse to chuckle. The snowball battle in which he had been so wantonly engaged, tossing away millions as if they had been truly no more than bits of childish ammunition, had turned into what Mr. Warren considered reality. For he conceived this latest blow as coming not from the hands of Mr. Spangleman but from those of his true and only comrade Wesley Parnell.

And though he recognized such a notion as somewhat childish and unbusinesslike—there were such glimmerings of mature attitudes in Mr. Warren—he could not put from his heart the feeling that he had been betrayed by one he loved and trusted, the miserable sense that Wesley had gone over to the other show fort of his own volition. It was this that gave Mr. Warren, standing in the California sun and studying the wide Pacific, a sudden distaste for Hollywood and for the world of the camera.

V

THE Century organization found itself adrift. Its eccentric pilot, the lanky genius from Idaho, had stepped from the bridge. In vain its gifted personnel met, conferred, and tried to pull rabbits out of their hats. No miracles resulted. Aladdin had walked off with his lamp, in a huff.

He was to be seen and talked to in his house in Malibu, but nothing came of such *conversaziones*. They found a sulking and nasty wizard who sat, stared morosely, spat, and sneered to no point when called upon for some decision. One decision he managed to make, however, and this was to dismiss everybody connected with the Wesley Parnell unit from the studio, pay them in full on their six-month contracts, and forbid them ever



WESLEY PARNELL, whom he had encountered on Malibu Beach, had struck Mr. Warren as a true friend and understanding ally.

to enter the Century gates as long as they lived. When it was pointed out that all these highly talented people might be put to work on some other opus, Mr. Warren said grimly that it was his own money he was throwing away and that he had spoken.

News of this suicidal petulance trickled into the Spangleman tents and brought a crooked smile from the Earth Shaker.

"Dot's what I always thought," said Mr. Spangleman. "He's yellow. No guts. Just a rat. Well, if he had listened to me instead of turning on me like the snake he is, after all I did for him, he might have amounted to something. Am I right? As it is I got no sympathy for him at all. If he wants to ruin himself, the quicker he does so the better for the whole Moofing Peek-chure Industry."

Mr. Spangleman spoke as a victor but one whose victory was but a small item in a career of triumphs. Gone were the banshee rages which had distinguished his former references to Mr. Warren. He was already busy on other more important fronts.

There was the matter of the various czars who, summoned in as allies, had begun to nibble openly and hungrily on his frontiers.

There was also the epic of child life starring Wesley Parnell which Mr. Spangleman, with the aid of only two dramatists and one director, and an advisory board of nine captained by Mr. Pettigrew, was going to make the most sensational drama of human interest yet produced by the talkies.

. . . . .

IT developed after considerable research on the part of the Century Company's espionage staff that what their chief, Mr. Warren, was doing during these catastrophic weeks was building a garage. He had attacked a stone cliff in the rear of his beach property and with the aid of drills and dynamite was cutting a large hole in it. Stung by the unreasonable moodiness of their captain, the organization decided on the only course open to it. The pay checks were still coming in and the nobles, stranded on the field of battle, grouped themselves idly around the commissariat wagons and feasted—until the fodder should run out.

Mr. Warren was left alone with his garage. And there one evening, sitting on a workingman's tool chest in the depths of this cave in the rocks, Mr. Warren looked up and beheld an unexpected visitor—none other than his treacherous comrade of other days, Wesley Parnell.

Hatless, eyes shining excitedly, Master Wesley was peering into the dusk of the cave and demanding to know hoarsely who, if anyone, was inside.

The sight of this once loved and trusted cherub's face with its tousled yellow hair distressed Mr. Warren deeply. He frowned as if thinking of other things and refused to answer.

"Oh, gosh," continued Wesley softly, "it's you. Well. Hello," he added in a tone of girlish sweetness. "Say, what you hiding here for?"

"I'm not hiding," said Mr. Warren.

"Oh, gosh," said the visitor, "this is very nice. I should say. Whose is it?"

"It's mine," said Mr. Warren.

"Gosh," Master Wesley demanded with sudden petulance, "why don't you turn on a light or somethin' so you can see?"

"THERE ain't any lights," said Mr. Warren stiffly.

"Gee whiz. Gee whiz. Gee whiz," said Master Wesley. He lowered his voice. "It's a cave, huh?"

"That's what it is," said Mr. Warren.

"O. K.," said Master Wesley and, slapping his opened mouth with his fingers, began to yodel.

"It ain't got such very good echoes," said he.

"It ain't supposed to have any," said Mr. Warren angrily.

Master Wesley sat down on the floor.

"Oh, gosh," he said. "Wouldn't this be pretty nice for those old pirates? Say!"

There was a long pause during which Mr. Warren whistled to himself as if he were alone. His visitor, however, ignored this moody business and spoke up firmly: "We ought to have a light. Anyway a lamp or somethin'."

"What for?" Mr. Warren inquired.

"So we can study the maps," said Master Wesley. "That's what for. How many maps you got?"

"Oh, I don't know. A lot," said Mr. Warren.

Master Wesley was on his feet. "All right," he said. "Let's look in this treasure chest here first. Maybe there's doubloons in it and we won't need any maps. Oh, I say, haven't you a match? Gosh!"

He fumbled with one of the workingmen's tool boxes.

"It's locked," he continued. "Well, well, well. What we need right away is an ax. Anyway, we ought to have the whole crew of pirates here when we divide the loot. Well, well. No use talking. I gotta study my part tonight. Let's have a pirate meeting in the morning."

"O. K.," said Mr. Warren despite his resolve not to humor this treacherous friend of other days.

"O. K.," said Master Wesley. "We ought to get mottoes. My motto's gonna be 'Never come back empty-handed.' I can get a red handkerchief. Gosh, this is pretty nice, this cave. We'll have a meeting tomorrow."

Mr. Warren was left alone. A strange idea was simmering in his head, or, rather, giving off swift little sparks like a bomb fuse.

Suddenly he jumped up, broke into a run.

Even Mr. Warren, in the grip of his great idea, could not foresee the startling adventures that idea would lead to. In next week's concluding installment you'll thrill and chuckle as you witness a fantastic fight.

Why We Must Prepa
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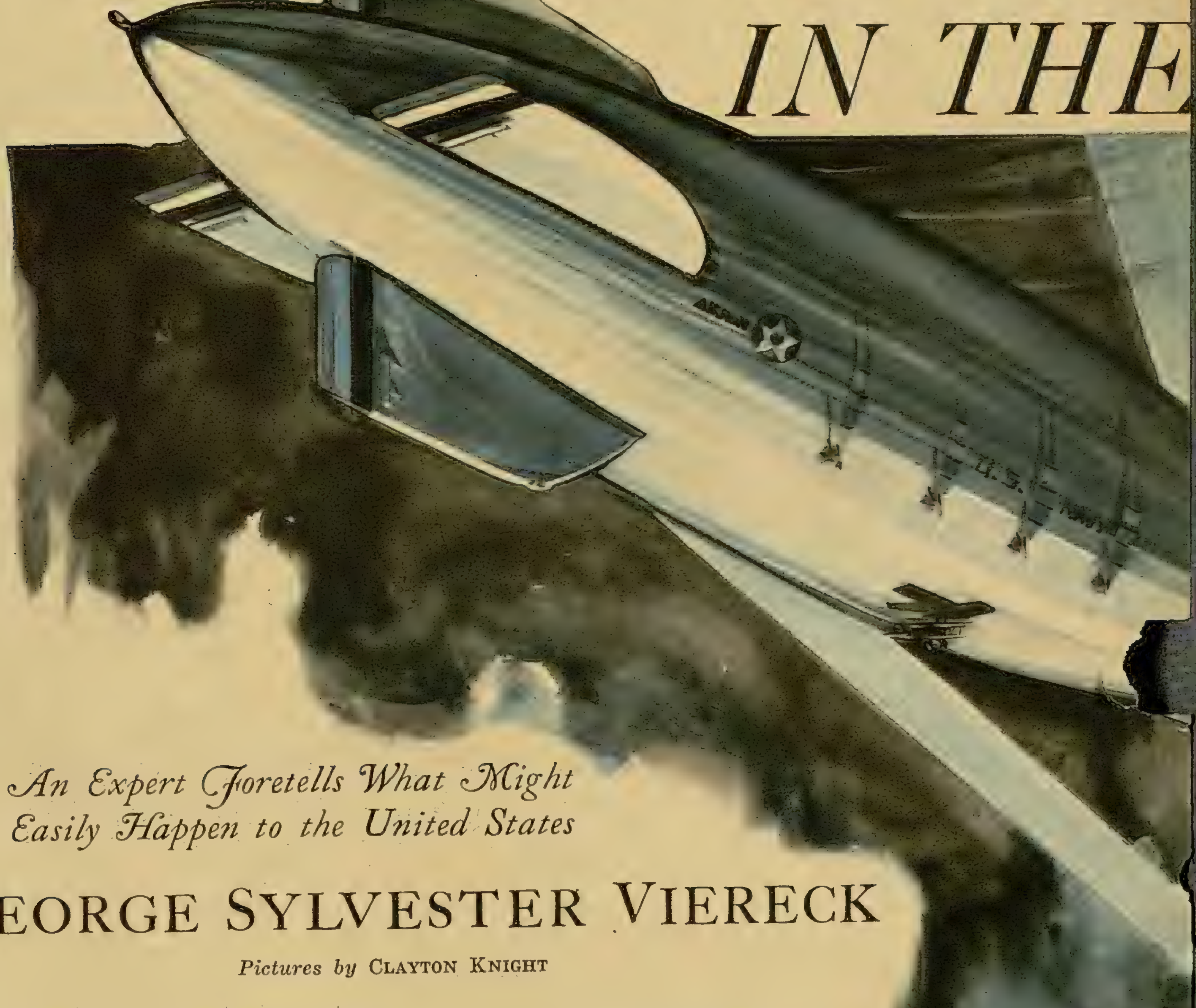


An Expert Foretells What Might Easily Happen to the United States

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 20 minutes 5 seconds.)

SOME months ago I began writing a fantastic story in which the central theme was the attempt by a super-scientist to end all war. I strained my imagination to the utmost to describe the aërial warfare of the future. Then, checking up my story with scientific, civilian, and military experts, I discovered to my amazement that the actual facts outstrip my invention.

My article may shatter the sense of security of the reader. I am assured that every detail is in accordance with scientific achievements already accomplished, although the civilian and military authorities to whom I am indebted for my information refuse to be quoted for fear of unduly alarming public opinion; also, perhaps, because the purse strings of aviation are largely controlled by men who put their faith in the weapons of the past. Any statement that the next war will be in the air stirs up hornets' nests in Washington. One important personage whose identity I dare not disclose conveyed this message to me:

"Every word you write is true. The facts are even more sensational than your story. I would be tickled to death to see your story printed, but if I said so in public I might as well resign my job within twenty-four hours."

A few weeks before this communication I was seated at the desk of a great military expert, himself the inventor of various devices which will play an important part whenever war is waged in the clouds.

"Is it really possible," I queried, somewhat alarmed by my discoveries, "that in the next war, when Mars wears wings, robots will drop bombs over every city?"

The great expert smiled, offered me a Havana that seemed as large in proportion as a Zeppelin, and lit one himself. Then, blowing clouds of smoke, he said:

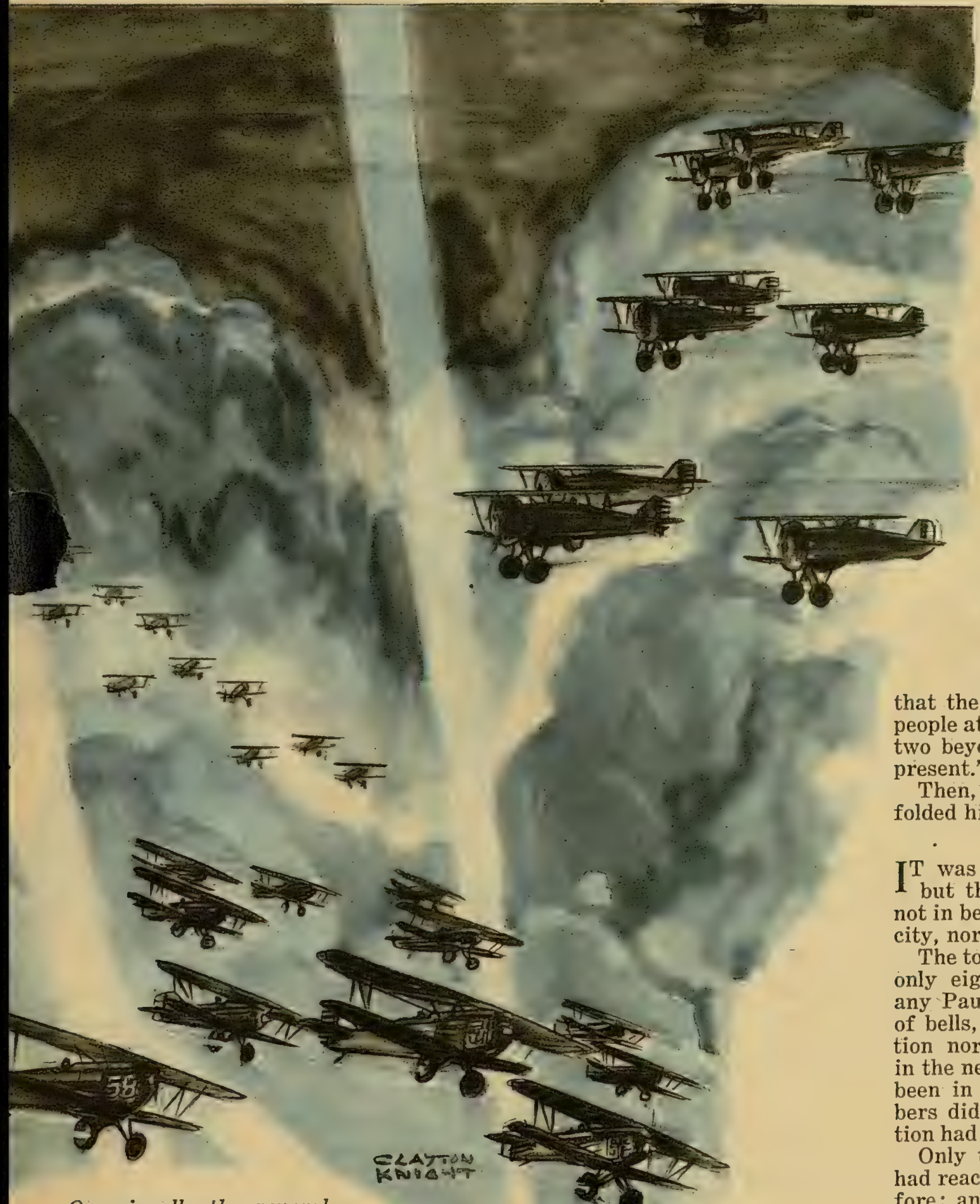
"By turning a switch at this desk in New York I could dispatch a robot-manned airplane and drop two thousand pounds of dynamite over the White House. Without rising from his chair any army general could send enough planes from Long Island flying fields to destroy Philadelphia with high-explosive bombs automatically set to explode over a given area.

"The next war will be syncopated, reaching a speed of one hundred and forty or two hundred miles an hour. Even this record may be exceeded.

"Great Britain is experimenting with planes that have attained a speed of three hundred and fifty miles per hour.

"Fifty planes flying low over Washington, spraying poison gas, would kill every living thing in half an hour, including the general staff and the members of both houses of Congress. They could drop at the same time

re for HELL in the AIR
NEXT WAR



Occasionally the general ordered squadrons of fast, high-flying pursuit planes up, to see if they could spot the enemy. Three miles overhead lay the Akron, almost silent, her motors idling.

enough incendiary bombs to burn up what was left of the city.

"Not one of the planes would need a human pilot! Incendiary bombs and poison gas may safely be intrusted to the hands of automatons. Instead of human beings, aluminum pilots with radio brains would sit at the controls. A human pilot, following ten miles behind in another plane, could control by radio both the movements of the leading planes and the dropping of the bombs they carried.

"These," he smiled, "are not the fantasies of a modern Jules Verne. They are demonstrable facts. The problem has already been solved by several nations, not only theoretically but practically."

"Can you draw me a picture," I asked, "of what an enemy fully equipped with all modern devices could do to this country?"

"Certainly," he replied. "The next war will strike like lightning."

"Don't introduce any inventions not already in use."

"I shall confine myself to actualities," he said, "except that I shall assume that the use of television among the people at large has advanced a step or two beyond the stage where it is at present."

Then, half closing his eyes, he unfolded his prophecy.

. . . . . .

IT was midnight in the year 193–, but the people of New York were not in bed. There was no sleep in the city, nor peace.

The tocsin of war had been sounded only eighteen hours before, not by any Paul Revere, not by the ringing of bells, neither by official proclamation nor by printed announcements in the newspapers. Congress had not been in session. Many of its members did not even know that the nation had gone to war.

Only the merest breath of rumor had reached the country two days before: an argument between the government and a rival in trade two thousand-odd miles across the seas. A hot-headed diplomat had stalked out of the conference. That had been all. It had been given a paragraph in the newspapers. The radio announcers had forgotten to mention it. Nobody could recall what the conference had been about. It was that trivial.

But this morning, in twenty-five million American homes, rich man and laborer and their families had been quietly at breakfast when lightning had struck. Their television radios had cast it before their eyes and into

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY WE MUST PREPARE FOR HELL IN THE AIR IN THE NEXT WAR
Continued from page fifteen

their ears. They had actually seen the signing of a declaration of war in the capital of their erstwhile friends and business rivals thousands of miles across the water. That was their only warning. Ten minutes later they had seen their own President plunge into the hurried business of mobilization.

Of what? Our attenuated forces that in the first three decades of the century might have beaten off an enemy. Scattered over three thousand miles of land between the Atlantic and the Pacific were these forces, skeleton regiments of infantry, artillery reputedly modern because the guns were mounted on trucks and hauled by tractors or railroad locomotives. Here a cavalry post with a fine record for border patrol; there a fort designed for coast defense; and a thousand planes, some slow, others fast, some new, some old—but the entire outfit utterly incapable of moving as a single unit because the slower machines must always fall behind.

But the people had their radios, their television and their supervision machines; and that morning they were able to hear quite distinctly a whisper out of hell.

No bells were ringing. There were no parades; only the tramp, tramp of shuffling feet. No speeches; only the hoarse shouts and curses of frantic drivers as they pushed their motor cars forward. All New York was on the move, somewhere, anywhere; anything to get off that island city and into the open. The vehicular tunnels were jammed with broken-down cars, and traffic there as well as on the bridges had virtually ceased. Only the ferryboats plied back and forth to New Jersey and Long Island. And people said that every seacoast town between Maine and Florida was being deserted.

The motor cars cast their sickly beams through an ever-thickening haze of gasoline fumes; and these were the only lights. Shortly after sundown the general commanding the New York corps area had simply turned a switch and every electric plant in the city and its environs had ceased working. No electric lights. No gas lights. The general had rigged up this little device in anticipation of just such an emergency. And he had been reprimanded by Washington. But he had maintained the system secretly. A veteran of the last war was the general, like all his senior officers.

"Nothing heard yet, sir."

A young lieutenant placed before the general a sheaf of reports from the automatic plane-protector squadrons along the coast. Various devices had these squadrons: delicate instruments with mechanical eyes, mechanical ears, mechanical calculating devices; high-powered guns, all functioning with faultless precision. The eye of five-million-candle-power intensity, procured by combining high-intensity lights with a mirror, could search the heavens on clear nights and with the aid of the supersensitive mechanical ear pick up and locate hostile planes approaching miles away. The sound locator, with a dozen mechanical ears, was especially devised to catch the distinctive and individually characteristic tones made by flying machines. That done, the special gun, cleverly designed and unique, would automatically train itself at its target and possibly knock it out of the skies. Maybe!

But nothing was heard!

OCCASIONALLY the general ordered squadrons of fast high-flying pursuit planes up, up as high as they could go, and without lights, to see if they could spot the enemy. He didn't trust the mechanical ear. Three miles overhead lay the Akron, the greatest dirigible in the world, almost silent, her muffled motors idling. She carried cannon, did the Akron, and her gunners stood at their posts, ready to send shrapnel and flaming bullets into the vitals of enemy craft—providing, of course, the enemy approached this great silver fortress of the skies. Too bad! Only one Zeppelin, sent to help New York, though every town and city was crying for planes and airships—planes and airships that there was now no time to build.

One o'clock. Nothing new. Two o'clock. Nothing new. Nerves were strained to the breaking point. Boston had heard nothing. No word from Washington.

The general's thoughts were bitter. Had Washington listened to the army and navy, had it even paid some attention to a tenth of the expert technical and strategical advice laboriously laid before it, things might have been different. Instead of sitting here waiting for the enemy, whole squadrons of American planes would now be overseas, flying under their own power, approaching the enemy capital at three-miles-a-minute speed. . . .

"Chicago! Chicago speaking! Army headquarters in that area."

What was this?

"Planes from the lakes? Squadrons of planes? Thousands of planes?

"Impossible! Absurd! Why, we have only three squadrons in that corps area, one hundred and fifty machines at the most!

"What's that, Chicago? The enemy? God, no! Bombing? You can't see them? You can't find them? They're blowing up the Loop? Answer, Chicago! What's the matter?"

Silence again.

HISTORIANS dealing with the war in after years used one whole paragraph describing that enemy raid within twenty-four hours after the declaration of war. The planes—some with human pilots—some with robots—had not come across the Atlantic coast line. They had come hurtling out of the fog and mist of the Newfoundland Banks, over the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and straight at Chicago by way of the great Lakes.

Detected, yes; that is, they were heard at Quebec, Buffalo, and Detroit; but everybody thought they were American planes on guard, or the Canadians, whose meager forces had been aligned with ours within five minutes after we knew we had an enemy.

They had fallen upon Chicago first, to break up that hub of surface transportation, prevent foods and soldiers being rushed to the East.

There had been terrific explosions, which by killing thousands had demoralized the people, had sent them scurrying like rats into the cellars. There they were momentarily safe, but only for a moment.

There followed a sickly sweetish odor, like that of burnt sirup; the popping of small bombs which, compared to the first blast, seemed like firecrackers. But they held that burnt sirup, these small bombs, and within ten minutes there was wholesale slaughter.

It was poison gas, the like of which the World War never saw.

After Chicago the air marshal of the enemy, speaking from his sealed chamber on wings no less than ten miles over the city, directed five hundred of his bombers toward St. Louis; and they were there within the hour, where the holocaust was repeated, for half the city lay in smoldering ruins before daylight.

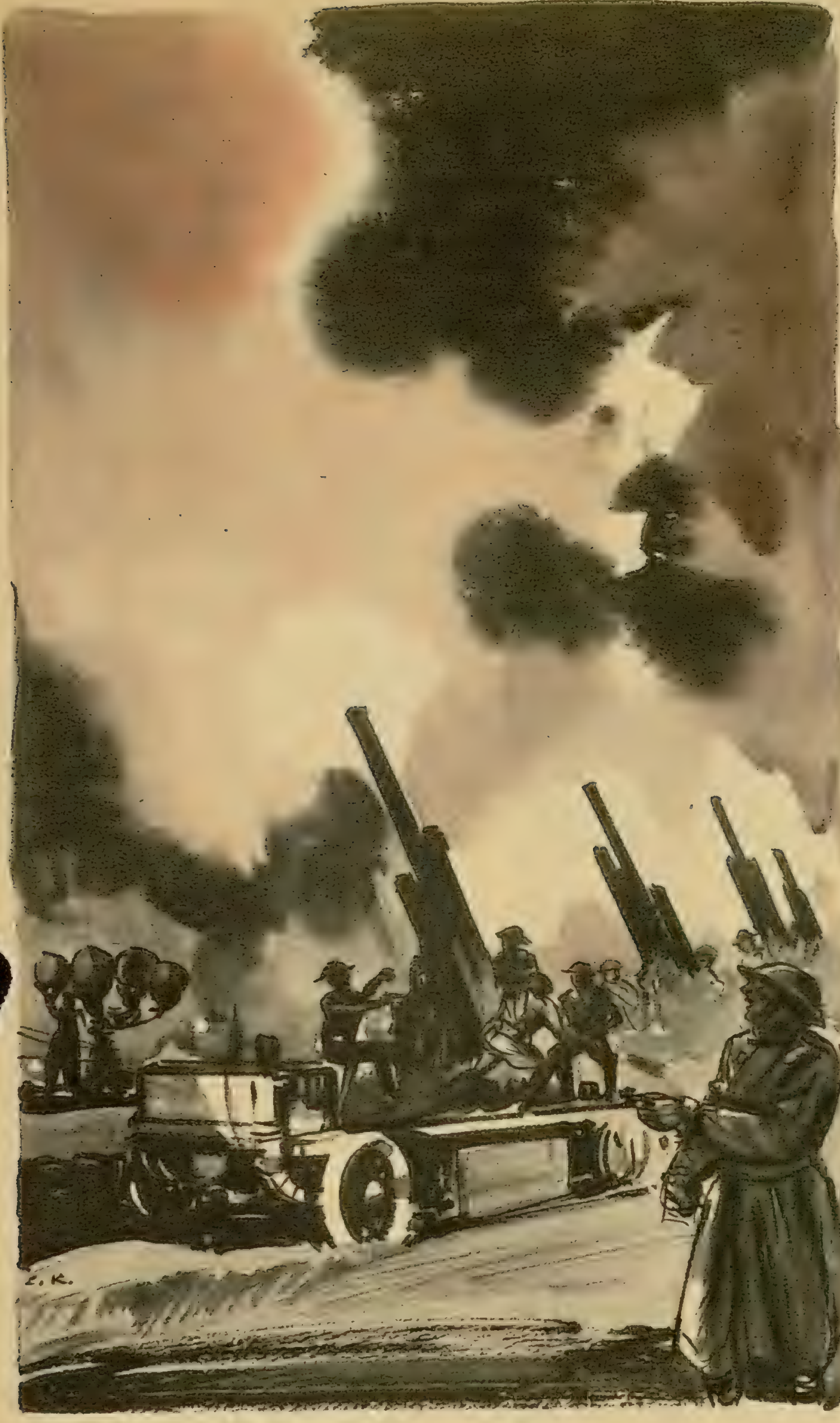
A reporter dared take his small plane through the night and land on the outskirts of the city after the wind had carried off the poison gas.

"Here was death in its most horrible form," he wrote. "Thousands, tens of thousands, lay in the streets as they had fallen. Others sprawled on every window sill and every doorstep of the buildings shattered but not quite demolished by the great bombs.

"The first rays of the sun fell upon but could not lighten the faces of these dead, for they were the color of old parchment, features distorted horribly in what must have been a very few minutes of unspeakable agony. With the sunlight, every body that I could see was fast turning green. . . ."

No wonder the President asked for peace, and the war ended within twenty-four hours after it began. The enemy had come out of the fog and mist of the North Atlantic and set up his own hell where he pleased. His own ministers and diplomats and attachés and spies were in Washington. Why kill them off? And New York was necessary. Wall Street and its banking machinery must be preserved intact—to raise the billions for reparations.

The only damage sustained by the enemy was the few millions spent preparing for this and possibly other aërial raids; the only injury he suffered was traced to a thousand of his flyers who got slightly airsick! Despite the



Aircraft defenses can compel the enemy to seek higher altitudes.

mildness of these grievances, the United States and her recklessly courageous ally, Canada, must pay tribute in billions.

After wrecking Chicago, the entire enemy contingent had split up and moved on to other objectives: railroad yards here, arsenals there, the airship base at Akron, Ohio; and back to Chicago by dawn, to await the arrival of a secondary fleet bringing supplies of ammunition and rations.

The enemy's general staff had known that by daylight the American President, sobbing like a child, would cry for peace.

. . . . .

THE great expert's cigar had gone out. He paused. I looked at him somewhat skeptically.

"What you say seems like a fantastic nightmare. Was there anything in the recent war that even remotely suggested these possibilities?"

"There have been," the expert calmly replied, "many changes since 1918. Today Chicago is closer to Europe than Italy was to Berlin in the World War. German planes or airships then could not raid Rome successfully for various technical reasons. But any military expert will tell you that they could have burned London to the ground, destroyed the heart and soul of the British Empire, proceeded to Paris within the week and made it a refuse dump.

"Early in the war a German staff officer had suggested to the German high command that, instead of single, isolated attacks, whole fleets of Zeppelins be sent over London to wipe the city off the map. It could have been done. Indeed, such a plan was drawn up and submitted to the high command. The airships were available. The plants were turning them out at the rate of one every six weeks; and they could, if necessary—as they did on two occasions—produce finished Zeppelins within two weeks' time.

"The plan was this: twenty Zeppelins, each carrying about three hundred incendiary bombs, or six hundred planes each with ten bombs, would strike London simultaneously at night. That meant a total of six thousand bombs to be dropped at once. Assuming that only a fifth of them took effect, it would mean twelve hundred fires within ten or fifteen minutes. It was conceded that a third of the Zeppelins would be shot down, or probably half the planes, but not until after they had dropped their bombs.

"The high command and the Kaiser both vetoed the plan. Why? Well, the Kaiser had expressly forbidden the bombing of the residential sections and the homes of British royalty. He added Westminster Abbey and the British Museum; although his officers were of divided opinion on the judgment of this. It meant that every airship and plane carried its maps of London all dolled up with little circles in red ink marking positions not one of which might be bombed. That, my friends, is why London and Paris survived the war. They were bombed repeatedly, but only to keep the Allies worrying about home defense and thus weaken their effort on the front."

I REMEMBER that a German army officer had told me the same tale. I had not taken it seriously then. I was impressed to hear it confirmed from the lips of an American expert.

"The United States," my *vis-à-vis* continued solemnly, "must speed up preparation in the field of air defense within the next two years. If not, we shall be helplessly at the mercy of any nation that has an air fleet—not necessarily a large fleet of military planes, but any kind of air fleet. Big commercial carriers can be transformed into bombers within twenty-four hours. Bombs can be made secretly and stored out of sight and beyond the knowledge of any government, however friendly.

"Infantry and warships can never be discarded. That is an axiom. But—and this is agreed among all general staffs—one air raid can force an immediate surrender, by radio, without armistice or preliminary negotiations, without the enemy once setting foot on the soil of the vanquished. The enemy can pick out of the air the plea of surrender before he has finished dropping his last bomb, and then fly back home. No government official or group of officials can be strong-hearted enough to see a Chicago wiped out and other cities menaced with a like fate."

"How," I asked, "can you send a pilotless plane into a city hundreds of miles away?"

"Very simply, by means of radio transmission and a robot-controlled mechanism. Various brand-new devices can make the machine fly straight on its predetermined course at a predetermined height until, reaching its objective, it releases a load of high explosives, poison

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY WE MUST PREPARE FOR HELL IN THE AIR IN THE NEXT WAR
Continued from page seventeen

gas, bombs. Or hundreds of cheaply constructed planes can be turned loose and directed straight at an enemy town, fort, or concentration point. Guided by distant control, they can be directed to crash with their death-dealing cargo right on the target. All this involves complex mathematical formulæ, new instruments, modern electrical science, radio, and maybe television. In both the United States and England planes guided solely by radio have been flown hundreds of miles."

"Is not your robot inferior to a human pilot?"

"In some ways," the expert replied, "the automatic pilot is superior. The average human pilot cannot make more than fifty or sixty motions per minute in flying a plane, but seventy or eighty are required for absolutely perfect flying at every moment. The robot can make eighty without growing tired. Being tireless, he is unerring."

"Does he," I asked, "resemble a human pilot?"

My friend laughed.

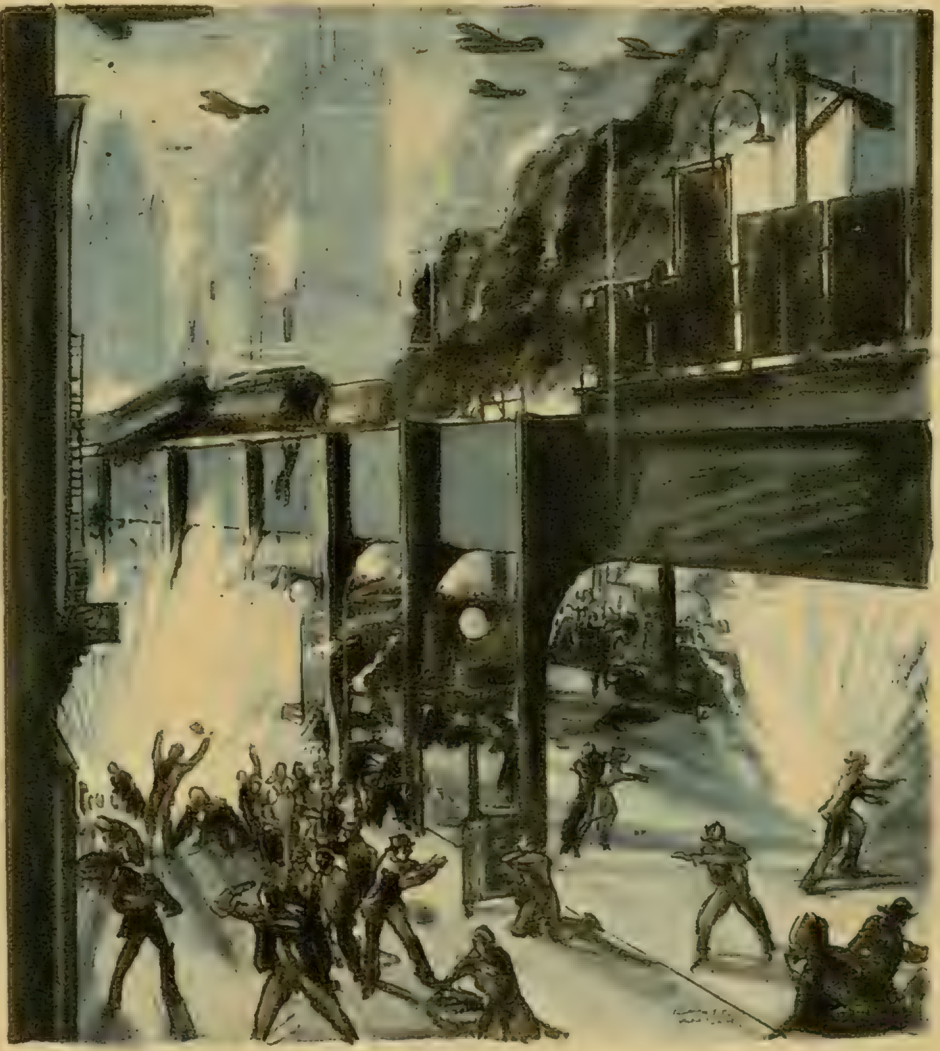
"It would be easy enough to endow the machine with human outlines, but, weight being an important point, inventors resist this temptation except in some demonstrations for public consumption."

"What," I asked, "can the robot do after accomplishing his mission?"

"If you listen to the whispers of the free-speaking underlings of a dozen war boards you will hear that bomb carriers controlled by robots can be made to return after dropping their deadly load."

"Why did your general distrust the mechanical ear which you describe?"

"For one thing, the enemy came in overwhelming numbers from a region where he was not expected. In the second place, it should be remembered that no human invention is infallible. No instrument at present devised can detect the presence of an enemy aviator gliding with muffled motors ten or fifteen thousand feet up in the air.



They fell upon Chicago first. Within ten minutes there was wholesale slaughter.

"AIRCRAFT defenses can compel the enemy to be more careful and seek higher altitudes, but they cannot assure invulnerability from attack. If our mechanical ear once detects the airplane it is possible to destroy it. The eye and the ear of the machine connect with anti-aircraft artillery. Before the gun acts, a series of very difficult calculations in the brain of a mathematical robot tells us exactly how to direct its fire in such a way as to hit the airplane in flight. The human gunners have nothing to do except to follow an indicator on a dial and to set their own dial accordingly.

"If our searchlight holds the enemy for only three seconds, we can be practically certain that the shot belching from our gun will hit the airplane, no matter at what terrific speed it may travel.

"It would be too technical to explain how the elaborate computations are made. Air resistance, gravity and centrifugal force, and innumerable elements involving the science of ballistics enter into them."

"How many airplanes are needed to destroy a city?"

"That depends on circumstances. A few hundred airplanes can wreak terrific destruction; and remember that fifty aërial bombers can be built and equipped for the cost of one Big Bertha of the sort with which the Germans bombarded Paris. The great powers individually can today turn out planes at the rate of ten thousand to thirty thousand a year. These planes cost only a few thousand dollars. One plane's load of bombs would destroy the Empire State Building in New York, or the Tribune Tower in Chicago, and wreck everything within half a mile. A large part of the money spent for coast defense and small-arms practice could be spent more effectively on preparations for war in the air."

"But supposing there is no war?"

"Then," my friend remarked, shrugging his shoulders, "it will be a very small premium to pay for security. It was recently announced that a draft of four million men would be called in case of another serious war. But"—he smiled grimly—"an army of four million men, or forty million, without an adequate air force is an army of rabbits against the forces of a nation that holds control of the air. In fact"—he flicked some cigar ash from his trousers—"the rabbits might be better off. They can hunt their holes. The army unable to take wings is helpless beneath the barrage of aërial bombs and the awful blanket of poison gas descending from the clouds."

"WHAT are we doing t[illegible] avert these dangers?"

"Both the army and the navy are doing splendid work. But the funds available only permit them to scratch the surface of preparedness in the air. Other nations will soon be far ahead of us. England even now has planes which could keep up with the fastest fighters we own while flying circles around them."

"Is there no silver lining in your dark cloud of poison gas?"

"Fortunately," the expert replied, "commercial aviation is growing. Commercial aviation," he continued, "plays an important part in military preparedness. But it is not enough. The Bureau of Aëronautics of the Department of Commerce lights our airways. It encourages the building and lighting of airports and the establishment of emergency fields. The Post Office Department stimulates research and improvements in the design of engines.

"How many people, in watching the great air corps maneuvers last spring, paused to think that without commercial aviation those maneuvers would have been impossible? There would not have been enough ground facilities for the great air fleet. Commercial schools can teach men to fly. Thousands of civilian pilots can be trained for the military forces. Some of the planes, too, can be converted for military purposes if adequate preparations are made now. But let no one be deceived—"

His features grew stern once more.

"We won't have much time to build airplanes in the next war. We must be ready to meet without notice any assault from the air. There is only one way to do it. Have a force ready at all times. It is our best assurance against defeat and at the same time our only real insurance against war. Robbers don't attack a man with a loaded gun."

THE END

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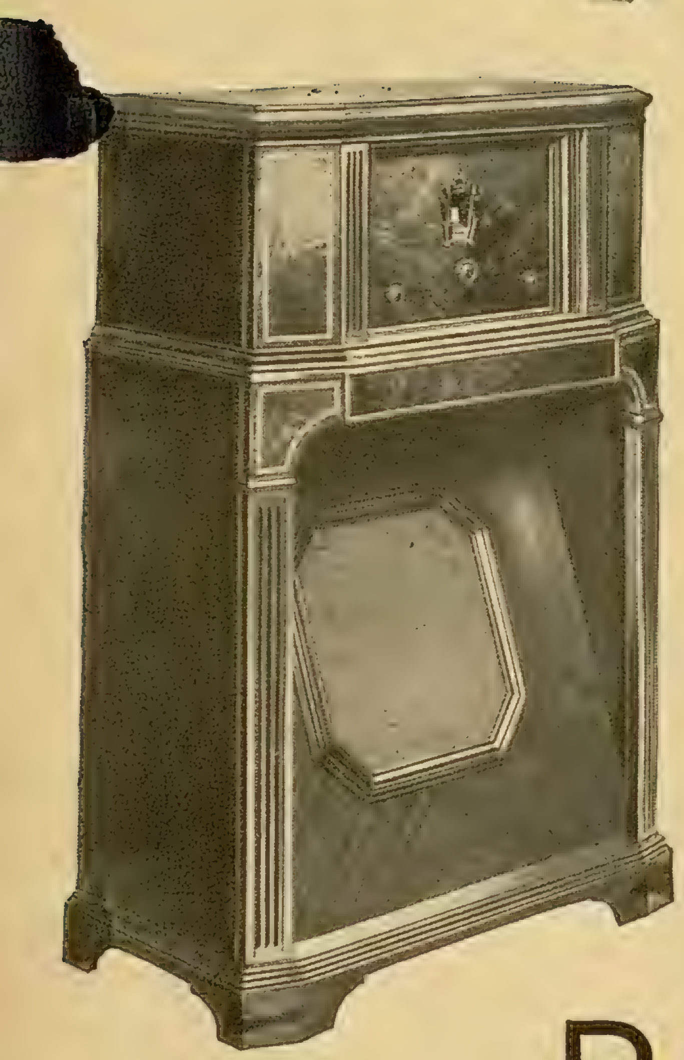

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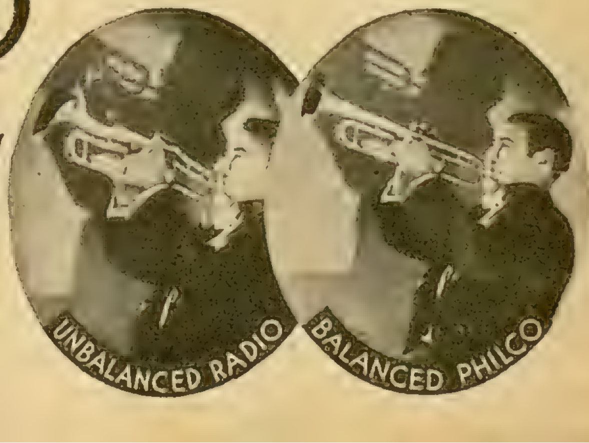
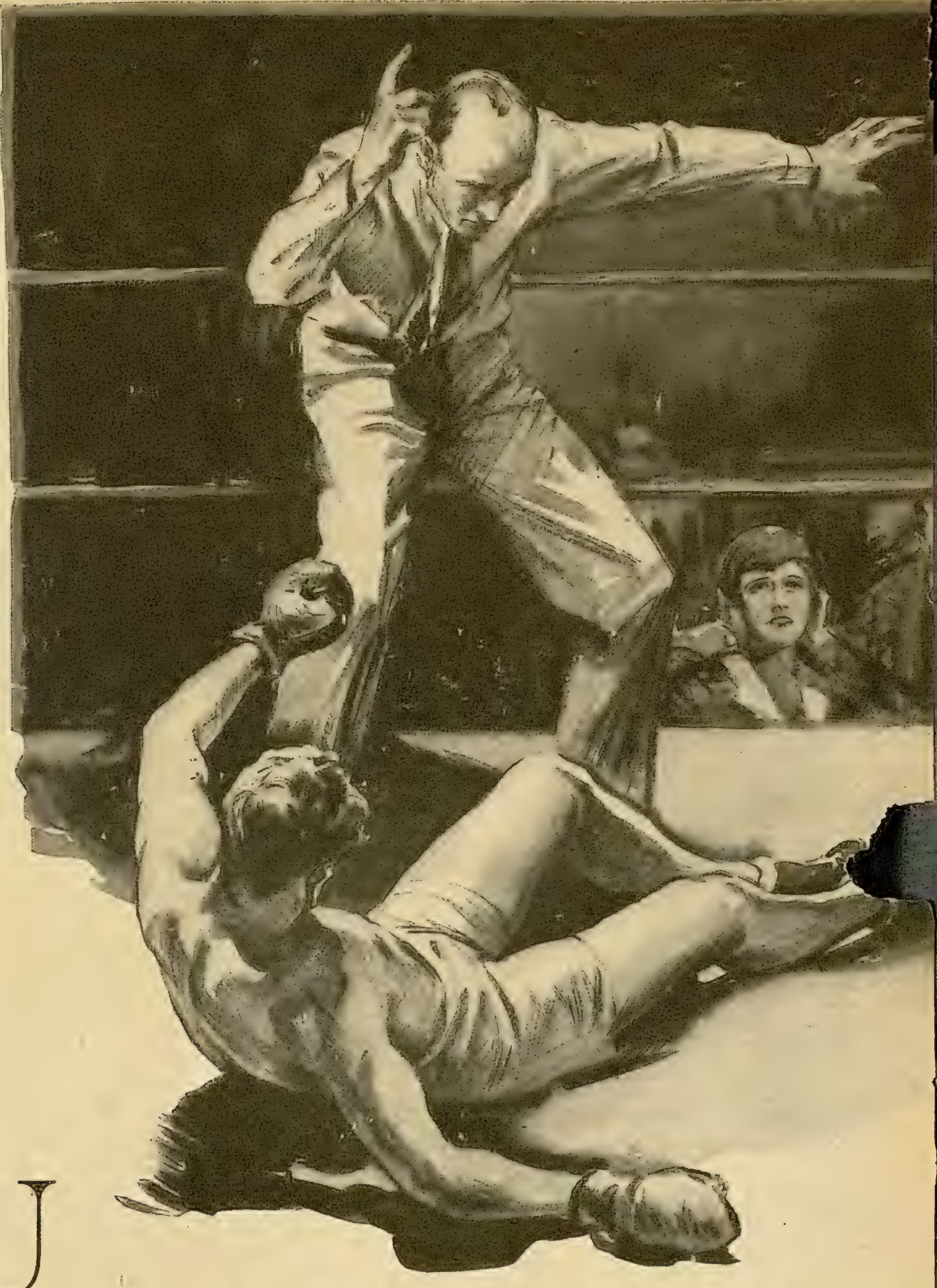




ONE short sharp blow after another, and this time he stayed down. Tony was "back"!

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

YOU CAN'T TELL

The Story of a Middleweight Champion Who Learned About Love from Books

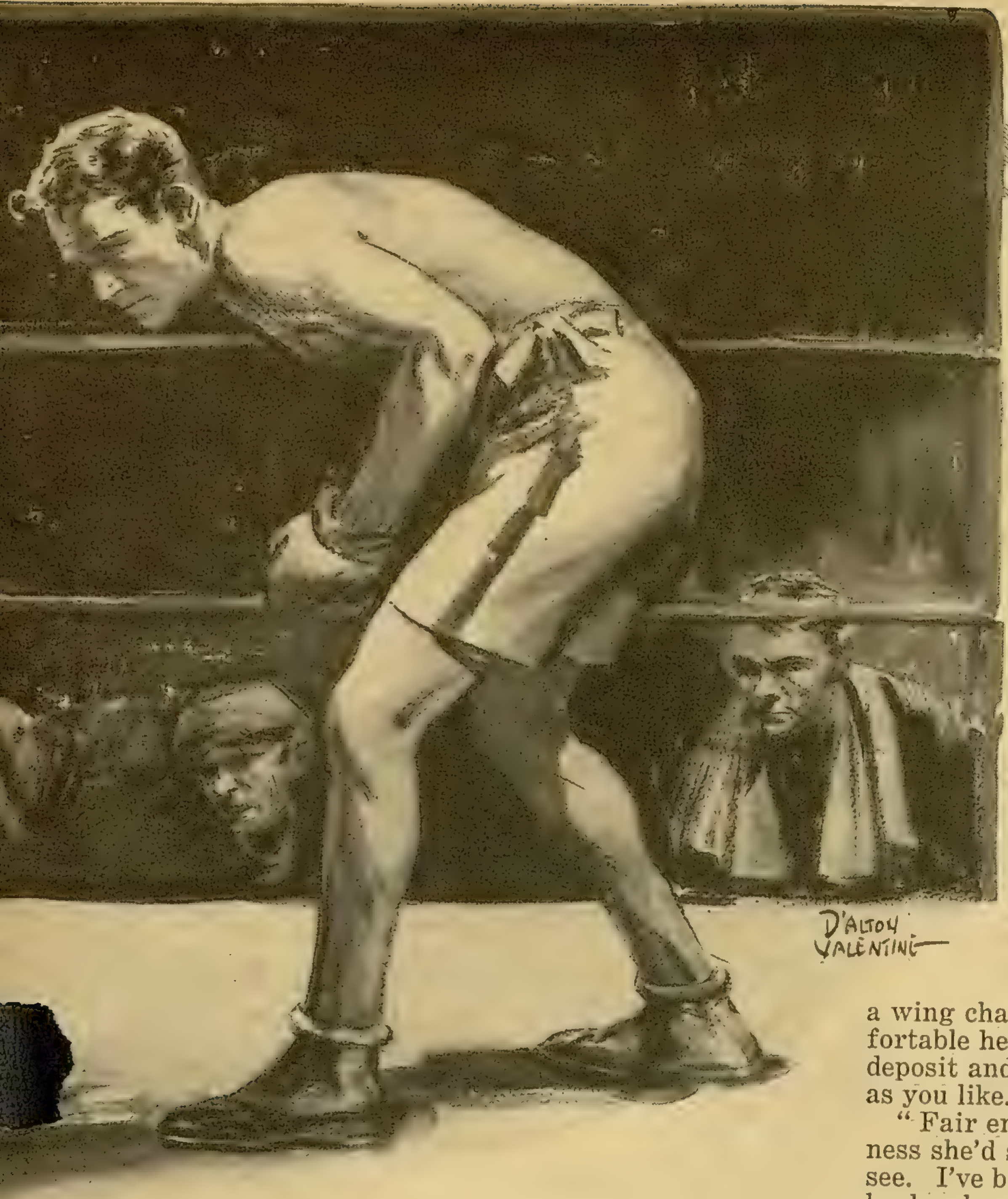
By SAMUEL MERWIN

(Reading time: 30 minutes 10 seconds.)

AT about a quarter past eight of a Saturday evening Betty Hatfield sat at her desk in the corner of the pleasant basement bookshop. She was an attractive girl with seal-brown hair and eyes of the same deep color—large, thoughtful, arresting eyes.

From the pocket of her smock she drew a letter and reread it thoughtfully. It was a proposal of marriage.

She lifted her somewhat troubled eyes and looked moodily about the shop. It was indeed a pleasant place. In the fireplace of old black marble a wood fire still crackled cheerily (she couldn't close up until it burned out; but



then, she always kept open Saturdays until about nine o'clock).

There were curtains of gay chintz at the windows. The walls were solid with books; there were tables heaped with other volumes more recent or more distinguished; and alcoves partitioned off by tall cases. There were Colonial chairs and settees and tall lamps. Here, with the bewildering, nervous New York throbbing about it like a throttled-down steam engine, there was, or appeared to be, peace.

Already, only four years after leaving college, Betty had made considerably more than a neighborhood institution of it.

Somebody was coming down the steps from the sidewalk. Thrusting that letter into her pocket and muttering, " Damn men, anyway! " she straightened round.

The door opened, and a man came in.

He was by no means a boy. She decided that he must be at least thirty. Yet he was as slender and light of foot and—the word was not too strong—as graceful as a girl dancer. His suit seemed to her a bit too well, or too noticeably, cut. It was an odd light brown in color, almost a tan; and the coat was caught by a single button about the slim, supple waist. There were plaits about the top of his trousers. Though it was a cool spring evening he wore no overcoat. The soft collar was an undeniable lavender, and the bow tie was purple. On his springy feet were sport shoes of brown and white. Even his overspreading cap exactly matched the suit in tint.

He removed that cap, exposing a head of attractively curling light-brown hair. His eyes were blue—blue with rather more pigment than common—alert, likable eyes. The hesitant grin he gave her bared remarkably even, white teeth.

And his ears—the convolutions appeared to be partly filled with some sort of fleshy growth. She had never seen ears like them. Betty often amused herself by appraising and cataloguing at first glance the strangers that came in. But she couldn't catalogue this man. There was about him a faint suggestion of the lower walks of life, yet, with that radiant air of health, with its accompanying note of clear-eyed self-possession, she couldn't place him among the policemen and chauffeurs and truckmen she'd found herself thinking of.

He said, almost overcome by a curious shyness, yet eagerly, " A man I know —a man who knows I'm sort of crazy about reading—asked me why I didn't join your library. You see, I live right round the corner—and—" He was twisting his cap in strong-looking hands. She gave him one of her slow, friendly smiles.

" We'll be delighted to have you on our circulating library list," she said.

She led him back to the three alcoves that comprised the library, and indicated a wing chair. " Why don't you just make yourself comfortable here and look the books over? You pay a dollar deposit and twenty-five cents a book. Take out as many as you like."

" Fair enough! " said he. And then the boyish eagerness she'd sensed in him broke out. " It's this way, you see. I've been reading history and science mostly. I like books about the stars too."

" Astronomy? " Evidently he wasn't going to sit while she stood there, so she turned to drift away.

He was nodding. " But I don't understand it as much as I'd like to."

" Trouble with astronomy is," said she, " first thing you know you're sailing way up into the highest mathematics."

" NO kidding! " He looked disappointed. Why, he was like a child! But the eagerness returned quickly. " But I was going to say—it's like this—this man I know says it would be a good thing for me to read more fiction. He talked about some Russian writers and one or two new English ones."

" I see," mused Betty. " Well, there's some Turgenev and Dostoevski on that bottom shelf. The lighter books are up higher here." She chuckled. " They seem to settle that way. Force of gravity maybe."

She'd have to leave him or he'd never sit. So she returned to her desk.

It wasn't five minutes later that she glimpsed another figure through the window. Then the door opened again.

A tall slouching youth entered—slowly, guardedly, looking about. He was fresh-skinned; not over nineteen or twenty; dressed well enough. With a curious air of furtiveness he moved, sidling toward the desk. Betty sat back, coolly eying him. Something wasn't right. " Just a drug-store hero," she thought. This was to be one of the more entertaining evenings apparently.

" What can I do for you? " she asked.

" Well—you just get a load o' this." His voice was breathy; even a bit scared, she surmised. " I thought I'd look in and give you a chance at a little protection insurance."

" No, I don't want—"

" You better listen. There's a lot o' rough stuff going

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU CAN'T TELL
Continued from page twenty-one

on round this part o' town. Take that little millinery shop across the street—at seventy-nine. Widow runs it. Know it? Well, now you get this: she thought she didn't want any insurance. Looked at it like you do. Well, they broke in twice—two nights—and threw acid over her stock—hats and gowns. Cleaned her out. See? You wouldn't want anything like that to happen here. Oh, no, you wouldn't! Now, we can guarantee absolute protection. And all it costs you is twenty-five bucks a week. I'll drop in every Saturday night and collect. Absolute protection."

Betty picked up the telephone and said, "Police! Emergency!"

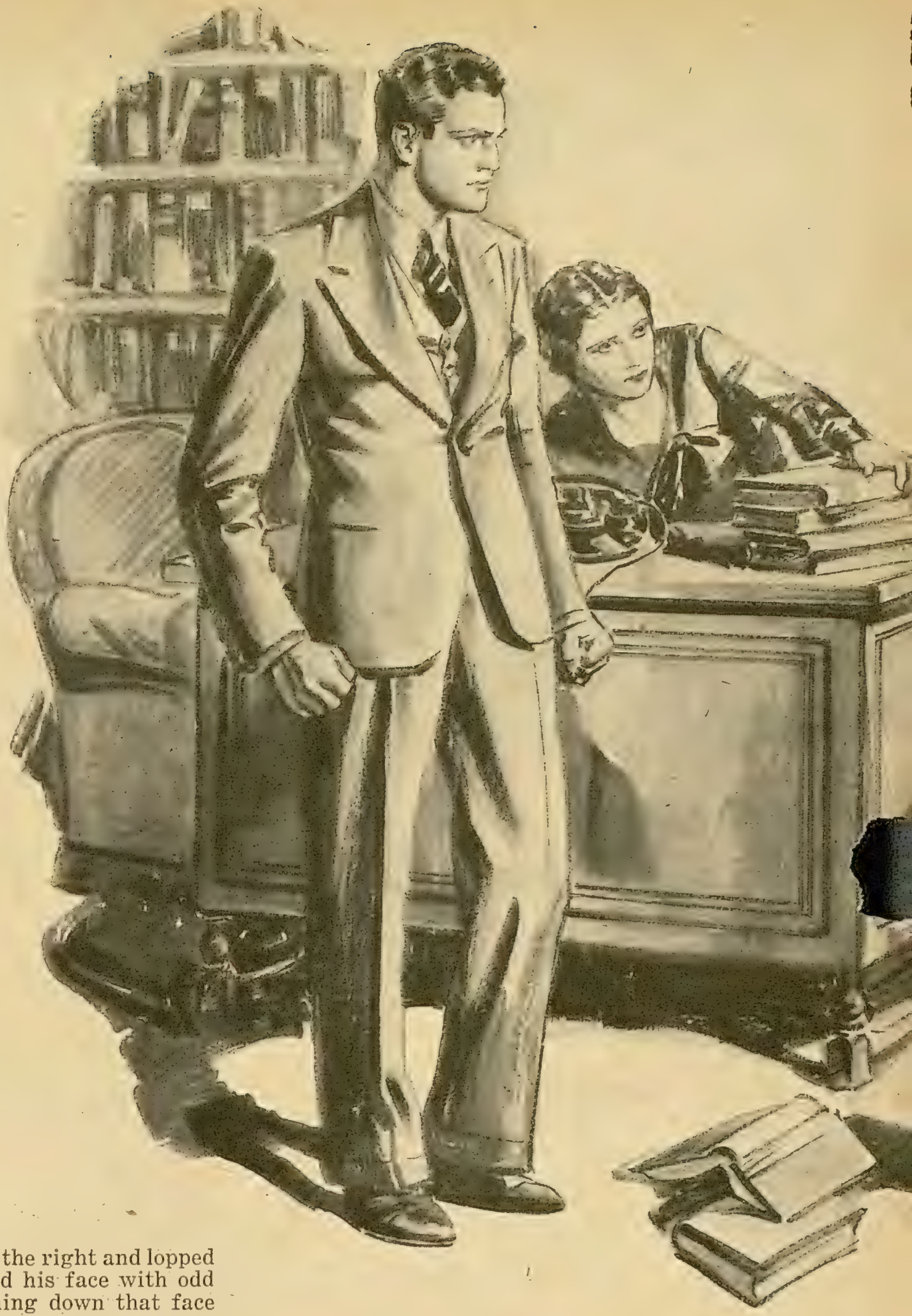
But the operator hadn't answered, and the boy must have known it, for he snatched the instrument away and slapped the receiver on the hook. "None o' that stuff, sweetheart! And it wouldn't do you any good. Life ain't run that way. Not nowadays. You better just—"

His jaw dropped. He was staring over her shoulder.

"You can do your talking with me, my boy." It was a quiet, not unpleasant voice. Of course—that other stranger from the library alcoves!

The newcomer—suddenly white, with bright red spots just under his temples—sidled toward the door. Halfway there he leaped for it.

But the man in the tan suit was just a flying streak. The youth was somehow jerked out to the entry and the door was abruptly shut.



BETTY reached again toward the telephone, but hesitated. She listened, then got up and went to the door.

In the entry that tall and furtive youth was being swiftly, surely beaten to a pulp. He lopped to the right and lopped to the left, while flying fists battered his face with odd crunching sounds. Blood was running down that face and dripping down along his shirt front. His necktie was torn off. A coat sleeve hung in rags.

Betty made a faint little noise—something like "Oh!"—but it didn't seem to mean much of anything. She saw the youth sag to the floor. The man in the tan suit moved around behind him, picked him up by the shoulders and knees, and carried him out and up to the sidewalk. Betty, feeling a bit shaky, returned to her desk. For a few moments she simply sat there, without an idea as to what she ought to do.

The tan suit appeared. The man in it was quietly adjusting the coat. His face was calm, his hair, even, unruffled. He closed the door, stood by one of the standing lamps, and sponged at his right sleeve with his handkerchief. Blood on it, of course.

"That was a funny one," remarked the young man, still considering his stained sleeve. "I can't get these spots out. Have to let Littman do it."

Littman was the old German tailor in the little shop over the way. He pressed her skirts. Somehow, quaintly, the thought seemed a bit of a bond between the pair of them here.

"I never supposed there was a bookstore racket," she observed, still eying the man. "You didn't—kill him?"

"Oh, no. Nothing like that. I waited till he got up and walked away. He was crying. It was the only way to handle him. He was trying to chisel in, you see. But those young hop heads are apt to go crazy if you give 'em any rope at all. He might have broken in and damaged your stock. Never can tell."

"How about calling the police? Would it be any use?"

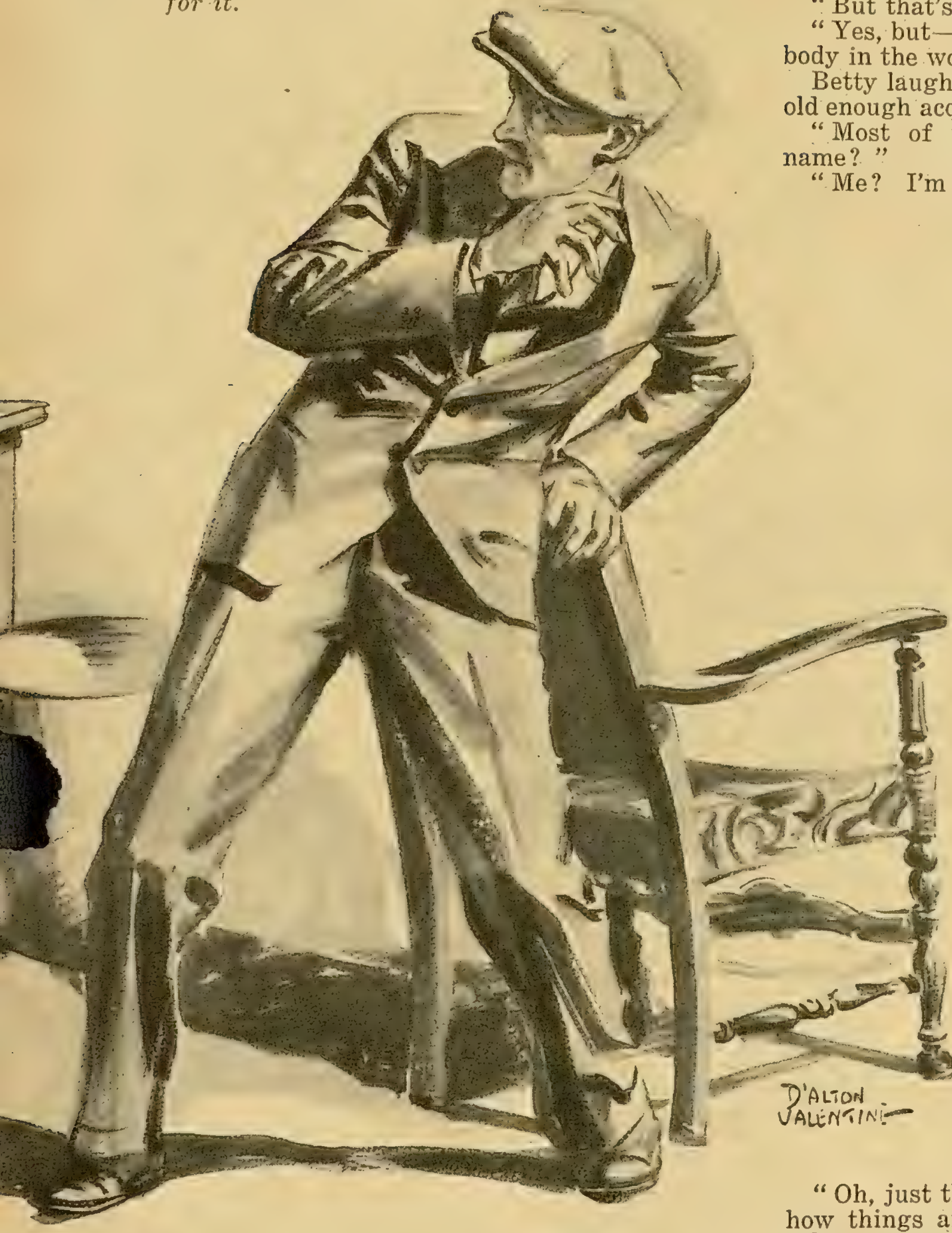
He pursed his lips. "I rather doubt it. Oh, they'd make a few passes, but—well, that's all queer stuff. I really don't believe he'll bother you. . . . I been thinking—about those books. I don't seem to know just which ones to pick out first. I was wondering if maybe you'd—"

"Help you? Glad to, of course." She was wondering just when, in those rapid few minutes, he'd found time to think about books.

She finally selected The Brothers Karamazov and The Good Companions. They should keep him busy for a while.

The name she printed out on his card was Anthony Baker. It meant nothing to her.

THE newcomer sidled toward the door. Halfway there he leaped for it.



But he showed no inclination to leave. And, though his manner continued to be deferential in the extreme, he appeared to have gotten over his earlier shyness. He simply sat on the edge of a chair under a corner lamp and began reading into the bulky Dostoevski volume.

At last—conscious of a bit of embarrassment on her own part—she put on her coat and hat. "I'm shutting up shop now."

He sprang up. "All right. I just thought I'd better see that you get home all right."

"Oh, really—I hardly think it's—though of course you're awfully—"

"Better, I think," said he, with a rather irresistible simple gravity. And when she'd locked the door and stepped up to the sidewalk beside him, she couldn't put down the absurd notion that he had assumed command. And sure-footedly.

At her door he reached out a big hand.

"Good night, Mr. Baker," she said. "And thanks for all you've done."

"I think I'd like to talk with you some. You sort o' stir me up. Get me thinking about a lot o' things."

She blushed and was glad it was night. "That's a very pretty speech, Mr. Baker."

He stood still a moment; then muttered, "Sounds kind o' funny."

"What sounds funny?"

"Oh, nothing—that Mr. Baker stuff."

"But that's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—well, sometimes it seems as if most everybody in the world calls me Tony."

Betty laughed quickly. "I really don't know as we're old enough acquaintances to—"

"Most of the others aren't, either. What's your name?"

"Me? I'm Betty Hatfield."

He'd held her hand all this time, but hadn't seemed in the least concerned about it. Now, however, he gave it a firm squeeze and asked an abrupt question: "Do you keep your shop open every night?"

"Yes. Till eight."

"All right. Thanks. Well, you're helping me a lot. Good night, Betty."

"Good night—Tony."

She hurried to her room, shut and locked the door, and whirled to meet, in the mirror, a rosy face and a pair of brightly glinting eyes. "Well!" she murmured.

HER assistant at the shop was Louise Hadder, her college room mate. Louise was a tall, slender girl with dreamy amber eyes and wispy blonde hair. She wrote poetry, and had been engaged for nearly two years to a struggling, equally dreamy young author, Wilbur Trent. Neither of them had a cent. Louise opened the shop at nine every morning and stayed until five. Betty herself came in at ten or eleven and stayed on into the evening. That was their routine.

It struck Betty herself as rather odd that all day Monday she offered not a word about the episode of Saturday night. But it was, after all, rather like her. She and Louise were so close that it was almost necessary to keep much of their personal lives to themselves. But late Monday afternoon they fell into chat.

"How are things with you and Wilbur?" Betty asked.

"Oh, just the same." Wearily, this. "Oh, you know how things are, Betty. It'll be months before he can finish his book, and God knows how he's going to eat meanwhile. It's pretty tough."

Betty sat watching the fire. She knew who'd been paying for some, at least, of Wilbur's food. And denying herself new clothing to do it. She felt happy. Expansive. And what she would have termed soft.

"Look here!" she broke out. "I've been thinking." She hadn't been, not about that, but it seemed so at the moment. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll fix up the back room. Squeeze in a bathroom and a refrigerator some place. And you two can live right here."

The blonde girl caught her breath. Her eyes filled. All she could say was, "Oh, Betty!"

"Do it in a couple of weeks. Go ahead and marry. You'll save the rent of one room. No reason why he couldn't work here."

"It's—well, wonderful of you, Betty, but—"

"But what?"

"I mean how about you? I've rather thought lately—"

"Me what?"

"You might marry. Then everything would be changed here."

"Me marry? No, my dear. Though I've got an offer here." She slapped her pocket.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU CAN'T TELL
Continued from page twenty-three

“Carl?”

Betty nodded and smiled. “He's been giving me a rush, of course. But it's got to be pinched off. It's out. You'd better run along and tell Wilbur.” She swung 'round and reached for the ledger. “I'm going to post up now.”

Then, however, as Louise still lingered, she looked up briskly. “Since we're talking about it, Lou, I'll tell you something. You know me. The ordinary marriage wouldn't interest me a bit. I guess I'm pretty independent. I'd never make a housewife. I've got to be interested. . . . No, for the present, for a long time, I'm going to stick right here and run this shop. That's me. You can count on it. And I'm convinced it'll be healthier for you two to settle down to it. So go ahead.”

At seven, in a generous glow, she was still at her desk. A few customers had come and gone.

Then Mr. Anthony Baker came in, wearing a suit and cap of blue serge, with his two books under his arm and a friendly “Good evening, Betty.”

“Heavens!” she cried. “You haven't read those two big books?”

“Sure! Every word. Any way you figure it, I have a good deal of time to myself. Guess I eat books alive. I get excited, sort of. The Russian one's swell. I liked that better 'n the other. That fellow knows folks, and he sure does get down to brass tacks. Got any more like it?”

For some reason she felt pleased and excited. She got out Crime and Punishment for him. But he didn't take it away; instead he wandered back to his alcove and settled down in the wing chair to read. And when she locked up, at eight, he went out, again, with her.

“I WAS wondering, Betty,” he remarked, apparently rather shy again. “I mean, have you had your supper?”

“No. I usually wait till my work's done.”

“That's fine! I mean—maybe you wouldn't want to—but—”

He couldn't get it out. She found herself helping him. “Have you?”

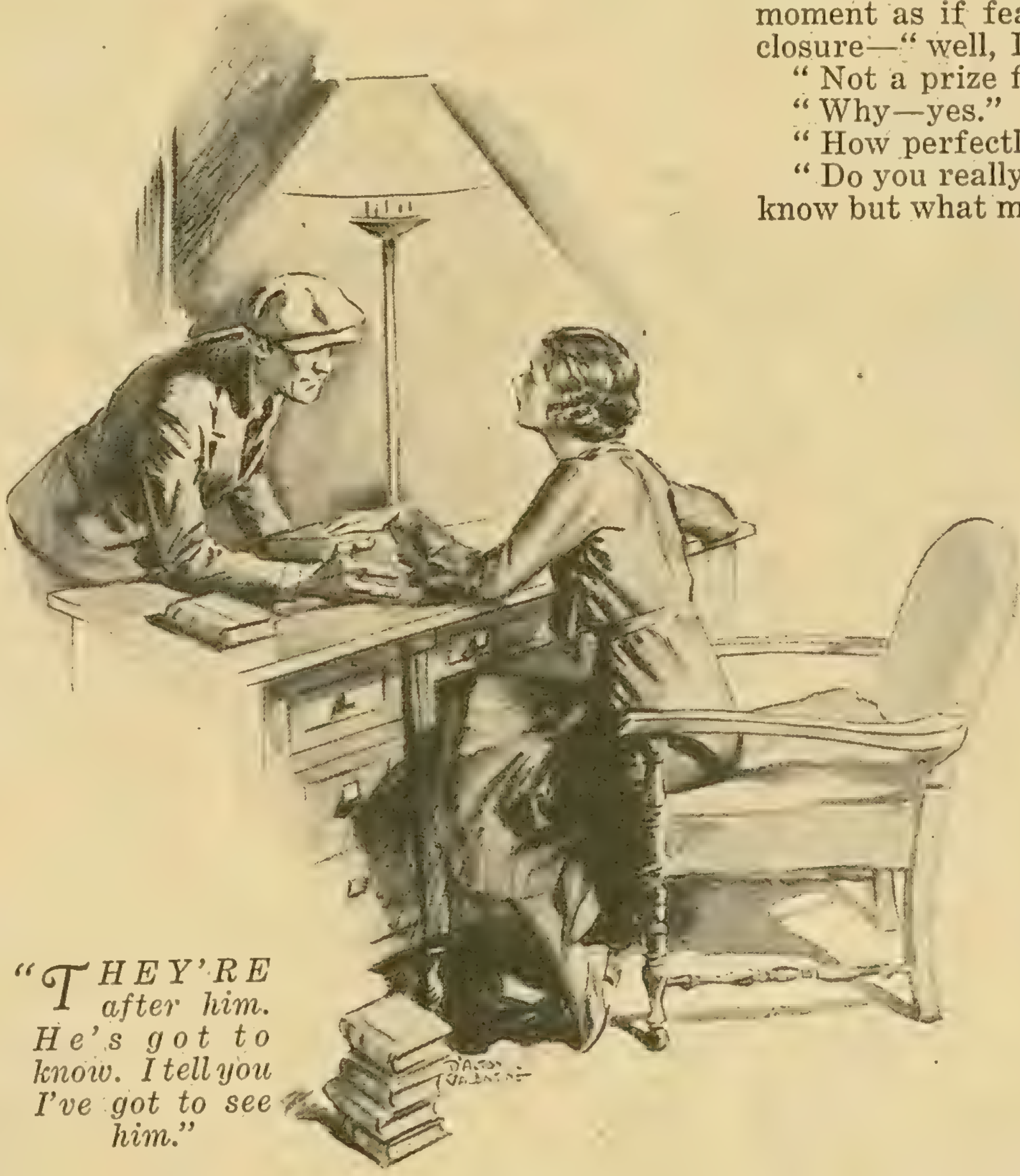
“No. Can't eat much, you see. Have to watch my weight.”

“Let's get a bite somewhere, then.” Betty liked adventure. This was good.

He led her to a homy little basement restaurant, where cooking, service, and management appeared to be entirely in the hands of a middle-aged woman and her daughter. “I eat here mostly,” he explained.

“You'll have the usual, I suppose, Mr. Baker?” said the girl.

“The usual” proved to be two chops, some creamed spinach, and a glass of orange juice. That was all. And he declined a cigarette. Betty, fascinated, over her demitasse, cupped her firm little chin in her hands and looked at him with dancing lights in the seal-brown eyes.



“THEY'RE *after him. He's got to know. I tell you I've got to see him.*”

“I'm going to ask you, Tony, just who and what you are. It's perfectly clear that you're something.”

“Why”—a little color came into the rugged face—“I thought you knew. I mean, the other night, when you said you'd be glad to have me on your list.”

“No; I might have said that to anybody. But that amateur racketeer recognized you.”

“Oh, yes, he knew me.”

“You haven't answered me yet.”

“There isn't much to tell. I'm a”—he hesitated, and lifted the blue eyes for a moment as if fearful of the coming disclosure—“well, I'm a boxer.”

“Not a prize fighter?” she gasped.

“Why—yes.”

“How perfectly wonderful!”

“Do you really feel that way? I didn't know but what maybe you'd—”

“It's fascinating! Tell me, are you training now?”

He nodded. “You see, I've got a fight on.”

“When?”

“Friday night. At Madison Square Garden. You see”—a slightly gloomy expression crept in about his eyes and mouth, and she thought he squared his shoulders—“well, I was middleweight champion for three years.”

“World champion?” Betty couldn't wholly restrain her excitement.

HE nodded again “Jimmy Jackson knocked me out. He's champion now. I've tried for two years to get another crack at him. And the papers have ballyhooed for it. But he's been dodging me. That knock-out was my own fault, and he knows it. I was too eager to finish him, and left my chin open.” Moodily he pushed a spoon about on the tablecloth. “They say I'm too old now to come back. His smile was wistful. “Thirty-one *is* pretty aged for a boxer. But, gosh, I'd like to! Just to show 'em. It's been pretty poor picking these last two years. I haven't been able to get any really good matches.”

“Tell me about the thing Friday night, Tony.”

“Oh, they've finally matched me up with Kid Ortle, the British champion. He's pretty good, but I ought to take him. If I do, the Garden people have promised me Jackson again. That'll be in June, up at the Yankee Stadium. It does sort o' look like my chance. . . . Yes, I'd sure like to show 'em. But I've got to get by Ortle first. And you can't tell. You see, I don't know myself just what I can do. Been out quite a while. It makes a difference. But I'm going to give the Britisher everything I've got. He'll know he's been in there.”

He came again Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and sat on guard. And on each occasion they went again to that basement restaurant. Already it had begun to seem the natural thing. Wednesday he brought with him a slim, sweatered young man named Fred to patrol the sidewalk. Betty was touched, and grateful. “You see,” he explained, “I'm spending tomorrow night out on Long Island and won't be back until just time for the bout. But Fred'll take care of you.” And he added this: “I've wondered if you'd care to see it.”

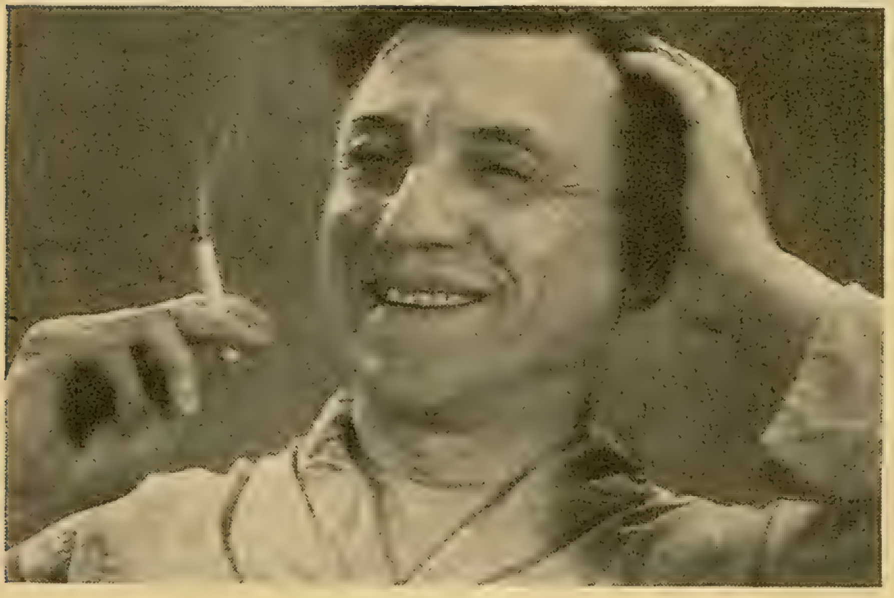
“Oh, Tony,” she cried softly, “you know I'd love it! It'll be exciting, knowing all it means to you.”

“My brother and his wife'll call for you, if you'll come.”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

Striking Smoke-Snags?

CHEER UP! SPUDS BRING MOUTH-HAPPINESS!



Before Breakfast . . . Is your before-breakfast cigarette a snag? Smoke Spud! It leaves your mouth moist-cool and clean-tasting. It means mouth-happiness when mouth-happiness *means* most.

On Occasion . . . Do you smoke only "on occasion"? Then you certainly want full fragrance. Spud gives you this . . . and cool, clean mouth besides. Another spot for Spud's unfailing mouth-happiness.

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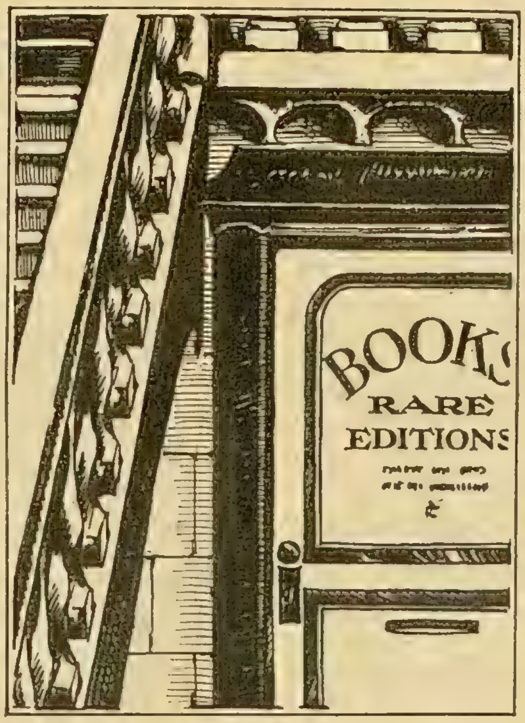
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"I'll be there, Tony. All the racketeers in New York couldn't stop me." And they left it at that.

As she sat alone in the shop on Thursday evening she found herself missing him.

A few customers came and went. Then, toward eight, the young man called Fred entered and carefully closed the door.

"Sorry to trouble you, lady," he said—he was shyer than Tony had been that first evening. "You see, that amature racketeer's back." Fred jerked an expressive thumb toward the entry. "I can't make him out. He swears he's all right now, and says he's got to see you. What'll I do? He's all steamed up about something or other."



"Let him come in," said Betty.

He came, looking pale, his face working nervously. Fred stayed quietly within the room. That bothered the youth.

"Well," observed Betty crisply, after a queer hush had settled on them, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

The strange caller leaned over the desk. "How about him?" His voice was a husky whisper.

"Fred? He stays."

"Is he all right?"

"I don't know what you're getting at. He's a friend of Tony Baker's."

"Well, then—I guess it's all right. I've got to see him."

"See who?"

"Tony."

"But why do you come here?"

"Can't you see? I don't know any other place to go. He's in danger. I tell you I *know*. I hang round where I get the real dope. They're after him. It's dirty stuff. He's got to know. I tell you I've got to see him. I can't say it to anybody else. And I don't want to get put on the spot myself. Can't you see? I tell you he's in danger."

"Perhaps Fred here would tell you where to call him up," said Betty indifferently. But she was watching the youth. His excitement was certainly real. And tonight his eyes looked honest. Queer!

"Oh, no!" he broke out. "I can't talk over the phone."

"See here!" said Betty. "Why are you so interested in Tony all of a sudden? That strikes me as funny."

"No! Honest! Get this—it isn't funny. He half killed me the other night." Pride came into his voice; a very masculine and very young pride that was both absurd and, to Betty, a bit touching. "But it took Tony Baker to do it, by God! I beg your pardon! Tony's square, you see. We all know that. He's a regular guy. I'm going straight now." He gulped down an actual sob; then continued unsteadily: "I tell you I've got to see him tonight. I've *got* to! I won't talk to anybody else. Not even his manager. How do *I* know? I've got to see him. Oh, can't you see? I'll tell him all of it. I've got it right. And he'll know what to do. If I had a car I'd go alone. I'd *make* him listen. Oh, for God's sake! Can't you get me out there somehow?"

BETTY considered. "My car is in the garage around the corner. For all that I know you may be telling the truth."

"I am! Oh, I am!"

"I'll drive you out. Will you come too, Fred?"

"Of course," replied Fred, quietly enough; but he sprang forward and felt over the youth for a possible weapon. The inspection was satisfactory.

So they drove, the three of them, out through the night, over the Williamsburg Bridge, through the vast sprawling outskirts of Brooklyn, and on into the more open country, Fred guiding. All the way Betty's eyes had dancing lights in them as she drove. But her two queerly assorted companions couldn't see her eyes. At last they turned into a shaded lane and arrived in a farmyard.

Fred leaped out and disappeared within the building. Shortly he returned and made the youth (whose teeth were chattering) step out of the car.

Then Tony came, in a bathrobe and sneakers. There was a little light from the car and a little more from the house. He greeted Betty gravely, and turned to the youth. "Well," he said, "tell your story." That was all he said.

"It's like this, Tony." The boy kept swallowing. (Betty hoped he wouldn't become hysterical. He didn't. Not quite.) "I'm giving it to you straight. It's Big Joe Lombardy. His crowd. I was in that Little Naples dump for supper. Tonight. And that chunky wop came in. He was in your corner when you fought Jackson. The one they call Pete."

"Pete Brocco?"

"Yeah! That one. Pretty soon Al Gunther and Tom Roberti came in, and then Mike Lombardy, Big Joe's brother. They all sat with him. They talked quite a while, arguing with him. He acted kind o' scared. I couldn't hear much. Only when they got a little mad and talked louder for a minute or two, Mike Lombardy kept shushing them. They passed a wad o' money. Under the table. But I saw it. And a little package that looked like a pill bottle wrapped up. He put the money and the package in his pants pocket."

FRED looked at Tony. "Pete in town tonight?"

Tony nodded soberly. "Sure is. Went in after the workout, about five o'clock. Said his mother was sick in Brooklyn. He isn't back yet." He turned to the youth. "What did you hear them say?"

"Well, they said this—Al Gunther did—'It's ten gran remember, Pete. It's a lot o' jack.' And then they talke about how to manage it. Tom Roberti said, 'Not til just before the bout, remember, Pete. Just pour it on the lemons he uses. He won't be able to taste anything. You're perfectly safe, if you keep your head.'"

Tony nodded slowly. Betty thought he looked years older. Evidently this business of being a champion was a wearing job. He was quite a person, this Tony Baker. But, then, commonplace people weren't champions of anything. They couldn't be. It took character. And something more—something extra. She felt queerly strung up. But she liked being in it. It made her feel like something *extra* in the way of personality.

That strange youth had a little more to say. "I did some scouting round after that. I know people. And I know where to go. Big Joe has bought Ortle's contract."

"We know that," said Tony.

"And he's ribbing him up for the championship."

A pair of headlights swung into the lane. The youth dove back into Betty's sedan and sat shivering in a corner of the back seat.

The other car turned into the yard and a chunky figure got out.

Tony went straight over there, Fred with him.

"Get right back into that car, Pete," said Tony. No indecision there. "Drive right out and stay out. That'll do for you!"

The chunky man sputtered. "What're you talking about, Tony? You can't just— My God, Tony, maybe you've got the right to— All my clothes are in the house! Everything!"

"We'll send your clothes," said Tony.

That was all. It was enough. The chunky man stepped into his car and drove away.

Betty got out—she couldn't help it—and walked with Tony to the door. Their eyes met. They just stood there, looking. A long moment.

"I don't know how to thank you, Betty," he said, with the simplicity that was the essence of natural dignity.

She went on looking. She couldn't seem to do or say anything.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

THESE AMAZING VICKS NOSE DROPS stop many a COLD right at the start

Take your cue from that first sniffle or sneeze. Use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops at once—and you can chase away many a cold before it fairly gets started.

Perfected after years of research by the makers of Vicks VapoRub — clinically tested here and abroad — further proved by practical tests in thousands of homes—this new Vicks discovery is being acclaimed everywhere for its remarkable effectiveness.

If you catch cold easily — use Vicks Drops after shopping, after traveling, after exposure to crowds, etc.

These drops are easy to use—any time, any place. They help Nature combat germs that are threatening you with a cold. They promptly clear the head and soothe irritation.

Catarrh sufferers will find Vicks Nose Drops a real relief. Keep a bottle handy at home and at the office. It will help you escape many a cold.

Discovery makes possible new VICKS PLAN *for better* CONTROL-OF-COLDS

THE perfection of Vicks Nose & Throat Drops marks a further advance in your defense against colds. Vicks Drops are based on a new idea for *preventing* colds. Vicks VapoRub is the modern method of *treating* colds. Together, these companion products now form the Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Use of the Vicks Plan will help you cut down your family's colds—lessen their severity—lessen their cost in time, money and health. Here, briefly, is the plan:

1 Before *a cold starts*

At that first sniffle or stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages—Nature's warning that you're "catching cold"—use Vicks Nose Drops at once, as directed. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2 After *a cold starts*

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white *stainless* form, if you prefer). VapoRub acts like a poultice or plaster and at the same time gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled all night long.

During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops as needed for greater ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vicks Cough Drops—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.) This will give you full 24-hour treatment.

Trial offer to VICKS *users*

You have Vicks VapoRub. Now get the new Vicks Nose Drops and follow the Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Unless you are delighted with results, your druggist will return your money.

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VICKS
Nose & Throat
DROPS

2
VICKS
VAPO RUB

YOU CAN'T TELL
Continued from page twenty-six

Suddenly she reached up, pulled his head down, and kissed him. “For luck, Tony!” she murmured.

“Thanks,” said he. “What do you know about that crazy kid, though! Came through fine, didn't he?”

She smiled a little and turned, rather shakily, to go.

“Harry and his wife'll call at your place about eight, Betty. Better be ready. And if I'm able to walk I'd kind o' like to have you take a little supper with me after the fight.”

“I'd love to.”

He grinned beneath sober eyes. “They say they never come back,” he mused aloud. “Well, we'll see. Good night, Betty.”

“Good night, Tony.”

Harry Baker said there were eighteen thousand in the audience. Betty believed him. The vast floor of the arena seemed to be paved with faces. The balconies, heaping upward tier on tier, were simply endless rows of dim little faces. And the din, to her unaccustomed ears, was overpowering. It stirred the blood. It sharpened and quickened the senses. She hadn't known it would be an emotional occasion; but it was.

Their seats were by the ring, back of the single row of newspaper men and directly under Tony's corner. Harry explained things. He was bigger than Tony, with the same air of simple, honest force. His wife was a smiling, ample person with a capable look about her. Harry said one thing that stuck in her mind: “Tony's the greatest little brother in the world.”

Powerful hooded lights beat down on the resined canvas and on the glistening white skin of two preliminary fighters who clung and dodged and hit in desperate combat.

NEXT WEEK—

Our Appalling Crisis—What Would Lincoln Do?

An arresting article in which the Great Emancipator discusses the vexing problems of today.

By

George Sylvester Viereck

Beginning

The Shackled Cinderella

A new serial of hearts and handcuffs

By

Edward Doherty

Couple by couple the men came and went. She learned that Tony's, as the star bout, would come last. The quaint ritual of the ring soon began to seem familiar: the active referee, the solemn judges, the timer with his mallet, the strutting announcer, the excited, anxious seconds in their respective corners. She saw blood. There was one knockout—a beautifully muscled fighter lying helpless in the resin.

Her ears grew accustomed to the thud of soggy gloves. And the whole cavernous interior of the immense, exciting structure was a haze of tobacco smoke that softened the outlines of those tiers of tiny, remote faces and made the scene stirringly paintable. The thing became so continuous a thrill as to be all but unbearable.

AT last Tony came, in an old blue bathrobe with his name in faded gold across the back. He looked down from his stool in the corner, lifted his clasped hands, and grinned. The roar of eighteen thousand throats was deafening.

A lull came. There were loud-voiced introductions of other fighters in business suits. They all looked young and harmless enough. Then there was a conference of the finalists with their managers and the referee in midring.

Tony walked back to his corner and slipped out of his robe. He grasped the ropes and flexed his knees. He didn't look down now. He might have forgotten her. This was determined business.

They were all roaring again. Her nerves were tingling crazily.

He was beautiful. The slim waist she knew, in a way, but the shoulders were bigger than she'd have supposed possible. And his legs were surprisingly sturdy. But he fairly danced as a whistle screeched and he leaped into action.

His whole compact body was like an engine of living, thrilling power.

The fight was on. All she could catch of it, when her eyes were open (in the weariness of sheer excitement she closed them at times—she couldn't help it), was the power and speed of the men and the intense determination to win.

She couldn't help thinking of tigers and gorillas. Yet he was cool and skillful. She caught that. But the tension, the dramatic focus of those two straining, shining white bodies in the ring from which only one could emerge victor, was terrific.

Ortle went down. Such a din arose that she had to clap her hands over her ears. He staggered to his feet, dodged, back-pedaled, and—went down again.

Once again he got up. And Tony tore at him. She was looking now. One short sharp blow after another, and this time he stayed down. Tony was “back”!

What a primitive creature he was! But how about herself?

They sat in a corner of a dimly lit restaurant. Betty played with a cigarette and sipped her coffee. There was a funny pounding in her temples.

“TONY”—she was fiddling with her cup—“I've got to say something. It may sound a little odd, but—oh, I suppose I've got the feeling that you'll never say it if I don't. After all, I suppose these things can happen fast. Maybe it's best that way. I don't know. It just seems up to me, sort of.”

She didn't know that she was a glowing, radiant girl with dancing eyes and with a softened, lovely intensity about her mouth.

He was fumbling in a breast pocket of his coat.

“There's something I've just got to say, Betty.” His face was brick red, his voice husky.

She couldn't stop. “I know you've had some tough years. I want to tell you how it is with me. I'm not rich. But I could help a little. I've got my shop, and eleven or twelve thousand dollars left since the stock crash. It's mostly in savings banks. It isn't much, but I'm not afraid of work. Honestly, Tony, I could help you. I know I could. I'm healthy, and— Oh, I guess I'm just head over heels in love with you!”

It is doubtful if he heard a word. He had got out a thick bundle of important-looking documents with a rubber band about them.

“You see, Betty, a middleweight doesn't make the money the big fellows get. Not a chance. Tunney and Dempsey are millionaires, of course.”

He was actually apologetic.

“But I've been pretty careful. Had to be. I'm a rotten business man, you see. But when I'd worked up to the first hundred thousand I bought an annuity. A man I know in a bank helped me. And the same way with the second and third hundred thousand. After that we went into these government bonds. Of course, the returns are pretty low, but it seems safer. It's only fair to say it doesn't mean a big limousine with a chauffeur, or one of those ten-thousand-dollar apartments on Park Avenue, but—”

Betty giggled. “But, Tony, how funny! It's simply a scream! I supposed you were—I never dreamed that you—”

Their eyes met full. She didn't know she was leaning to him over the table. They were alone, in Eden. Their lips met.

That was Friday night. Late on Saturday afternoon Betty breezed into the shop. She'd looked in that morning with the calm announcement that she'd be out all day.

Louise sat at the desk. Wilbur was in a chair by the fire.

"Oh, Betty," cried Louise, "congratulate us! We're married!"

Betty laughed aloud. She hugged her friend and kissed Wilbur.

Tony came in wearing a brown suit and cap. Betty drew him over to the fire, and then slipped a possessive arm about him.

"Congratulate us!" she mimicked gayly. "We're married!"

The two stared in something near shock at this utter stranger who hugged Betty so tight that her feet left the floor.

Louise's eyes, aghast, strayed toward the back room.

"Don't you worry, child!" cried Betty. "It's worse than you think. You're to live right here, you two, and run the shop. You get a raise, too. You see, Tony and I"—she drew his head down—"have other plans. Oh, I forgot! The name is Baker. I'm Mrs. Baker."

It was late the next morning, at an uptown hotel, when Tony pointed out an item in the paper. It appeared to be just another gang murder. The body of an Italian, identified as Pietro, alias Pete, Brocco, had been found by a roadside near Jamaica with five or six bullets in it. The man's pockets were empty.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Idaho?

2—What is the outer layer of the skin called?

3—Who painted the Sistine Madonna?

4—What Civil War general was called the Rock of Chickamauga?

5—Who said "I came, I saw, I conquered"?

6—What is a third and a half of a third of ten?

7—What is the principal constituent of pewter?

8—What President served two nonconsecutive terms?

9—What is gynarchy?

10—What was Rembrandt's family name?

11—What American liquid measure is nearly equivalent to a liter?

12—In what states is the Republican River?

13—What is a praying mantis?

14—Where is Northwestern University?

15—What is a niggard?

16—What are the young of pigeons called?

17—Who was the last czar of Russia?

18—What is the name of the national legislature of Denmark?

19—Who was called the Iron Chancellor?

20—Who wrote Canterbury Tales?

(Answers will be found on page 34)

ΑΘΕΡΜΟΣ
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Down the Ice-Corkscrew

Olympic Bobsled Racing—Champagne of Speed Sensations

By GEORGE TREVOR

(Reading time: 12 minutes 45 seconds.)

YOU stand expectantly on the outer rim of Whiteface Corner where the ribbonlike track of the Mount Van Hoevenberg bobsled run describes a right-angled turn. The Adirondack air cuts your face with the clean, sharp stroke of a razor, though a bonfire crackles near by, taking the keen edge off the morning chill. You peer down the sheer wall of the banked turn, twenty-eight feet from upper lip to track bed. It seems as though only a fly could cling to that precipitous slope of slippery glare ice. The pitch is almost perpendicular.

You probably don't know that beneath the icy sheath is a crushed-stone foundation which buttresses the scientifically plotted curve. You may not realize that the turn itself has been fashioned by engineers according to a mathematical formula.

A staccato warning jerks you out of your reverie. "Homberger is starting!" shouts the official announcer from his telephone-equipped wooden perch on the mountain slope. Spectators massed along Whiteface Curve stiffen to attention; you can hear them breathe. Echoes fling back the quavering cry, "Homberger is starting!"

Now the silence of the mountain side is accentuated, as it were, by a peculiar reverberation—a metallic threnody that sets the clear air pulsating like a brass bell. It swells in volume. You are listening to the hollow thunder of steel-shod bobsled runners careening down the tortuous declivity.

"Approaching Eyrie," megaphones the announcer. You vaguely recall that Eyrie is the name of the first curve. "He's taking it high," drones the voice. "He's through—heading for Whiteface."

That distinctive thrum grows louder. Your eye follows the furrow which spirals like ticker tape down Van Hoevenberg's north flank. A tiny black dot shows against the stark white back drop—here he comes!

Swoosh! Your heart skips a beat as the bobsled, its four-man crew leaning toward the low side, heads straight for where you are standing. It zooms up the steep bank—cambered like a six-day bicycle bowl—swerves perilously close to the rim, and dives down at a dizzy angle toward the straightaway ahead, powdering your face with stinging particles of snow and hammering your eardrums with sound.

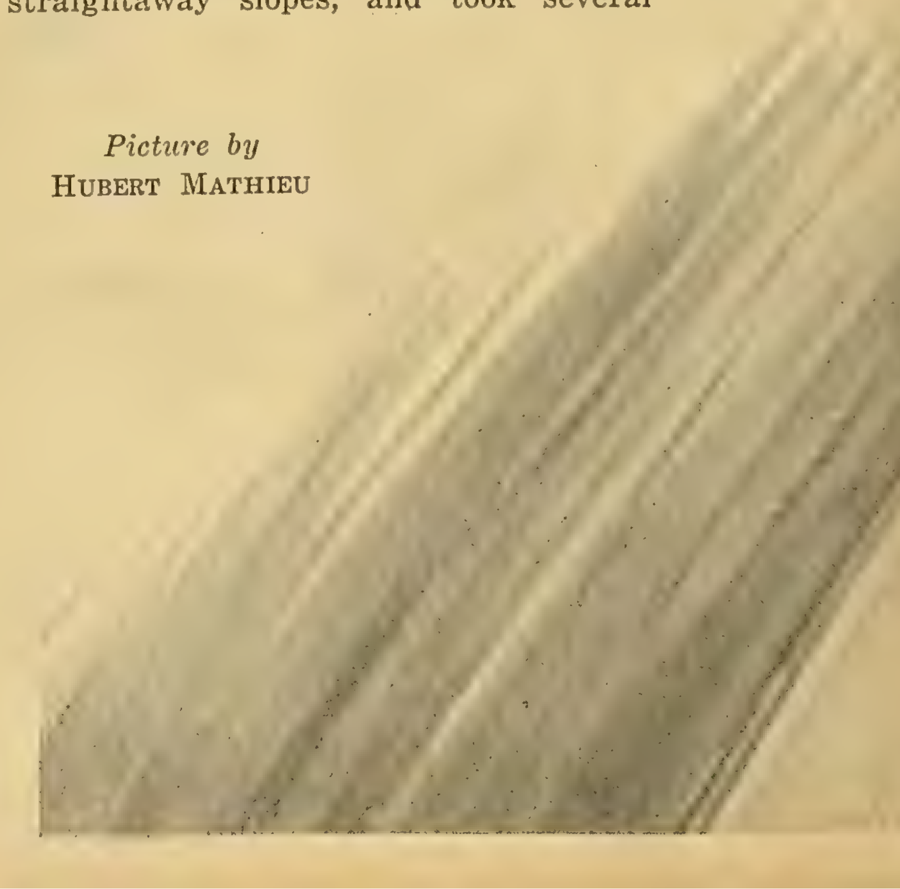
A scarlet blur, like a tanager in flight, traces a vivid crescent along the fan-shaped bank of the turn. Homberger and his three colleagues are dressed in flaming red from leather helmets to trouser hems. Their head guards, the same kind worn on the gridiron, are painted scarlet like those of the Harvard football eleven. They might be demons—erupted suddenly from the nether regions into garish daylight—catapulting downhill toward that limbo of the lost.

This saturnine aspect is heightened by blood-red face masks, those ghoulish contraptions which shield broken noses in a football mêlée. These bobsledders are engaged in a more hazardous game than football. A slight miscalculation on the curve may precipitate them over the rim among the trees which grow dangerously close.

Scarcely have you caught your breath when the a[illegible]nouncer begins to chant: "Homberger is flashing pas[illegible] Cliffside Turn—he's rounding Shady Corner safely—he's shooting through the Zigzag—he's crossed the finish line! Time, one minute fifty-two seconds."

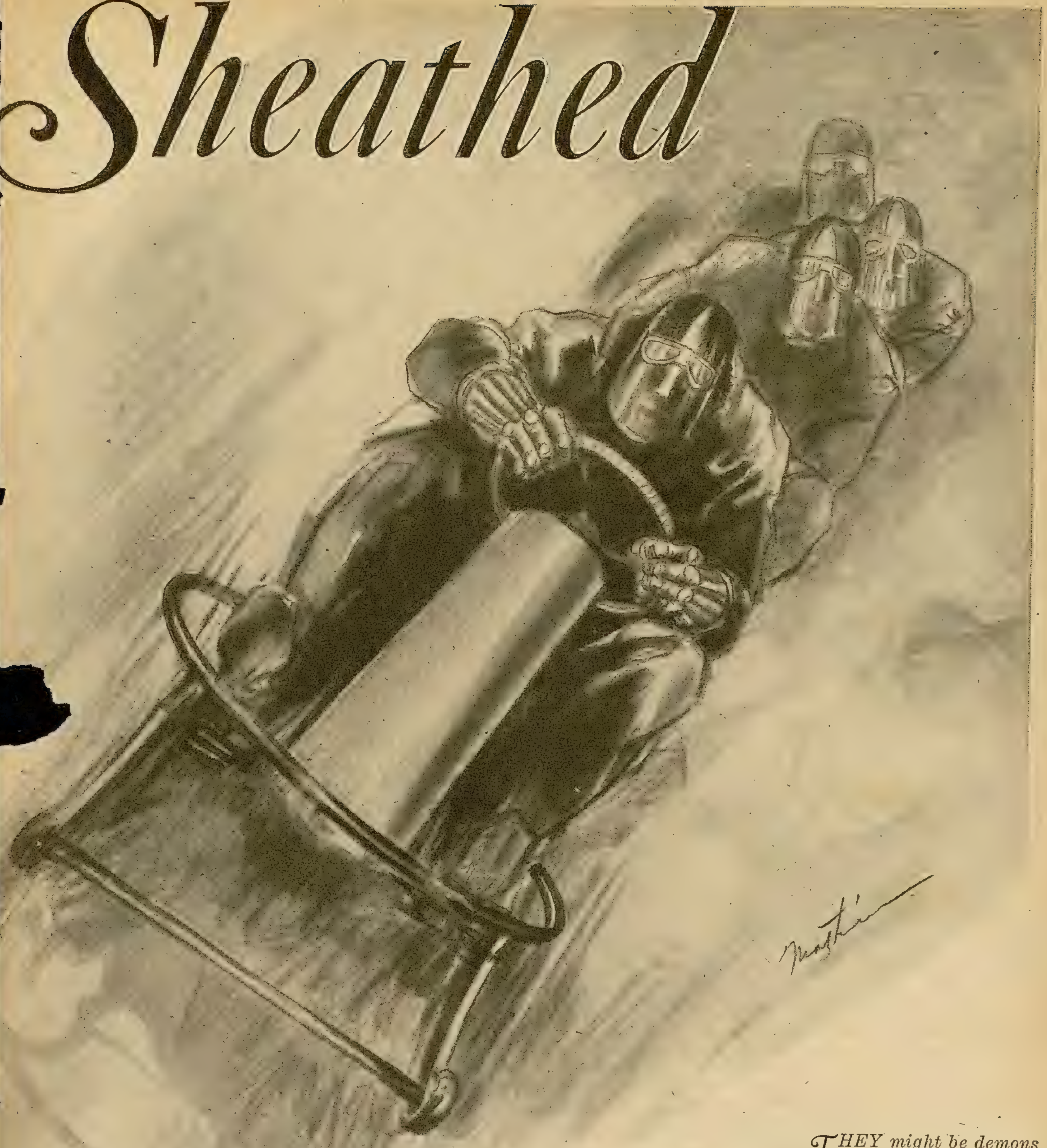
. . . . . .

That's a sample of what you are about to see at Lake Placid, New York, when the Olympic bobsled championship is contested for the first time on American soil. The action tableau just pictured occurred last winter in a "dress rehearsal" staged on the newly completed Mount Van Hoevenberg bob run, when Homberger, pilot of the Lake Saranac team, won the A. A. U. bobsled title, averaging 47 miles an hour down the mile-and-a-half course. He hit 75 miles an hour on the straightaway slopes, and took several



Picture by
HUBERT MATHIEU

Sheathed



THEY might be demons —erupted suddenly from the nether regions into garish daylight—catapulting toward the limbo of the lost.

of the perilous curves at better than a mile a minute.

Oddly enough, though America has never had a regulation bobsled run prior to last winter, we won the 1928 Olympic championship on the famous Cresta Slide at St. Moritz. Americans domiciled in Switzerland improvised a four-man team of riders who had learned this fascinating game while vacationing among the Alps.

It thus happens that we are defending our Olympic laurels this February on the recently constructed Lake Placid course against picked teams from Austria, Germany, Switzerland, France, England, Italy, Roumania, Canada, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia.

Stanislaus Zentzytzki, Germany's foremost bobsled-run architect, was imported from Berlin to design and supervise the building of the Mount Van Hoevenberg course. He has created a shudder-studded masterpiece, as chockful of thrills as his tongue-twisting name is of consonants. Indeed, his zippy name sounds like a racing bob hurtling down the mountain side.

Zentzytzki believes that this Lake Placid course is faster and more hazardous than the Cresta run, hitherto considered the last word in bobsled ecstasy. Twenty-six

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dill's Best
SINCE 1848

The more you like a pipe the more likely you are to say . . . .

Dill's Best is America's Best

DOWN THE ICE-SHEATHED CORKSCREW
Continued from page thirty-one

turns, some disarmingly gentle, some sickeningly sharp, punctuate its mile-and-a-half white ribbon. The curve contours are plotted with geometric fidelity, the degree of pitch estimated to a fraction of an inch. The average drop is ten per cent—a dizzy down grade. Five of the curves are breathtakers: Eyrie, Whiteface, Cliffside, Shady Corner, and Zigzag. Curtains are strung from poles at the entrance to each curve to keep the glare out of the pilots' eyes.

Twenty thousand gallons of water are poured over the narrow-gauge track—six feet wide on the straightaways—each morning to provide a solid, slippery surface. The track mushrooms out fanwise on the turns to a width of twenty feet or more, a thin film of hard-packed snow coating the glare ice to give the steel-shod runners a chance to bite.

It is a Herculean task that Zentzytzki has accomplished. He had to carve this serpentine replica of a Coney Island roller coaster out of virgin forest. His problem was rendered more difficult by the attitude of the New York State Forest Conservation Committee, which refused to sanction the removal of trees that were not actually in the path of the bobsled run. As a result, trees rub elbows with the course—a hazard not encountered on foreign runs.

At St. Moritz a broad, treeless safety zone reduces the likelihood of fatalities. Here at Lake Placid trees encroach within twenty feet of the bobsled bank, imperiling the lives of contestants whose sled rockets over the rim on a sharp curve. Swiss rules require that there be no trees within fifty feet of the track.

There is another salient difference between the Cresta run and the Van Hoevenberg course. At St. Moritz the curves are constructed on level ground, whereas at Lake Placid the turns are built on a steep down grade. Our American curves involve a dizzy drop as well as a bend, thus necessitating a radical change in driving technic.

SWISS, French, and English helmsmen must revolutionize their methods to suit the requirements of the Van Hoevenberg downhill curves; but German pilots will feel perfectly at home, since they are used to taking curves that drop away.

At Lake Placid the steersman must enter the turn as high as he can, shoot immediately toward the crest, hug the outer rim during the first phase of the curve, and dive precipitously down toward the track again. He must come off the bank fairly early.

The unpardonable sin in such bobsledding is to take a curve too low. Novices are prone to this error. If it is committed, the outside runner scrapes precariously along the run, threatening to precipitate the riders into space. Nasty spills may result. On the other hand, it is dangerous to come down from the bank too soon.

The bobsled should describe a graceful parabola along the icy curve. There should be no skidding or slewing. Applying the brake on a turn is banned by the rules of bobsled racing, as well as by common sense. When a bobsled is canted over at an angle of forty-five degrees, a sudden application of the brake would cause the sled to turn turtle and barrel-roll down the incline.

The brake—a three-pronged steel rake which bites the ice—is operated by the brakeman, who sits in the rear. He doesn't act on his own initiative, but takes his orders from the pilot, who is always the captain. The skipper, gripping an automobile wheel, not only steers the bob but also gives commands to his three-man crew. His aim is naturally to take the curves at the highest speed possible consistent with reasonable safety.

BOBSLED racing is restricted to pairs and four-man teams. The pilot and brakeman do all the active work. The two middle men in a team of four co-operate by heeling over toward the low side on a turn, and by "bobbing" on the straightaways; but their chief value is to act as ballast.

Inasmuch as the greater the weight carried, the greater the speed, it is desirable to pick human whales for the two middle positions. Last year, the Swiss team participating in the American championship found itself handicapped by lack of weight. "We will have to comb the country fo Swiss citizens who have eaten [illegible] wisely but too well," said Captai Oscar Geier, "if Switzerland is to have any show in the Olympic race. My team averaged only a hundred and sixty pounds. We couldn't generate the momentum which the American heavyweights worked up. Their ballast men scaled over two hundred pounds."

A bobsled crew can increase its speed on straightaways by leaning back and then coming smartly to an upright position. This maneuver is called "bobbing." It must be executed in unison and with precision. Each man except the pilot-captain takes part in it when he gives the order. He has all he can attend to in keeping the sled on its course.

A bobsled crew is seated in single file, pilot in front—the most exposed position—and brakeman behind. The prone posture is not employed in racing. Pilot and brakeman are more likely to be injured than the middle men, should a spill occur. The former may be hurled over the bank; the latter is sometimes dislodged when the sled skids around a turn. His sensation is similar to that of the last man in a string of hand-holding skaters when they "snap the whip." He who "rides the caboose" is liable to find himself chewing ice as the sled is skewered from under him.

Rounding a turn, the crew leans away from the bank and slightly backward. The pilot takes the curve early and high, but is careful not to come off the slope prematurely. "Get off early, but not too early," is his motto. When possible, he utilizes the tracks of a preceding sled, but only if the helmsman ahead has steered a true course.

Bobsleds do not run in a mathematical groove. The pilot has wide latitude in exercising his personal initiative and judgment. He has free scope to maneuver and must take sole responsibility for the safety of his crew. Unlike a roller-coaster car, the sled is not geared to the track. Piloting is a fine art, demanding cold nerve, shrewd judgment, and delicacy of touch. A header into an accommodating snow bank awaits the pilot who miscalculates a turn. That is, if he is lucky. Should a tree happen to bisect his line of flight, there is a hurry call for the ambulance.

A bobsled has nothing in common with the comparatively sluggish toboggan, which has no runners. The racing bobsled slides on wooden runners sheathed with steel. A four-place bob weighs 485 pounds and is 12½ feet in length. A "boblet," or two-seater, measures a trifle over 7 feet and weighs about 352 pounds. It costs around $500.

Swiss bobs are sometimes controlled by guide ropes terminating in ring-type hand grips. Ropes yield a more sensitive touch, according to Swiss pilots; but the automobile wheel, standard equipment on American sleds, is safer on an ultra-fast course when a heavy four-placer must be steered.

They are grotesque, low-slung vehicles, these racing bobs, but no toys for children to play with.

The bobsled rider should wear a football helmet and a mask as a precaution against head blows and face lacerations. Head guards have saved many a life in collisions with a tree or ice bank. Thick gauntlets may prevent broken fingers. Hobnailed boots are essential.

THE Olympic bobsled championship must obviously be run against time, since only one sled can occupy the course at a given moment. This month's races will be contested in heats, the average time of each bob team to decide the winner. Starting order of the crews will be decided by lot, and rotated in each heat, so as to equalize course conditions for all the competitors.

An electric timing system, similar to that used in automobile races, will clock the race.

A racing start calls for the last two members of a four-man crew to run with the bobsled during the first few yards. As they run they push against the shoulders of their seated colleagues, thus providing the initial impetus. At the command "On!" the two shovers jump astride the scudding sled. They straddle the shoulders of their team mates in this flying leap —a precarious moment.

Bobsledding is a man's game—a sport almost as perilous as automobile racing. It offers jaded thrill-seekers the champagne of speed sensations. To St. Moritz each winter come aviators, speed-boat pilots, motor-car racing drivers, polo players, and big-game hunters, in quest of the "kick" they no longer get from their own particular sports. They find this missing thrill in riding a roaring bobsled at 70 miles an hour down an ice-coated incline that plays battledore and shuttlecock with their nerves as it corkscrews around right-angled turns and serpentines like the letter S.

Gravity's heady wine stimulates senses long since surfeited by mere speed. After all, speed is merely relative—depends on proximity to fixed objects. Contact with earth or water is essential if one is to experience that intoxicating sensation which we associate mentally with speed. For example, piloting a racing airplane at six miles a minute is a rather dull, prosaic business, except when landing or taking off. The sensation of speed is not at all commensurate with the risk involved. The lack of any connection with the earth dulls both the impression of motion and that of height. There are no encroaching landmarks by which to gauge your progress, such as telegraph poles, trees, and scudding water ripples.

Kaye Don, who has sampled all the mechanical methods of human transportation, rates them in this order in their capacity to titillate the human nervous system: bobsledding; motor-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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G Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee *part of the coffee bean*

DOWN THE ICE-SHEATHED CORKSCREW
Continued from page thirty-three

boat racing; automobile racing against time on a beach; motorcycling around a saucer; and lastly, airplane speed contests.

The closer you sit to the ground, the greater the impression of speed conveyed. A bobsled standing a bare ten inches high is the lowest of all ultra-rapid conveyances. A motor boat brings you next closest to the element on which you ride; but curves are few on a water course compared to the quick succession of heart shockers encountered on a bobsled run.

Yes, bobsledding provides an exhilaration surpassing even the thrill of feeling a 2,000-horsepower motor boat, the sleek snout cleaving empty air, churn water at a hundred miles an hour. Instead of inhaling noxious gas fumes and having your face sprayed with hot oil, you drink in nippy pine-laden breezes and feel the soothing sting of frozen snow against your cheeks.

The lure of speed is as primitive as sun worship. Ever since Cro-Magnon man split up logs into short lengths and fashioned them into rude wheels, the slogan of human beings has been, “Faster, faster!” Incongruously enough, however, man has discovered that the vehicle capable of the greatest speed—the airplane—does not induce the thrill obtained from certain slower methods of locomotion. There is a limit beyond which speed, *per se*, cannot stimulate the human nervous organism.

The desire to coast downhill is an innate human urge. Our Stone Age ancestors slid before they rolled. This atavistic impulse to slide crops out in childhood, as witness the banister method of coming downstairs favored by every schoolboy, if not by his fond mama. It explains, perhaps, why grown-up men find emotional release in guiding a 400-pound bobsled down an ice-covered incline at a breakneck clip.

You who have never clung to the straps as a bobsled careens around a banked turn like a swooping sea gull may nevertheless have experienced that indescribable “all-gone” sensation. “How come?” you ask. The answer is simple: in your sleep. Haven't you ever wakened suddenly in the dead of night, with your heart drumming your ribs, from that race-old dream of falling down, down, down into a bottomless pit?

Of course you have—and not from one too many gin cocktails, either. The dream of tumbling headlong into an abyss is a common racial heritage.

Remember how your tummy clung to the roof of your mouth and shudders racked your spine? Well, that's what bobsled racing feels like!

THE END

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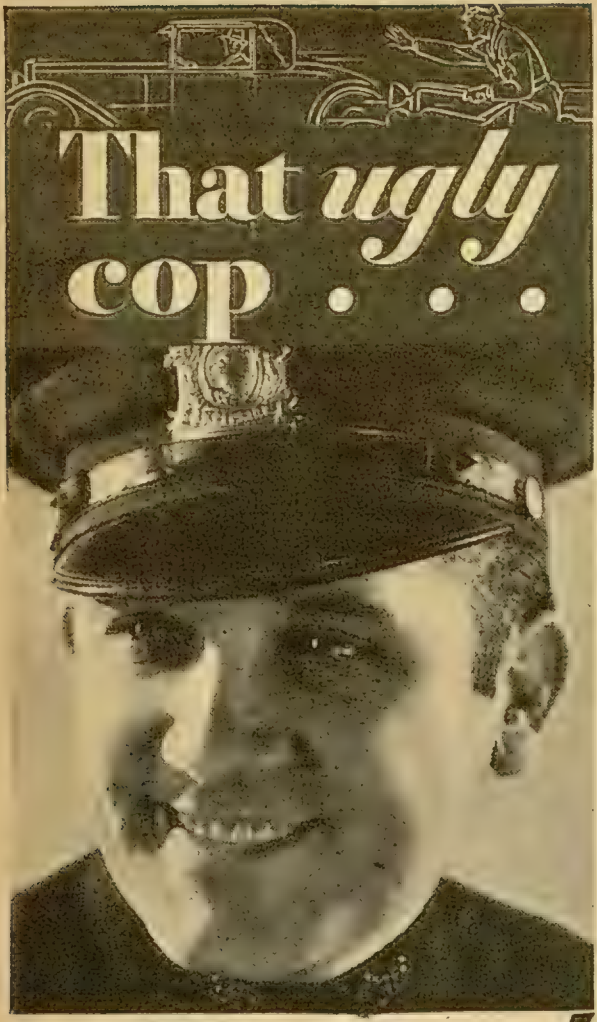
We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—Boise.
2—Epidermis.
3—Raphael.
4—General George Henry Thomas.
5—Julius Cæsar.
6—Five.
7—Tin.
8—Grover Cleveland.
9—Government by a woman or women.
10—Van Rijn.
11—A quart.
12—Kansas and Nebraska.
13—A large flying insect.
14—In Evanston, Illinois.
15—A stingy person; a miser.
16—Squabs.
17—Nicholas II.
18—Rigsdag.
19—Bismarck.
20—Geoffrey Chaucer.



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Pilgrimage

A Short Short Story

By

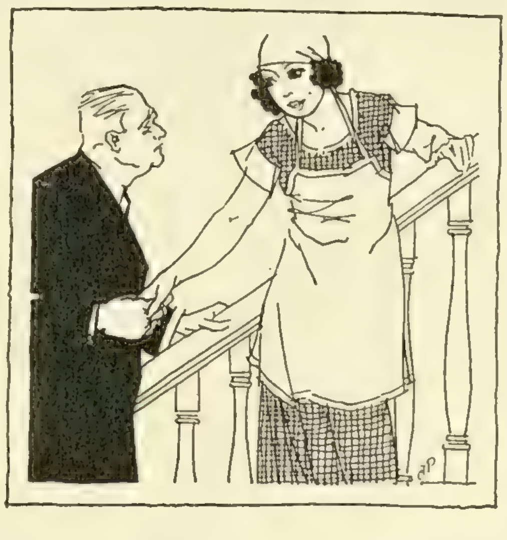
JENNINGS PERRY

(Reading time: 5 min. 15 sec.)

WILLIAM MEADOWS rose and bowed. His Honor the Mayor of Cherbèry bowed and bade him good night. The others also were leaving, Honorine bustling among them: "Out with you, *salauds!* No, not another drop, Anton. Out with you, *saloperie!*"

She had not changed, Meadows thought mellowly. Like that, good-naturedly, she had pushed out into the night protesting doughboys—Bob Turner, Smitty, Alex. Only Private Bill Meadows sometimes had been permitted to linger after. . . .

A long way from Private Bill in ill fitting olive drab was William Meadows now, sitting at the wine-splashed table, a little stouter in his well made business suit, his face better fed, the hair at the top a little thinner. And, for all that, the way did not seem so long to him as he sat here, in his old place, and watched Honorine put up the wooden shutters, and throw the bolt on the solid, iron-studded door. It was very familiar, and—"Queer," he was thinking, "coming back to find Honorine a widow."



And yet, still Honorine, matured it was true, but still young, still buxom of bosom and black of hair, and her black eyes had the old quick flash. He had felt lonely and lost, wandering through the straight new streets of Cherbèry, searching some trace of the other time, until, at the fountain in the square, Honorine had recognized him, greeting him gladly, and had brought him to her inn—the little *auberge* where formerly, with Alex and Smitty and Bob . . .

Of course it was not the same *auberge,* but it was Honorine's house, and they were alone again. Strange how he had come back. He seemed to remember he had promised.

William Meadows was in a gentle mood, what with the talk that had delved into old times, and the wine he had had Honorine set out for his guests: the mayor, old Verderer the blacksmith, those others who, learning that an American soldier had returned to their village in a great car from Paris, had gathered to remember him.

He did not go up immediately to his room. He and Honorine stood at the foot of the stairs. They talked—more quietly now, as the footsteps of the villagers died out in the street—of inconsequential things. No, she told him, none other of the Americans had ever come back. The village had been rebuilt with money paid by the Germans. Oh, it had taken time; but now—he could see—the country was in better shape than before, the new houses in the village more comfortable. . . . They talked with a certain brittle restraint of other things than themselves, and her fingers rested on the wall close to the light.

"You're still the same girl, Honorine," he said abruptly, when they had come to a pause. "I mean you look young—younger—"

She laughed with pleasure, and the light showed him the persistence of the dimple he remembered. Her teeth, too, were strong and very white, and that was rare in the country. He tried to guess what was passing in her head. They were, it seemed to him, he and Honorine, all that was left of that other time. They embodied an endurance of it, a recapture of it, if ever anywhere.

"Yourself, you are much the same Beel you were that night—"

What else could they say? It was to remember that he had returned. It was nevertheless incautious to remember; for he remembered so clearly that occasion of which she was speaking, that night before the advance to Vizière, when for Bill Meadows all that mattered had been the leave he must take of Honorine, and the manner of the farewell. That night, when they had been left alone like this, and something—something to which the moment had given a heartbreaking sweetness—had almost come to pass. Now, across the years, that moment seemed to reach its magic to this one. It was a revival tense and particular, and the wine had edged it.

"Good night, Beel. I hope you will sleep well."

She had taken the first step on the stair and had given him her hand.

"Good night." But he did not release her hand, nor did she draw it away. It had been here, just here at the foot of the stair, looking up like this into her face, his heart in his mouth, that, with a sudden desperation, he had drawn her brusquely into his arms, and she, who with all of them had been defensively coquettish, had yielded trembling—just as a shrill hateful whistle had sounded summoning him to the formation.

"Honorine—"

It would be different now; no whistle—

But there was a noisy rattling at the door and a booming voice calling without. The moment paused, wavering; broke. Laughing, she took back her hand. "It is that crazy Anton after a bottle of *pinard.* Every night it is the same!"

"Honorine!"

But, though he looked after her with eyes appealing and hurt, she already was unbarring the door.

"What would you, my friend?" she called to him resignedly. "These difficult times, a sou is a sou."

FROM the tonneau of the big car, turned now toward Paris, William Meadows saw the morning sun bright on the last pink plaster walls of Cherbèry. A village named Cherbèry. Not his. The guns had blasted the Cherbèry he knew; it had been ruins and rubble. This was not it. There was nothing he remembered here.

His gaze shifted to the back of his chauffeur's head, then dropped to the two papers he had taken from his wallet. One was the reckoning he had just paid at the inn—quite a formidable addition, it seemed, with last night's wines and the extras; the other, decorated with a tavern sign, was the inn's price list he had picked up as a souvenir. Aimlessly his eyes followed the figures—but suddenly his attention was caught. He bent forward, comparing the two sheets, and gasped. Then, sinking back into the leather cushion, he expelled a considerable breath and laughed away—for Honorine had charged him double for every item on his bill! . . .

So William Meadows lifted his nose and breathed lustily of the clean morning air, and grinned at a thought he had.

Tomorrow the Bremen sailed, a good fast ship, and he ought really to get back to his business—since after all, it seemed, the times were difficult and a sou was a sou.

THE END

“You like them

●

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See radio page of local newspaper for time

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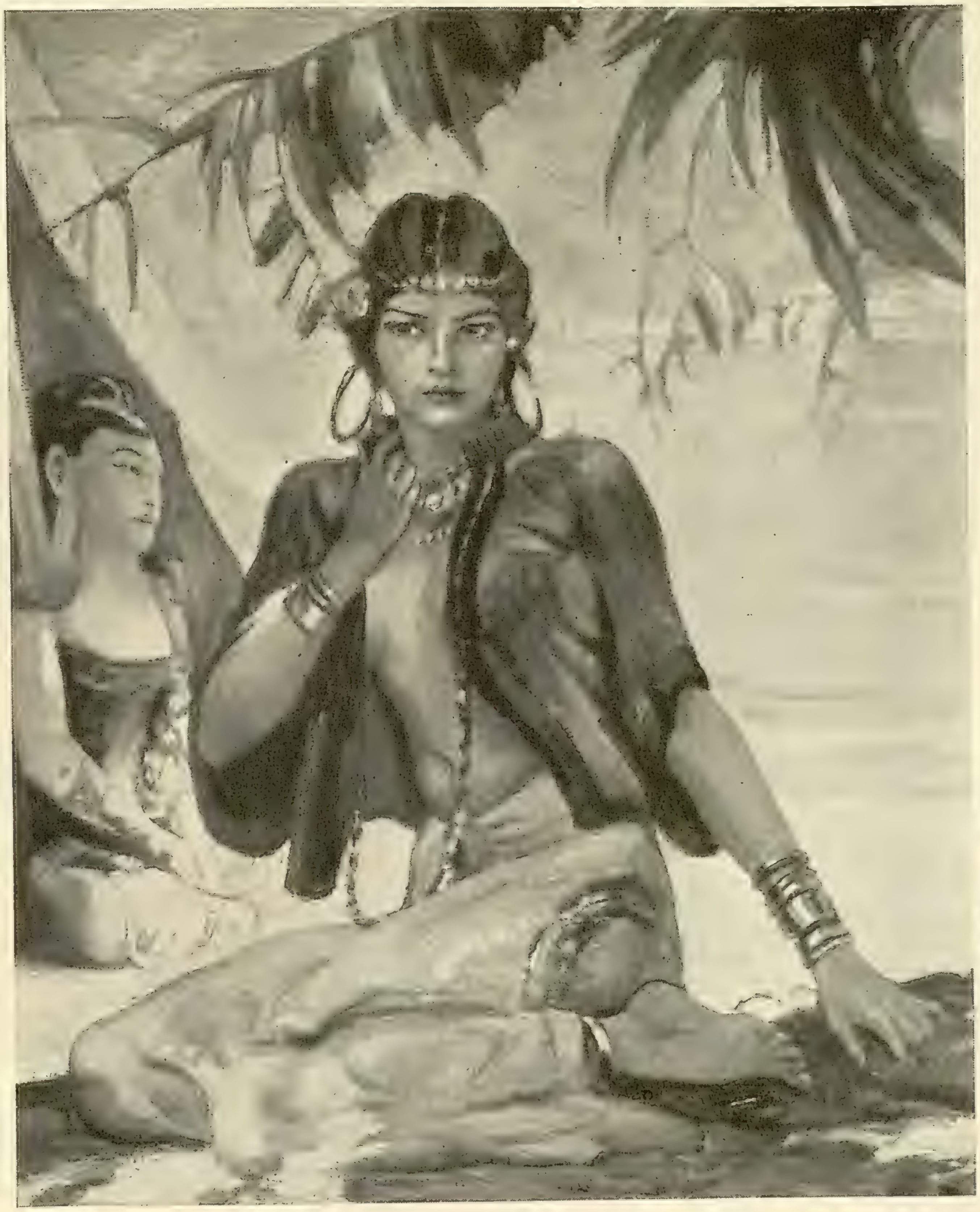
RESH? So do I!”
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTI
BLEND
CIGARETTES
Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette

The PERFUME *of*

The Mystery of the Buddha and the Haunting Spirit of a Disappointed Bride

By
ROSITA FORBES

Picture by
DELOS PALMER



SO he took the girl upcountry. Camped beside a river, he told her of his dilemma. "I can't let you go," he said.

(Reading time: 10 minutes 29 seconds.)

THE very first day we arrived at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, we raided the Chinese bazaar, which is redolent of every conceivable spice and hung with orange lanterns.

It was nearly three o'clock when the lust for painted rice bowls and bronze water buffalo was overcome by hunger. An amiable secretary from the legation, clean-shaven, neatly brushed, and altogether correct, gave us lunch in a Chinese restaurant.

Thereafter we traveled about the country together. We spent days in the jungle amid forgotten temples, and nights exploring the opium dens and gambling houses of a painted city. But one evening the secretary and I sat in the legation garden drenched with moonlight, and he tried to talk to me instead of just making pleasant conversation; but the habit of a lifetime was too strong for him.

I realized that a story lay behind that unnatural reserve, but I could not reach it.

"I wish you could have stayed," he said; "there is something I want to tell you—"

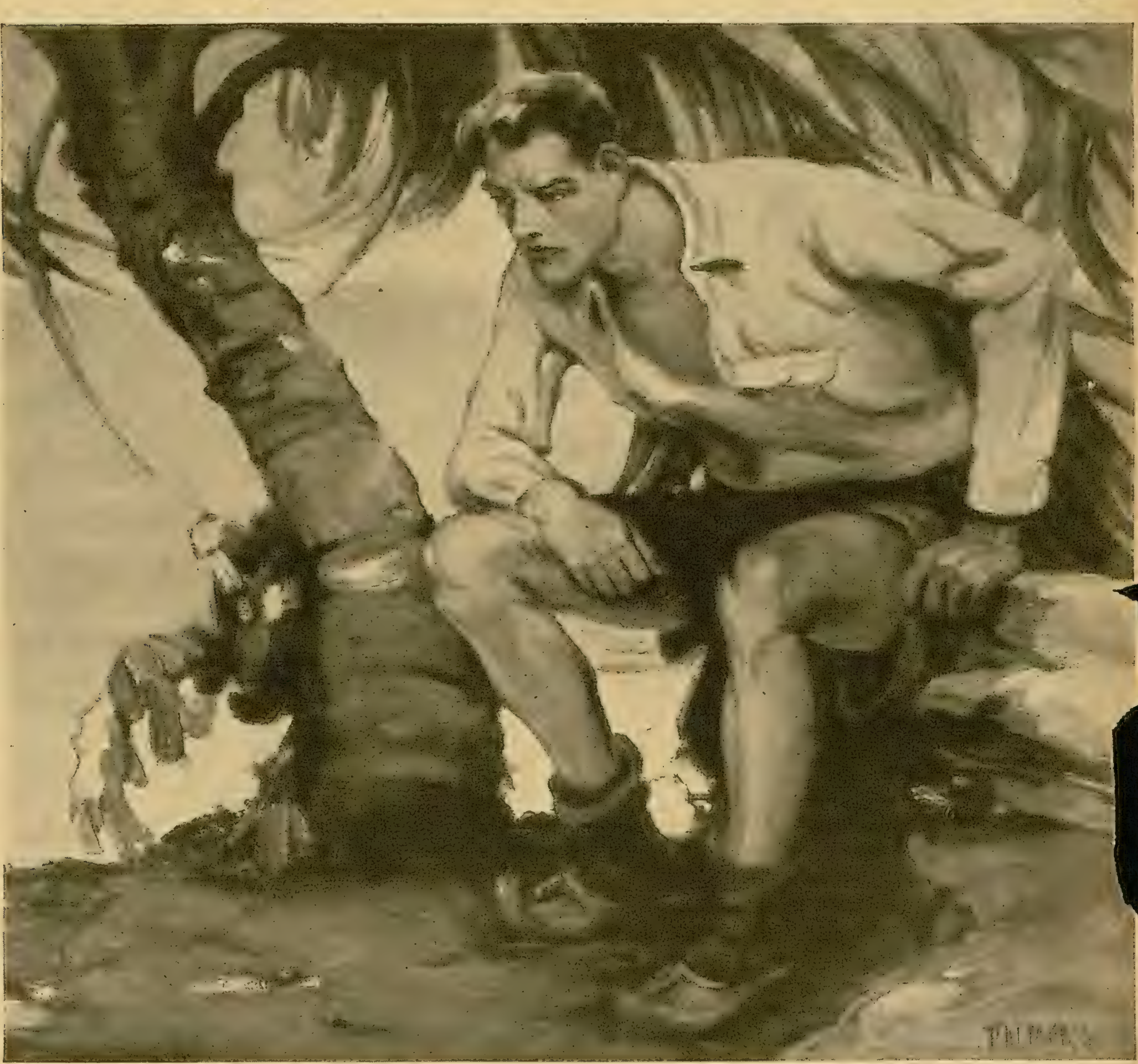
The secretary was good-looking. Siam had laid its spell on us all. The surroundings were sufficiently spectacular to justify any tale, and I was just enough attracted to be conscious of the hour, the place, and the man. But it was no use. We got no further than a rather desperate feeling of mutual frustration.

Next day Angela and I left Bangkok for Cochin China. At the last moment the amiable secretary appeared with something wrapped in red cotton. It was large and it was heavy.

"I thought that I should have to keep him all my life," said the diplomat, hot and embarrassed in spite of such admirably sleek hair and the steel in gray eyes which were not as young as they ought to have been. "But I can give him to you. You'll appreciate him—and some day, perhaps, I can tell you about him."

"Him?" I queried.

Tragic Memory



The coolie, who had reverently deposited his burden facing east, withdrew the covering, and I stared aghast at an enormous Buddha seated on a scarlet throne.

THERE was no time to argue. So the image went with us across Asia and considerably delayed our progress, for whenever we were in a particular hurry our coolies insisted on saying their prayers to His Highness the Lord Buddha, who, naturally, had to have a horse all to himself and who had to be smuggled through the customs of various countries in a holdall.

"Merely a bundle of rugs," I would hear Angela airily explaining. "Rather heavy?"—as two porters nearly broke their backs under the weight. "Oh, yes, that's the life-saving waistcoats—a new kind, you know. The Atlantic's pretty dangerous just now." And instantly public opinion veered in favor of the intrepid patriots who risked mines and submarines (for it was the summer of 1918, and the conclusion of a holiday forced on me by unimaginative doctors after three years' ambulance driving had finished in a shell hole near Commercy). Dejected porters were curtly ordered by their superiors to look sharp and not waste all day over a paltry piece of hand baggage.

But long before we reached anything so civilized as a customhouse, we had realized there was something strange about that Buddha.

Now, to understand the rest of this story you must let your imagination rip! Forget steam and electricity, policemen, signboards, and the superiority of the white race. None of these exist in the byways of Asia.

The strange happenings began at Pai-Lin, where we stayed with the French Resident in a small white house with a large Republican flag.

As we stumbled up the veranda steps we heard an exclamation: "*Mon Dieu!* It's a woman's voice! What a disaster!" Next minute there was a gleam of pale silks, a tinkle of bangles, and a delicate silhouette fled through

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Check LITTLE COUGHS BEFORE THEY GROW UP!

HECK the little cough"—that's a health ecaution as wise as it is simple. How ten you can avoid serious coughs— nply by stopping the first *little* cough. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops are *the* fe, sure, pleasant "cough-checkers." They give your throat gentle and long-lasting medication. (It takes fully 8 minutes until a drop melts away.) Plenty of time—to soothe the soreness, to calm irritation, *and to finish the cough . . .*

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S.B.
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THE PERFUME OF TRAGIC MEMORY
Continued from page thirty-nine

the oleanders. Subsequently a portly personage in pyjama coat and orange sarong (the native skirt) peeped between the shutters and ejaculated, "Pardon, *mesdames*. What a surprise! One moment and I come."

We were housed and fed with true Gallic hospitality, and I think we were given the only bed in the house. But we spent a disturbed night, for Angela, who had chosen the mattress and a pillow on the floor, leaving me on the bulging springs and a bolster, had a nightmare in which she imagined she was drowning.

Wakened by her shrieks, I was conscious of an appalling depression. It sat on my chest like a weight, and I took great breaths to overcome it. "What an extraordinary scent!" said Angela, when she realized she was battling with blankets, not breakers. I realized then that the air was heavy with the sickly odor of daturas, the death flowers of the East.

"There must be masses of them outside," I suggested. The scent was so strong that it made our heads swim.

"I can't stand it," said Angela, and went to the window. Buddha was enthroned on the sill and, like us, he seemed to be staring into the garden, but though the stars were bright we could not distinguish any bushes laden with the great wiry tubes of datura.

For the rest of the night we slept fitfully. The last time I woke, the scent had gone and dawn was struggling through the window. Shortly afterward we were out in the garden, but there wasn't a datura in sight, and our host explained, with some surprise, that they did not grow in the district.

As we packed our few possessions we said to each other uncomfortably, "We were dreaming," and I added firmly, "It was a part of your nightmare, and somehow you communicated it to me. Thought transference, you know."

Angela agreed.

SOME days later a storm broke while we were fifteen miles from the village where we had proposed to stay, so we camped in a dilapidated shed. It was pitch-dark and rather cold. Raindrops pattered on the thatch, and there were numerous rustlings in the jungle. Consequently the horses had to share with us the circumscribed space, and we slept among their hoofs, our heads on the dirty saddles, and anything we could lay hold of rolled around us.

In the middle of that uncomfortable night I was once again conscious of datura scent. It pervaded the shed and affected everyone but H. H. the Lord Buddha, from whom, in some mysterious way, it seemed to emanate. The coolies were terrified. They said it was an omen of death. And when, next day, Angela and her pony disappeared into a marsh, they dared hardly attempt a rescue for fear of interfering with fate.

However, we eventually reached the Pacific coast, and once aboard the mail boat we imagined the image would behave more naturally, for by this time we were convinced that in certain circumstances he—we never used the neuter pronoun—exuded the perfume which almost robbed us of our senses.

Under the influence of deck sports and other amusements of life aboard ship we became very modern and skeptical. After crossing America without further incident, we reached the stage of being slightly ashamed. We assured ourselves and each other that we'd mistaken the scent, or that we'd imagined the whole thing.

But in mid-Atlantic we had a shock. Returning to our cabin late one night, we found several stewards chasing up and down the corridor with tins of deodorant. "I can't think where the darned stink's coming from!" ejaculated one of them.

Angela and I looked at each other aghast, for the whole place reeked of datura flowers.

AT that time I had a flat in Curzon Street, London. In it I enthroned the Buddha high on a lacquer cabinet, facing east. At first I used to be rather frightened when I smelled the sickly sweet perfume, but after some months I became so used to it that I was mildly annoyed when somebody, returning with me after the theater, remarked: "Lord, what a smell! You must positively bathe in the stuff."

The phenomenon occurred only at night, and after a year or two it happened so rarely that I decided it really had had something to do with the wood. "It's wearing off," I told Angela. "The mystery's bust!"

Then, one evening, I came in from a cocktail party and found the amiable secretary sitting in front of my fire. He was still superlatively brushed and polished, but he looked dazed. Without any greeting or any explanation of his presence, he asked, "Why do you use that damned stuff? How d'you get hold of it?"

I sniffed violently, but was not at all certain that I could smell anything. However, I wouldn't acknowledge it. I wanted the mystery to belong to me, too. So I retorted as casually as possible, "Datura, you mean? It comes from the Buddha."

"My God!" said the man, and suddenly he was just young, and miserable, and afraid.

"I thought it would be all right in England," he said, "but you've smelled it, too?"

"Often," I said, and, after a silence, "Tell me about it."

The story halted because of the man's emotion, but here is the gist of it as it was told to me years ago.

The amiable secretary had not always been in the diplomatic service, wherein both Cæsar and Cæsar's wife must be above reproach. Previously he had held a minor administrative post which took him into the Burmese forests. Here he had fallen in love with, and married according to the rites of her village, a little olive-

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First Four

Marie Dressler Reaches a Glamorous Mata Hari;

By FREDERICK

Marie Dressler and Jean Hersholt in a little petting scene as the lonely lovers in Emma.

Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo, lover and spy in the war play, Mata Hari.

(Reading time: 6 minutes.)

O Marie Dressler goes Liberty's first four-star award for 1932.

Miss Dressler is at the height he second great success cycle of long and varied career as an enter-er, which dates back to the day n she ran away from her home in nada to be a circus rider.

Her playing of Marthy of the coal scows in Anna Christie, with Greta Garbo, brought her to film favor. That rôle was given to her over the protests of the director, Clarence Brown, who wanted Louise Dresser for the part.

Back in the early part of this century Miss Dressler was one of Broadway's favorite comédiennes. That was the cheery era of Weber and Fields.

In between these two high spots of success were years of waiting, trying, and hoping.

Nobody deserves Hollywood's golden favor more than Miss Dressler. With that other youngster, George Arliss, and the elderly Jackie Cooper, she is one of the movie colony's three finest players.

It is interesting to note that in her new and greatest picture, Emma, Director Brown redeems his 1930 error of judgment. He helps her to new glories.

1 star means fairly good.

2 stars goo

★ ★ ★ ★ EMMA

CAST

Emma	Marie Dressler
Ronnie	Richard Cromwell
Frederick Smith	Jean Hersholt
Isabelle	Myrna Loy
Matilda	Leila Bennett
Gypsy	Barbara Kent
Sue	Kathryn Crawford
Bill	George Meeker
District Attorney	John Miljan
Haskins	Purnell B. Pratt
Hotel Maid	Dale Fuller
Count Pierre	André Cheron

Directed by Clarence Brown.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The National Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences gave Marie Dressler the 1931 acting award—a neat little statuette—for her playing in Min and Bill. A statue about the size of New York Harbor's ex-Liberty is in order for Miss Dressler's work in Emma.

Emma is the kindly, motherly housekeeper for a widowed inventor. She sews the buttons, wipes away the tears, listens to the heartaches of his brood of children. Finally, as the children grow up, the wealthy old inventor and the housekeeper marry, more out of loneliness than anything else. Then the children turn upon Emma. When their father dies suddenly, they charge the old woman who h once been so close to them with influencing him and with killing him. But Emma is too palpably honest for any jury to convict. Vindicated, she turns the money back to the worthless children, and goes out to work again, caring for a new brood of children.

This story is superbly played by Miss Dressler. Although the star receives excellent support from Richard (Tol'able David) Cromwell as the one decent child of the money-mad family, and from Jean Hersholt as the old inventor, Emma is really a one-part drama. Miss Dressler will move you deeply and sincerely as Emma, for she plays the part with all her rich and mellow skill. There is no clowning here, although the rôle has its smiles.

★ ★ ★ ½ MATA HARÍ

CAST

Mata Hari	Greta Garbo
Lieutenant Alexis Rosanoff,	Ramon Novarro
General Shubin	Lionel Barrymore
Andriani	Lewis Stone
Dubois	C. Henry Gordon
Carlotta	Karen Morley
Caron	Alex B. Francis
Sister Angelica	Blanche Frederici
Sister Genevieve	Helen Jerome Eddy
Warden	Edmund Breese

Directed by George Fitzmaurice.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Last year Marlene Dietrich, in Dis-skinned girl, supple as a reed, delicate as the blooms with which she wreathed her sleek black head. They were inseparable and immensely happy.

When he became attached to a consulate in Siam, he took the girl with him and established her in a toy house with scarlet shutters and a hedge of equally red poinsettias. They were still happy, but the man's ambition was aroused. He was the best linguist in the country. He was also an agreeable and enterprising youth, destined for promotion.

Eventually, of course, the inevitable happened. Officialdom discovered the secret of the toy house with the scarlet shutters. Its owner was told he must either give up the little flower-scented creature, whose laughter no longer tinkled like the bells on her girdle, or resign from the service. No doubt officialdom was paternal, but a vacancy was imminent. It had been taken for granted that it would be most suitably filled by the man who had such wide local knowledge. "Send the girl back to her people. It's quite usual," said officialdom.

THE man refused. He was given a fortnight to consider the matter. So he took the girl upcountry. Camped beside a river, surrounded by forest scents and sounds, he told her of his dilemma. "I can't let you go," he said. "You're part of me. We belong to each other forever."

She listened in silence.

"But perhaps you could go back to your village for a little while," suggested the man; and his misery must have been apparent, for ambition had got hold of him. "Just for a short while, you know. It could not affect our love—"

But still the girl said nothing. She looked like a little statue crouched beside the Buddha which was her most treasured possession and which accompanied her wherever she went.

Perhaps that night she knelt longer than usual before the image to whom she made morning and evening oblation, but when she settled herself on the mat beside him, the man thought it was all right.

Possibly he dreamed of proconsular state, but he was wakened by the powerful and unmistakable scent of datura. Blinking, he looked round the tent. It was empty. The scarlet throne on which sat H. H. the Lord Buddha, one hand pointing downward in a gesture of mercy, was wreathed with the great waxen death flowers.

All day they searched for the girl, and toward evening they found her body floating in the river. Clutched in one hand she held some trifling object the man had given her after their wedding in another forest.

"That's all," said the amiable secretary.

It had taken him an hour to tell the story, and in the firelight it seemed to me sometimes that I saw a small olive-tinted form kneeling in front of the Buddha. But that, of course, was imagination.

THE END

Protect

THEIR KNEES

FOR your children's sake—stamp out a cruel, foolish fad. Deal a death blow to rheumatism, arthritis, lung, bone and kidney troubles. Let's heed what medical authorities tell us: "In cold and damp weather, put long stockings on children. Protect their sensitive knees. Help prevent unnecessary colds and more serious troubles". Ask *your* doctor.

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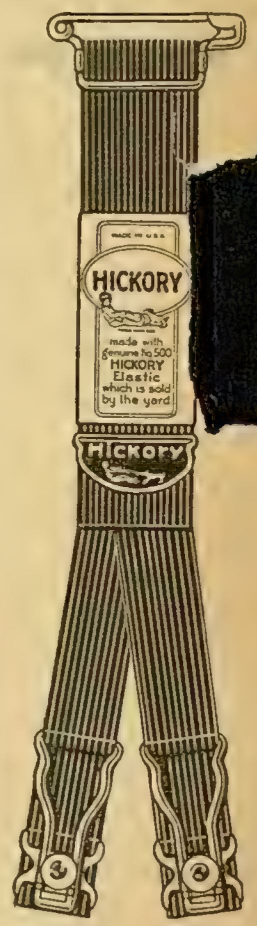
Always get the Genuine Hickory—Refuse substitutes.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Children's Garters

MADE STRONG TO LA

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2'S
Star Picture

ew Heights; Greta Garbo
nd Two Other Current Talkies

AMES SMITH

Clive Brook and Juliette Compton, who make up two sides of the triangle in Husband's Holiday.

Marie Prevost, Jean Harlow, and Mae Clarke, the star trio in Three Wise Girls.

honored, played a lovely lady spy who went to her death when she allowed love to cloud her adroitness at espionage. The story may or may not have been suggested by the fate of the Dutch dancer, reputed to be part Javanese, who was shot as a spy by the French in 1917.

The present glamorous fabrication —frank in naming its source—may not be historically correct, but it presents the fascinating Greta Garbo as the dancer who used her charms to win military secrets. The star was never better, for she gives suspense to a rôle that history robs of all suspense. Mata Hari's affection for a young Russian flyer (done rather fervidly by Ramon Novarro) sends her to face the firing squad with love awakened for the first and last time.

Miss Garbo does a picturesque Javanese dance, cofeatures with Mr. Novarro in a love scene done in the dark with only the glow of burning cigarettes to relieve your—and Will Hays'—apprehension, and hits her greatest height of acting in the final moments, when she bids good-by to the Russian, now blinded in a plane crash and unsuspecting of her identity and fate.

★ ★ THREE WISE GIRLS

CAST

Cassie	Jean Harlow
Gladys	Mae Clarke
Dot	Marie Prevost
Jerry	Walter Byron
Chauffeur	Andy Devine
Arthur Phelps	Jameson Thomas

Directed by William Beaudine.
Produced by Columbia.

Not a little reminiscent is this yarn of three wise girls bucking the perils of a big city and intent upon getting all they can without paying. One takes poison in her cozy love nest, another finds an honest and loving millionaire, and the third wins a poor but willing chauffeur. Jean Harlow, the husky platinum-blonde Cinderella, has a sympathetic rôle at last; Mae Clarke is the girl who suffers in sables; and Marie Prevost is the easy-going idol of the chauffeur.

★ ★ HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY

CAST

George Boyd	Clive Brook
Clyde Saunders	Charles Ruggles
Mary Boyd	Vivienne Osborne
Andrew Trask	Harry Bannister
Christine Kennedy	Juliette Compton

Directed by Robert Milton.
Produced by Paramount.

Vivienne Osborne plays the wife fairly well; Clive Brook looks unhappy as the philandering husband; and Juliette Compton, as the blonde vacation, aroused the titters of the movie fans who watched Husband's Holiday with me.

You realize the compelling quality of a Garbo personality when you see synthetic lure. Audiences have no halfway measures about sex appeal. They either worship or rock with laughter.

Do you know that—

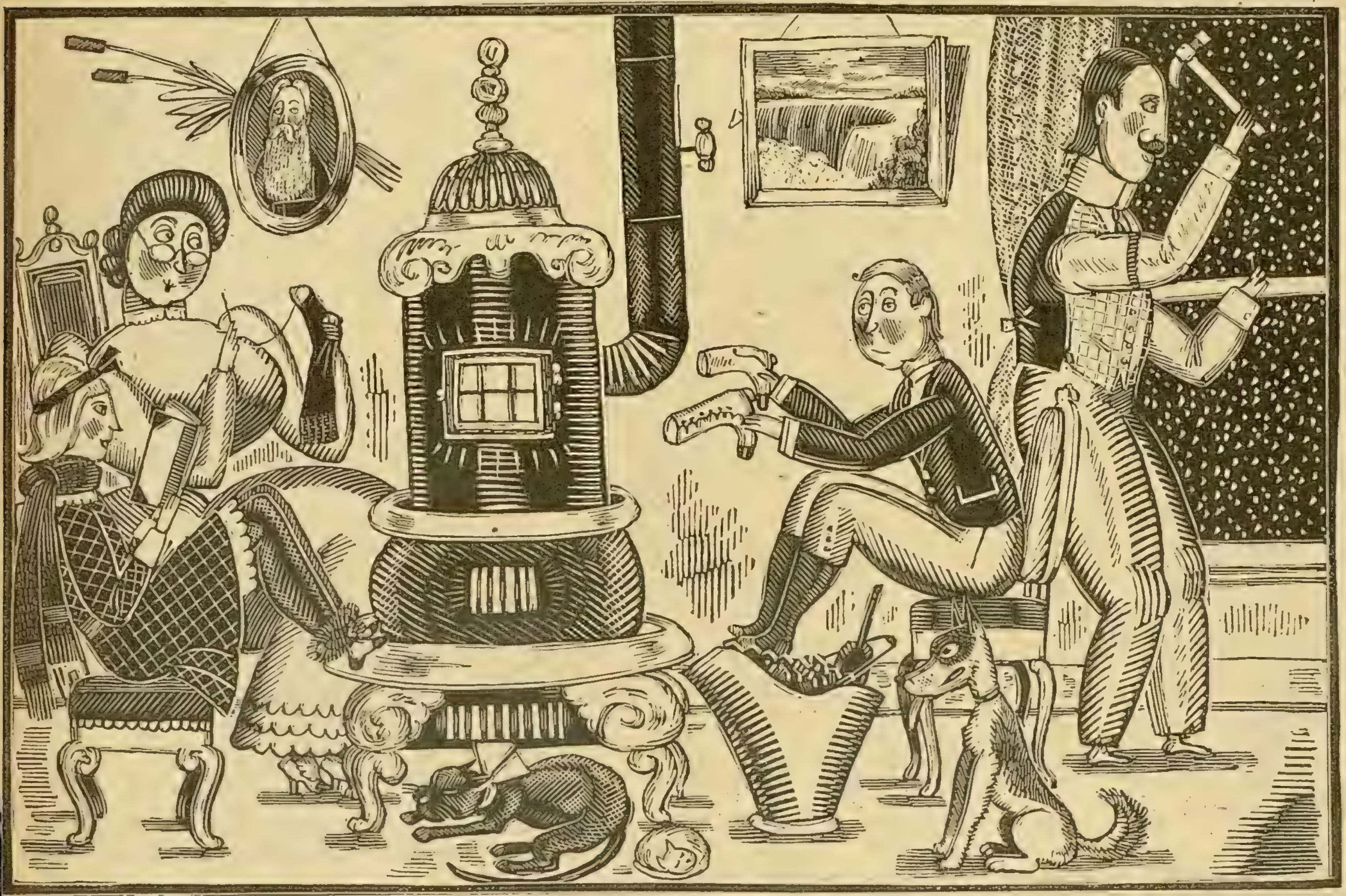
Ernst Lubitsch is reported to be leaving Paramount to stage a musical stage production for Walter Wanger, former Paramount executive?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

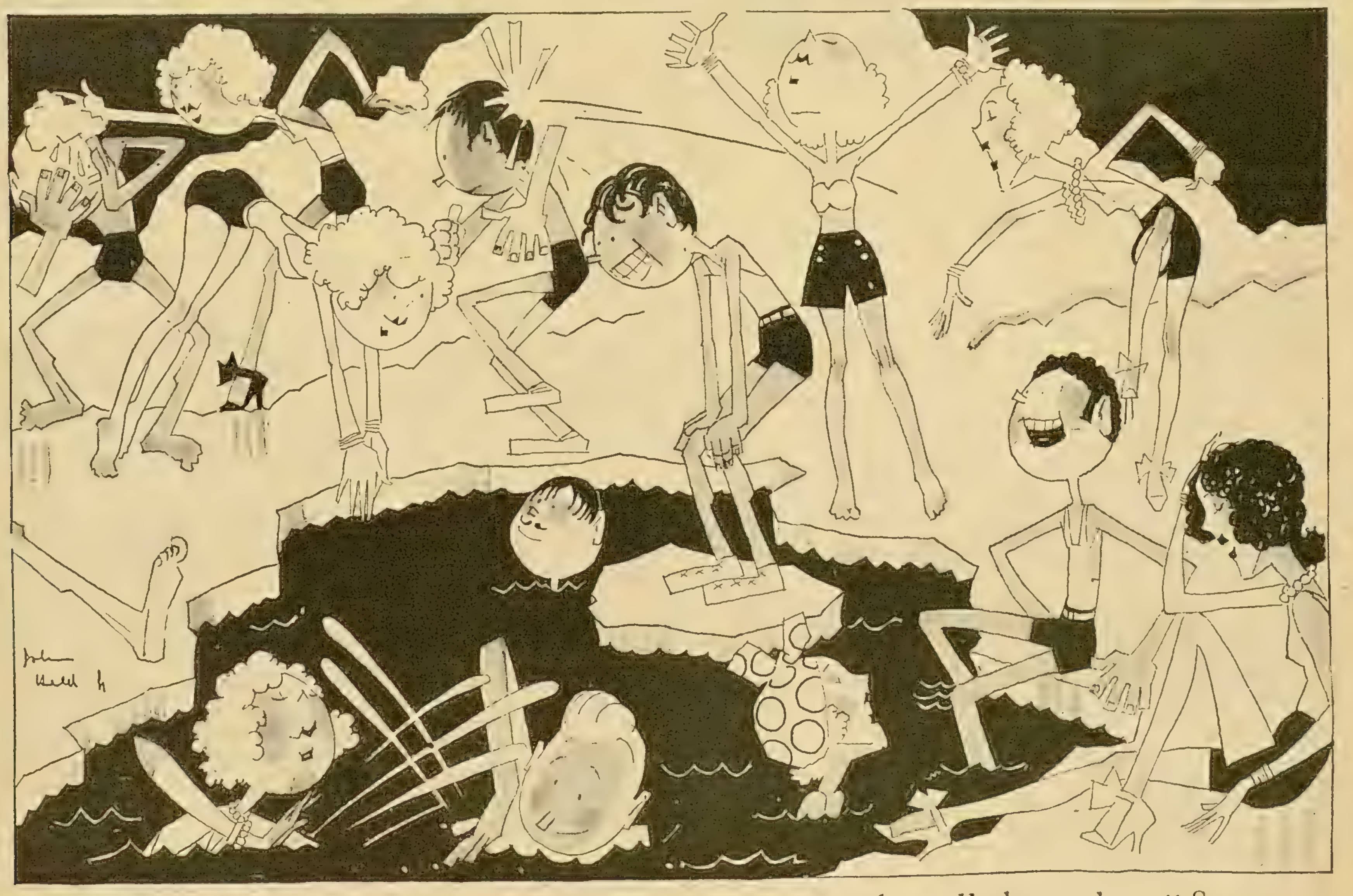
★★★★—The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl.

★★★—Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



In Days Past. Cold weather meant the indoor season, around the large hot stove. A draft was sure death, so the windows were nailed fast.



Today. When the temperature reaches its lowest, those who call themselves "Snow Birds" make merry by breaking the ice for a cool dip.

Art for Politeness' Sake

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

A HIGH-CLASS friend of Sandy and Lil invited them to a special exhibition of modern art, featuring the work of that friend herself: no one less than Letitia Strawbridge—and if you haven't heard of her, it shows how much you know!

So, one Saturday afternoon, Sandy met Lil and they had luncheon and went to the exhibition. Letitia, in the smartest of suits, came forward graciously to meet them.

"Do let me show you around," she gurgled. "Why don't you look through this room of ceramics?"

"W-w-w-what . . . . ?" puzzled Sandy. But Lil nudged him sharply, and he followed her obediently around the room laden with tables and shelves of queer-looking objects: half-starved deer, emaciated elephants, and obese worms.

His hostess prattled on, pointing out one work after another with a flow of phrases that left Sandy aghast. Lil, however, began to pick them up with feminine ease, learning with swift hypocrisy how to use the familiar phrases whenever their hostess turned for approval:

"How fresh! . . . How quaint! . . . . It's so alive. . . . Intensely vital. . . . Utterly amusing idea, yet so deeply expressive. . . . What feeling—what depth!"

Their hostess was called away and Sandy breathed a sigh of relief.

"Let's get out of here," he grumbled.

But Lil silenced him with a look. She had spotted a pile of catalogues on a table, and Sandy took his gratefully. Perhaps this would tell him what it was all about.

This week's cover picture.

In the main room the exhibition took on a gigantic, daunting aspect. Huge, gangling pieces of sculpture leered at him.

"Oh, look," murmured Lil. "They've evidently given the prizes already. I wonder if Letitia got one. I suppose it was awfully ignorant of us not to know it in the first place, if she did. Here, Sandy, here's the first prize. What do you think of it?"

Sandy regarded the marble bust before him, and snorted.

"Do you want me to tell you what I really think about it?" he asked.

"It's called Libido of the Century," read Lil. "Isn't it marvelous? So deeply expressive!"

"A burlesque show is about my speed," complained Sandy. "What is a libido, anyway?"

"Don't be so ignorant," retorted Lil. "You know what a libido is. It's a—a—well, it's the thing that everybody wants subconsciously."

"Well, if that's what everybody wants, give me a go glass of beer."

"Why, this is by Letitia," continued Lil excitedly. "And look—she got a thousand-dollar prize!"

"A thousand dollars for that?"

Sandy turned fascinated eyes back at the prize winner.

"Well, all I got to say is that no wonder there is a depression!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Every Man's Hero)

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BEECH-NUT GUM IS ALSO MADE IN PEPPERMINT, LICORICE AND FRUIT FLAVORS
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CHICLE makes it better

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It's the amount and grade of CHICLE used in chewing gum that makes one kind more *springy* or *chewy* than another. Beech-Nut Gum contains more of the world's finest chicle in each stick than any other gum on the market. That is why Beech-Nut is always smooth and enjoyable. That explains its long-lasting chewiness—the difference between ordinary chewing gum and Beech-Nut, the finest, most refreshing, minty flavored gum you can buy

Beech-Nut GUM

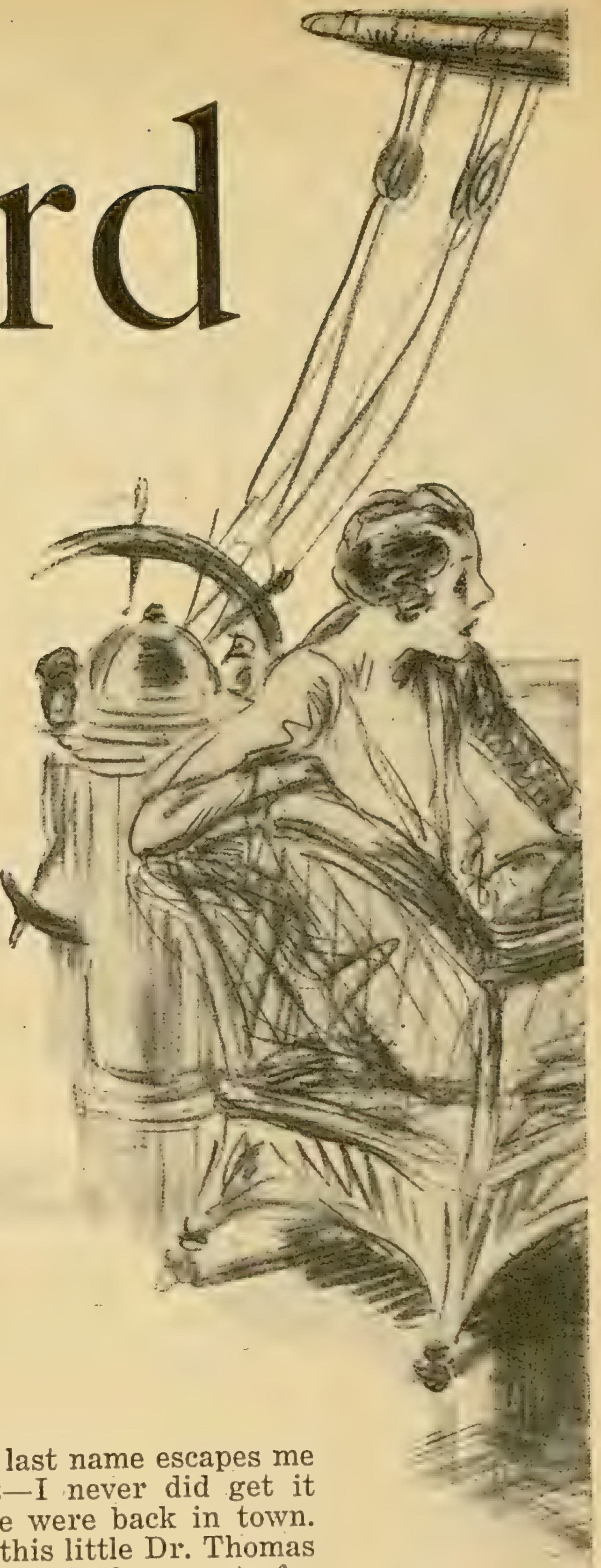
Tune in on Greater Smoking Enjoyment

"You certainly do smoke a lot—and enjoy it! What's your secret?"

"That's easy. I always chew Beech-Nut Gum between smokes. It keeps my throat as cool and fresh as can be ...and certainly makes the next smoke taste better!"

Makes the next smoke taste better

Westward Ho!



The Story of Six Sudden Sailors

By WALTON GREEN

Pictures by CHARLES A. VOIGHT

(Reading time: 31 minutes 10 seconds.)

THERE were six of us, if you please, on Marianna Budlong's new schooner yacht, enjoying an afternoon's sail off the shores of Bermuda. It was a hopelessly ill assorted party from the outset—but just the sort of party that Marianna Budlong is always pulling. She ought to have a social secretary to keep her in order—heaven knows she could afford a hundred. Instead she has a big house outside of Baltimore that she pops into for a few weeks each spring during the point-to-point races, and a Comoesque sort of villa at Southampton that she never uses at all. Also she has a wicked taste in high-powered rifles that she shoots things with in Africa. Marianna, you see, is by way of being a sport, despite her forty-odd summers and her still odder habits.

Now, this sailing yacht of Marianna's she has recently acquired; but she also has a daughter whom she has had for some time—for about twenty years, I should say. The sailing boat is called the Memory—a delicate reference perhaps to her departed husband. Did I not say she was a widow? Yes, indeed—very much a widow—oil or steel, I've forgotten which. And the daughter is called Anne—to distinguish her from Marianna.

Now, Anne, praise be, shares but one quality with her mother. She wants her own way. And she usually gets it, but very quietly and by soft indirection, and not at all in the manner of her formidable mother. It was Sue—Sue is my wife—who said: "When Anne finally does pick her man, he might as well fold his tents and sneak under the Budlong wing and be done with it." Sue, you know, is quick—very quick—even if she does mix her metaphors and do a little meowing at times; but I'll come to that later. Anne and Sue. What a combination! If it hadn't been for Anne and Sue—and the yacht Memory, of course—I shouldn't be telling this story at all.

But to get back to the sailing party. Marianna had bought the boat in St. George's harbor a few days before—on impulse, as usual—because someone at the hotel had told her that one felt the motion less in a sailing vessel than in a steamer. Marianna had had a rough passage coming out. She therefore proposed, if you please, to sail herself back to New York. Today was a practice canter, or trial spin, or whatever you call it with a boat—I am no sailor myself—and she'd picked up our nondescript crowd literally on the way down to the dock.

There was the young man they called the Hon. Corty something; his last name escapes me at the moment—I never did get it rightly until we were back in town. And there was this little Dr. Thomas from Richmond, with the accent of a Southerner and the manners of a Bostonian. Also, of course, Mother Marianna and daughter Anne, as well as Sue and myself.

Well, anyway, except for these two men who were strangers to all of us—a status which I should willingly have left undisturbed—it would have been a pleasant enough party. It was late afternoon and there was no wind at all to make the boat go, and we were having tea on the deck. Somehow or other, although it was calm, the wretched boat seemed to move around in every way except to go ahead. Personally, I was becoming skeptical about the superiority of sailing vessels over steamers. Presently the sour-looking Scandinavian who had been steering was summoned by someone and went away toward the front. Not that it made any difference, with the boat just drifting around.

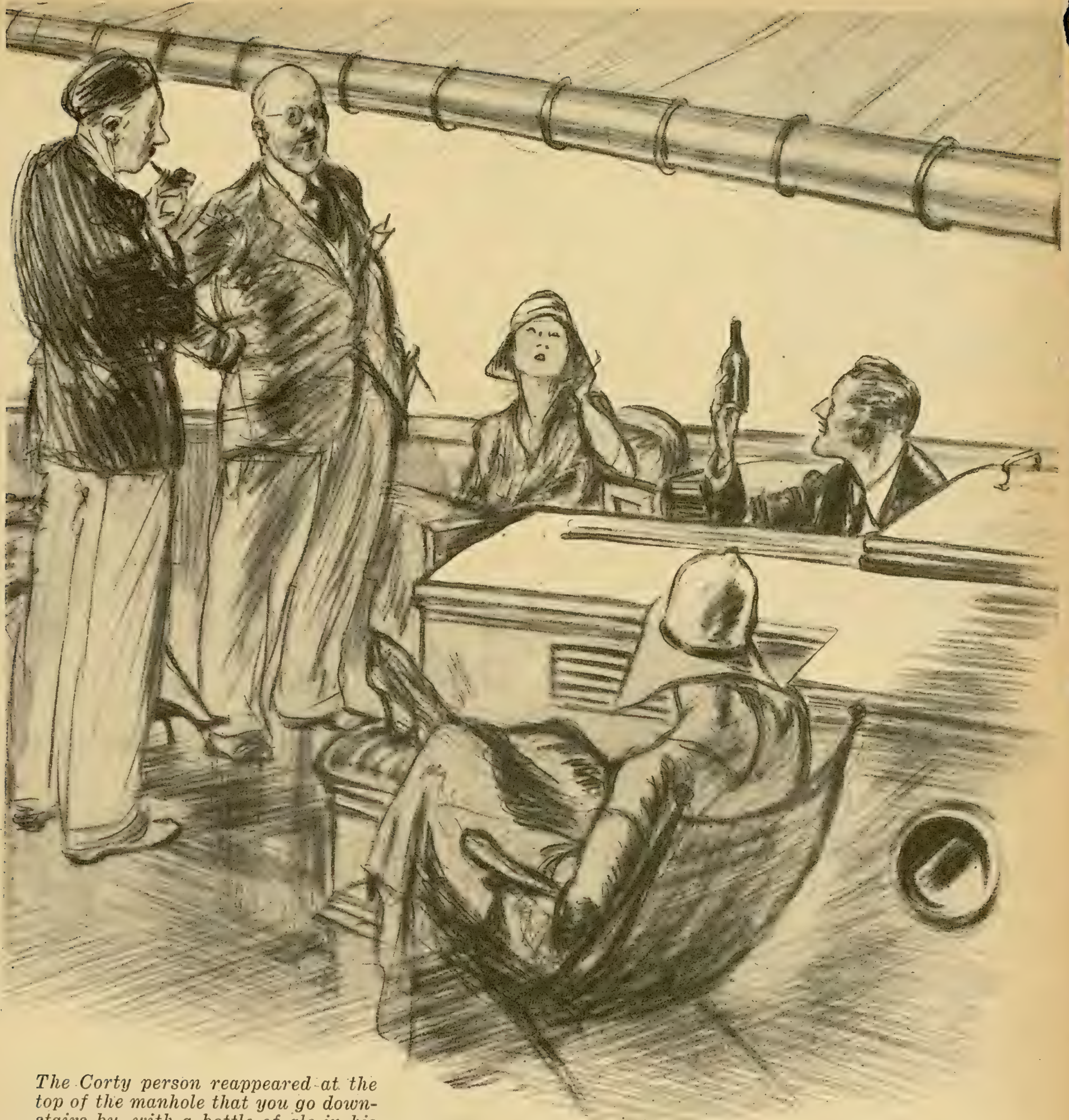
Suddenly my wife pointed out to the water about a hundred yards away.

"Where did that rowboat come from? It wasn't there a few minutes ago."

"Three men," said Marianna, peering. "They seem to be rowing hard. Probably my captain left word to come out and help us if we were becalmed."

"Fiddlesticks, ma'am!" said Dr. Thomas in his rude and gentle drawl. "They're not rowing toward us—they're rowing away."

The Corty person reappeared at the top of the manhole that you go downstairs by, with a bottle of ale in his hand



The Corty person reappeared at the top of the manhole that you go downstairs by, with a bottle of ale in his hand.

He jerked his head toward the disappearing rowboat and cocked a quizzical eyebrow at the assembled company.

"NOBODY else want a bit of beer? No? Too bad. Just been looking over your boat, Mrs. Budlong. Fine boat—beautiful boat. No steward, no captain, no sailors—but plenty of beer. What'll you have? I'm steward now."

Marianna had been gazing at the receding boat.

"Well," she announced vaguely, "it looks as though we were shanghaied." Marianna, I forgot to state, writes poetry. If she likes the sound of a word she is apt to use it, regardless of its applicability to the subject matter.

"Marooned, ma'am—marooned," corrected Dr. Thomas absently.

"Nonsense, doctor," broke in Anne. "You can't be marooned without an island."

"There's your island," I supplied cheerfully, waving toward the shores of Bermuda.

"So be it," said Marianna. "Raymond—you're nearest to the steering thing. Sit down and point the boat toward where we came from. There's the harbor—you can see the hill behind the hotel."

I could see the hill all right. It is the highest point on the island and all of forty feet above sea level. I straddled the box behind the wheel and turned it the way the sailor had been doing. It was perfectly simple—just like steering a car when it's in the garage with the front wheels jacked up. And it didn't have the slightest effect on the boat.

"Ever steer before?" asked the Hon. Corty sweetly.

"I'm not steering now," I replied with asperity. "You can't steer without wind."

"Raymond can do anything he puts his mind to, Mr. whatever-your-name is," snapped Sue.

"Call me Corty," said the young man imperturbably. "We're shipwrecked mariners together. No formalities.

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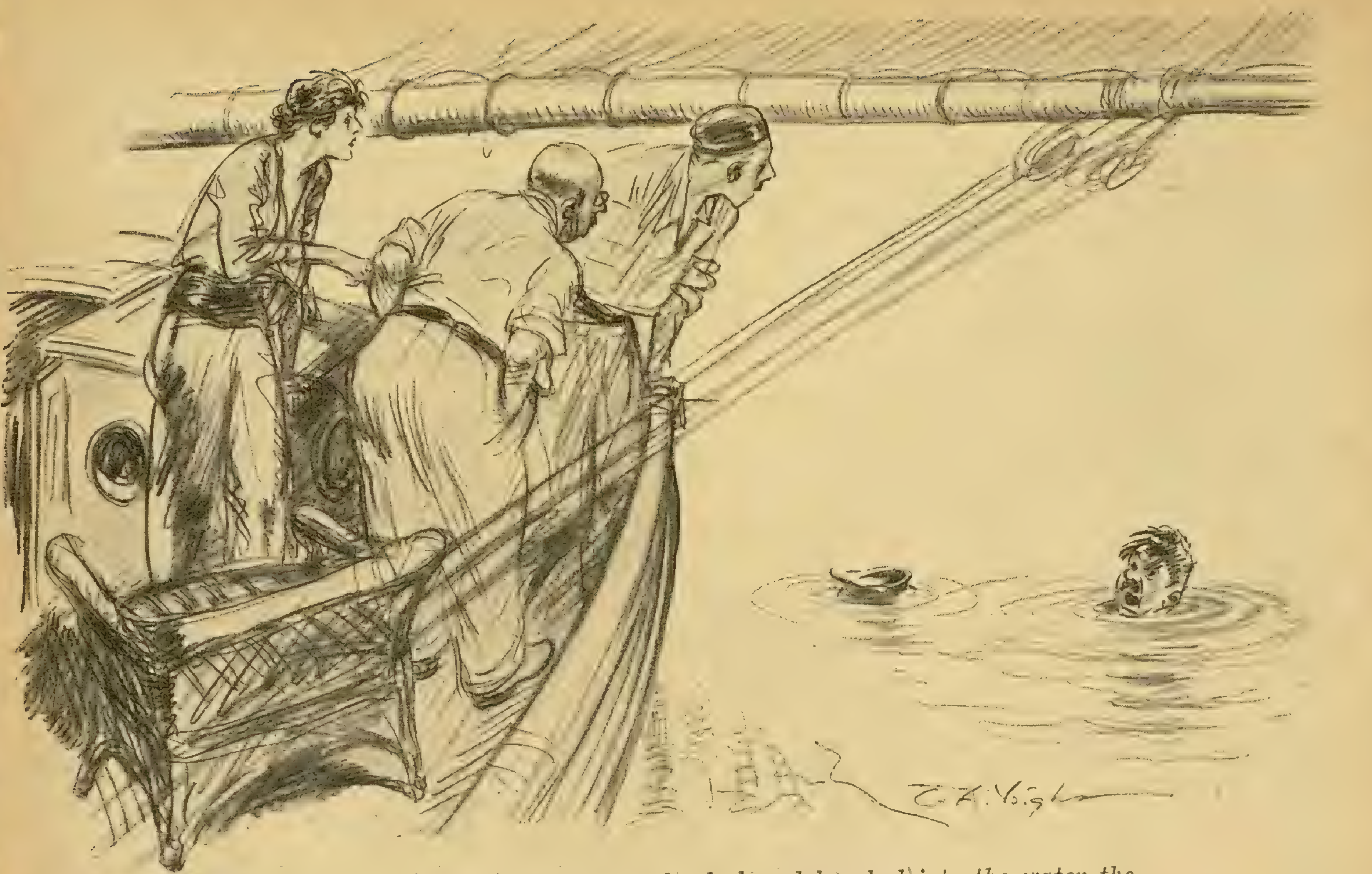

The big boom thing swished across the deck and knocked into the water the policeman who was just climbing over.

WESTWARD HO!
Continued from page forty-seven

No last names. No dressing for dinner. Have some beer, Sister Sue."

Impertinent pup! But I could not help smiling—though I took good care not to let Sue notice it. I've been married to Sue for some years, you know.

Dr. Thomas was standing near the railing, looking sternly at the receding rowboat. He came back and teetered angrily on his toes in front of Marianna. I neglected to state that Marianna is very tall—almost gaunt, one might say—and Dr. Thomas is a very short man. You can see that he always toes himself up in the presence of women.

"May I ask, ma'am, where you got this crew, and what possible excuse they can have for this act of piracy?"

"Fiddlesticks, doctor!" said Anne serenely. She had not spoken before. "Piracy is taking a boat—not leaving it."

THE doctor turned upon her with all of his five foot five—and then thought better of it. Anne looked too infernally attractive—a gangling, loose-jointed creature sprawled out against a coil of rope, gazing at him lazily under broad drooping lids that half covered about as gorgeous a pair of gray eyes as the little man had probably ever looked into.

"Fiddlesticks is right," chuckled the Hon. Corty. "The ayes have it—eh what, Anne?" he demanded, settling himself beside her in an attitude of mock devotion.

"Yes, pest," said Anne unconcernedly.

"Hah, hah—that's a good one!" I exclaimed. "The Hon. Corty Pest! Informal enough to suit you, Mr. Pest?"

He apparently did not hear me. Sue gave me a family glance, and I decided to veer off.

"Mother knows why they left," murmured Anne. "Come clean, mother."

"I don't know what my daughter means," said Marianna coldly. "The crew that was on the boat when I bought it didn't want to leave Bermuda, and I cabled to New York, and when this crew got here it seems they didn't expect to leave Bermuda either. I heard one of them telling the others that this was as good a place as any to go on the lam, whatever that may be—"

"Underworld expression meaning fugitive from justice, ma'am," interpolated the doctor bitterly.

"Oh! But I promised them double pay when we got home and I thought everything was all right. Why—I even gave them a full month's wages in advance."

"Very fittin' and considerate of you, I'm sure," observed the Hon. Corty. "Explains everything, Matilda dear. Please—may I call you Matilda?"

"I don't suppose it matters," she murmured vaguely.

"Mother—at your age—how can you?" drawled Anne, but without interest.

"Necessity knows no age," whispered Sue in my ear. "But what are we going to do, Ray? How shall we ever get back? And I simply won't spend the night on this horrid boat—I haven't even got my hot-water bag."

My wife, be it said, is a very fine woman in many ways. But she has the hot-water-bag habit from October to May—whether she's at the pole or the equator. This was April, a hot-water-bag month, and the large red bag was at this moment in our hotel room. Sue's feet go by calendar and not by Fahrenheit. I did not know this when I became engaged to her.

"Have to make the best of it," I whispered reassuringly; and then, to the others:

"Well, a breeze may come up any minute, and then we can sail back to St. George's. It should not be difficult. I watched the steersman when he sat here, and he didn't do anything but keep it pointed straight for home."

"Exactly, Raymond," agreed Marianna. "Even if no wind comes, they'll send after us directly we're missed. We have plenty of food and water—everything's just been stocked up. We can spend the night quite comfortably. We three women will take the stateroom, and you men can sleep on the sofas in the dining room. I think it's quite a lark."

"Quite," said Sue tonelessly. "Have you a hot-water bottle in the boat?"

"I'm afraid not, my dear," answered Marianna stiffly. "But there's plenty of hot water, I'm sure. And now, as

I'm owner, I think we'd best organize. I love organizing. The first thing is to appoint a captain. Which of you men is the best sailor?"

"I am," said the doctor and the Hon. Corty simultaneously.

"I am," repeated the pest firmly. "I was born in England, and I'm here now, which shows I've three thousand miles to my credit at the very least. And the doctor admits that he's never been on a boat of any sort until he came to Bermuda. I've fully two hundred flying—I mean sailing hours to my credit."

Personally, I knew myself to be the best qualified man there, as I had several times dined on my cousin's boat when he was anchored at the New London races. I flatter myself I am not unfamiliar with the etiquette of yachting. But I forbore to raise the point, as I had happened to catch my wife's eye again.

"Very well," said Marianna, after a pause. "I see I must take command myself. The first thing, of course, is to stand watch. They always do on ships. Two hours apiece for six of us will bring us to daylight tomorrow, even if we aren't rescued before then. I suppose I ought to do the first watch myself. Let me see—it's nearly seven already. We'll have some more tea on deck and call it dinner, and I'll keep watch while we're eating. And when I go to bed at nine you can all draw lots for the rest of the night. Is that satisfactory?"

"Splendid!" said the pest heartily. "My job is steward—eh what, Matilda?"

"Ye-es," assented Marianna doubtfully—"if you can really cook and serve things."

"STEWARDS don't cook—only serve things. Cook is Miss Anne, here. See it in her eye. Fine cooking eye—just the eye for watching pots. Steward and cook work together. Come on down to your cookery, Anne, while I start stewarding."

"Silly ass," said Anne languidly. But she uncoiled herself and followed him down the steps to the inside of the boat.

Sue regarded their disappearing backs with a fishy eye.

We had a jolly supper. Afterward I kept watch with Sue while the others went down. It was a clear starlight night without a breath of wind, and the sails hung limply, as they had been doing for hours. We listened for any sound of a launch. But by this time we had not the slightest idea where the land was.

The boat seemed to be pointed differently, and the ropes that tied the boom to the stern were floating loosely on the water. I thought it best not to disturb them, because if a breeze did spring up they were doubtless correctly adjusted to sail us in the right direction.

At eleven o'clock the women went down to bed. The Hon. Corty met Sue at the door of her stateroom and handed her two bottles of hot water neatly wrapped in towels, with their necks tied together with some evil-smelling tarred twine.

"Sue darling," he said—and right in my presence, if you please!—"here's your hot-water bottle."

She tucked the things into the foot of her berth.

"He's really quite a sweetykins," she murmured.

I went up to the deck again, and found the other men conversing in low voices near the wheel.

"Bit of a mess, if you ask me," the Hon. Corty was saying. "But no use alarming the ladies. Don't you really know anything about boats, Mr. Templeton?" He had dropped his bantering tone entirely.

"I'm afraid not," I answered. "I took a course on astronomy at college which included the general principles governing the use of the mariner's compass, but that was a good many years ago. Let me see—the needle points to north all the time, of course, and then you steer the boat any other direction you want to go."

We lighted several matches and inspected the compass. It wasn't even numbered or lettered, but had diamond-shaped lozenges and one sort of ornamental spearhead that we concluded must be the north. However, it was obviously not intended for night use.

We smoked a while, and then the doctor went down to turn in. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Time for the movies —No time for her gums, and she has . . . "pink tooth brush"!

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YOU *bet* there's a big thrill in a swell movie! But if you want to *live* romance, as well as watch somebody *else's* romance, better spend a few seconds a day keeping your gums in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your *gums* firm and healthy!

Your gums probably *aren't* firm and healthy. Modern foods are too soft to *stimulate* your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy. Now they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

And "pink tooth brush" often leads to serious gum troubles, such as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea.

You can harden your gums if you'll use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your teeth with it. But every time, rub a little *more* Ipana right into your gums.

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IPANA

IPANA
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Yet Swears By ONE Tobacco Exclusively

Mr. Calvin L. White of Clairton, Pa., is an ardent pipe smoker. To him, a good pipe and good tobacco offer the only *real* smoking satisfaction, and he leaves no stone unturned in his search for the happiest combination.

In fact, in his search he has collected a "library" of thirty-five fine pipes. But his search for a "good tobacco" ended long ago. Let him tell you about it—

608 St. Clair Ave.,
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June 29, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I am very much a pipe smoker, because a good pipe and good tobacco offer the only real enjoyment I can get from a smoke. While it is true that a good pipe has a lot to do with a good smoke, the wrong kind of tobacco spoils everything for me. My collection of pipes consists of thirty-five, and all of them are considered fine ones. But when it comes to tobacco, I stick to one brand exclusively—and that is Edgeworth.

My advice to any man is this—get a good pipe, a can of Edgeworth, and enjoy the real comfort and satisfaction that smoking has to offer.

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Why not take Mr. White's advice? Try a good pipe and a tin of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. There seems to be something about this cool, slow-burning smoke that makes men "write home about it." Perhaps it's that special Edgeworth blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process.

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Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 107 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it from any dealer in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins. And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N.B.C. Blue Network every Thursday evening.

[WESTWARD HO!
Continued from page forty-nine]

Britisher fetched himself a blanket, and was soon sound asleep at my feet.

I dozed intermittently myself, for there was nothing to watch except stars.

After a while I'm afraid I fell asleep quite soundly, because hours afterward I was awakened by a swishing crash. It was broad daylight, and a gentle breeze had sprung up, and the infernal boom thing that held the sail down had blown across over my head and was on the left side of the boat entirely. But I observed with satisfaction that the wind was from behind and that we were moving ahead and that the sails were not flapping. But in a minute the boat turned to the right and the sails flapped again. I twisted the wheel to the left and we went ahead beautifully. Perfectly simple, after all. The Hon. Britisher sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Morning, cap'n," he greeted cheerfully. "Another perfect day, eh what? Why didn't you call me?"

"You seemed to need the sleep," I said magnanimously, "and I thought it well to practice with the wind. It's a cinch."

AT this moment the big boom came rushing terrifyingly across again. How I came to loathe that big boom in the next few days! The little boom on the little mast in the middle wasn't so bad.

At this moment Anne appeared at the top of the steps with a large coffeepot. She looked astonishingly fresh and groomed. The Hon. Corty stroked his unshaven chin thoughtfully.

"Morning, Miss Anne. Hope you slept well while we watched over you through the long, weary hours."

Anne smiled tolerantly.

"Yes—I know. I came up twice in the night and covered you both up. But what a nice breeze. And where's Bermuda?"

"Bermuda hasn't been seen since yesterday," I admitted.

"But we may be sailing directly away from it," she objected.

"Can't be helped," I returned with dignity. "Unless you keep the wind right behind you, all the sails get limp. Boats go with the wind—not against it. Try it yourself if you want to."

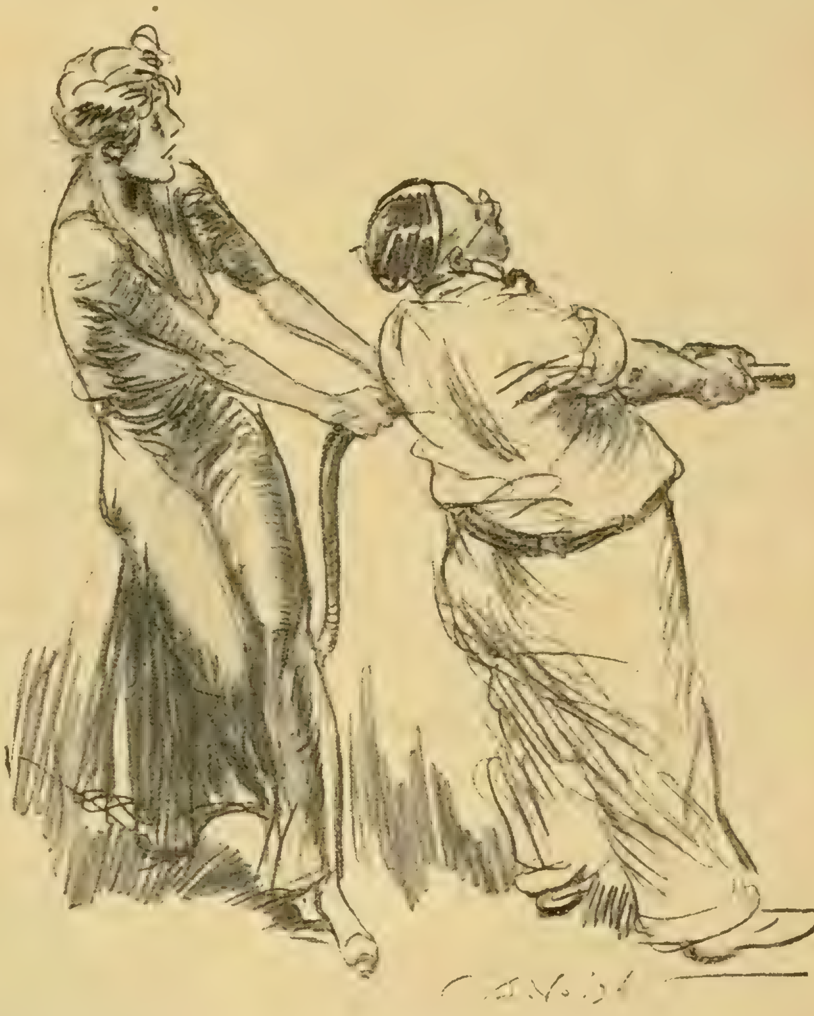
"But don't they tack, or something like that, and pull in the sails or something?"

"Undoubtedly," conceded the Hon. Corty. "But that's in racing boats and all that. Deep-sea boats like this go with the trade wind and—er—sort of whither it listeth. Bit hard to explain to a woman, but you get the idea—eh?"

"I get the idea that you're a pair of dummies," said Anne tranquilly. "We'll have breakfast and then decide what to do."

She started downstairs, and then turned and spoke to me:

"By the way, Mr. Templeton, I may be minus a mother or you minus a wife by the time I get down again. Listen to that!"



Matty and Doc were pulling in the main hauler.

I had been listening. From the *suite de luxe* there came to me a familiar sound—the sound of my wife stamping her feet. Now, some women tap prettily and petulantly with their toes. Some even stamp with a foot. But Sue stamps with both feet. I have learned to know the sound of that stamp on village and plain, on wood or on stone, on pine needles or asphalt. It denotes that my Sue is in one of her tantrums. Then woe is man!

A moment later Sue herself appeared. Sue has lovely coloring and a skin of exquisite texture, which never appears to better advantage than when she is upset. Then her nostrils dilate thinly and angrily, and the tip of her patrician little nose suggests that of a highly bred race horse. She was that way now. She advanced straight toward the Hon. Corty. In each hand she held one of the hot-water bottles.

"You left the corks loose on purpose!" she stormed. "You're a perfect beast. Either you or I must leave this boat." She flung the empty bottles into the ocean.

"Suits me perfectly, if you'll arrange for transportation," grinned the Hon. Corty.

Sue's nostrils positively quivered in the morning sunlight, but to my astonishment she did not answer. Instead she turned to me.

"Good morning, dear," she cooed. "Did you get any sleep at all?"

"I was watching all night," I said gently.

"And that beast of a doctor was sleeping all night—snoring abominably. I shall never, never go yachting again!"

"Probably not," observed the Hon. Corty under his breath, and then shriveled before Sue's glance.

At this juncture Anne reappeared, carrying a novel. She curled herself up on her favorite pile of ropes.

"Mother and that Dr. Thomas have their heads together," she announced listlessly. "Cooking something up. I know the symptoms. Yesterday he was rude, but this morning he's as sweet as sugar candy. He wormed it out of me that she's a widow, and he's made a guess at her income. You wait."

WE didn't have to wait. Marianna emerged from the stairway hole, huge and pleasantly implacable, with the little doctor teetering at her heels.

"Good morning, one and all," she began in her deceptively vague manner. "What a lovely day! I have been thinking everything over, and there is only one thing to do. The doctor agrees with me, don't you, doctor?"

"Absolutely, ma'am."

"The wind is behind us and the sun came up behind us, so we must be sailing west," continued Marianna.

"I could have told you that from the compass," I interposed quietly. I had been watching the compass for some time, and wondering why the infernal thing kept jiggling around when it should have remained invariably pointed to north, if I know anything about compasses. Suddenly it had come to me that it was the boat itself that was turning, and not the compass at all. Ridiculously simple, as all this sailing really is.

"Yes," I repeated; "we are sailing straight west."

"Exactly," agreed Marianna. "And is there any particular reason why we shouldn't go on sailing west until we run into the United States? We've lost Bermuda, and it's better to sail toward some big land that we can hit than to try and find a needle in the haystack."

"Hit is right," I said gloomily. "Supposing this hind wind keeps up—how'll we ever stop if we do reach the coast? I, for one, won't guarantee to stop this ship—not I."

"We'll call out to some boat when we get near the coast," said Marianna.

"How far is it to America?" asked my wife in a strained tone.

Dr. Thomas spoke up:

"Five or six hundred miles, ma'am, if I remember rightly from the map on the steamer coming over. But I judge we're just opposite Cape Hatteras and—"

"Hatteras!" I said feebly. "But isn't that considered dangerous except for seasoned mariners?"

"We'll be seasoned mariners if we ever get there," muttered the pest.

"Hadn't we best think this over for an hour or so, Marianna," I suggested, "and then take a vote on it?"

"Vote?" repeated Marianna coldly. "Oh, I don't think we need bother with that. I think we may consider it settled, don't you?"

"Well," I capitulated, "I suppose it's just as safe to keep going as it is to stand still—especially as the boat won't stand still!" I turned to Anne. "What do you say, Anne?"

Anne frowned absent-mindedly without raising her eyes from her novel.

"It's pleasanter to agree with mother and die with her, than to disagree and live with her."

This apparently gave pause to the Hon. Corty. He regarded Anne thoughtfully.

"And now," continued Marianna, who never listened to anything she did not relish—"and now we must organize the work. I am captain; Dr. Thomas will be my first mate—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When You CAN'T QUIT

Nerves on edge. A head that throbs. You can't stop work, but you *can* stop the pain—in a hurry. Bayer Aspirin will do it every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and you're soon comfortable. There's nothing halfway about the action of genuine aspirin. If the box says Bayer, your relief is certain.

These tablets should be in every shop, office, and home. Ready to relieve any sudden ache or pain, from a grumbling tooth to lumbago. Don't suffer with neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc. Don't lose time because of colds or sore throat. Get some Bayer Aspirin and read the *proven* directions for instant relief.

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COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. *Don't take a chance*—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole *once every hour for five hours.*

Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.

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Soothing, healing, invisible ZEMO is used in thousands of homes to bring relief from the torture of itching, burning skin. ZEMO has been used for twenty years with remarkable success to stop itching and draw the heat and sting out of the skin, and help clear away Eczema, Rashes, Ringworm, Dandruff, Pimples and other annoying skin or scalp irritations. All dealers. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. Extra Strength for obstinate cases, $1.25.

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Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—just the right compound of Calcium Carbonate (2½ times as effective as soda) and other soothing substances, provide swift and certain relief from sour stomach and attendant ills. Nothing equals them, and they are safe and harmless to use.

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AT ALL DRUG STORES: 25c and 60c
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FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 10-J, Marshall, Mich.

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[WESTWARD HO! Continued from page fifty-one]

"Second, most likely," hissed Sue in my ear. "Brazen old thing!"

"Corty will be steward, and Raymond can be handy man around the place."

"Thank you," I said stiffly.

"My daughter and Mrs. Templeton will cook and wash dishes and all that sort of thing. And of course I'll help out in lots of little ways whenever I can spare time from captaining."

"Splendid, ma'am," applauded the doctor.

"And I think we should name everything on the boat and experiment with things, so that we'll know just how to use them in an emergency like a storm or anything."

"Quite right, Marianna," I approved. "I've picked up a little experience during the night myself. Take the compass, for instance—"

"Ought to box it, suh," interjected the doctor darkly. "Seafaring men always speak of boxing the compass."

"Old-fashioned stuff," I corrected. "On modern ships they come all boxed, like this one here. These up-to-date boxed compasses are called pinnacles." I had not been on my cousin's boat in New London for nothing.

"Good," said Marianna heartily. "That's the pinnacle, then. And the big sail back here is—is the—"

"Main sheet," supplied Corty. "Often seen it in books—'trim the main sheet.'"

"W-e-l-l," assented Marianna doubtfully, "I suppose we'll have to call it the main sheet, though it sounds a trifle indelicate. I suppose the other one can be the little sheet. Now, how about those two little dagger-shaped sails in front of the front mast?"

"Halyards," supplied Corty instantly. "Big and little halyards. 'Let go your halyards'—can't you just see that in a book?"

"Possibly," answered Marianna. "But it's much too hard to say. I think we'll just call them daggers. That's so easy to remember: 'deck dagger' and 'top dagger.' Oh, dear—there are still those three-cornered things at the top of the masts. Whatever shall we call them?"

WE wrangled for ten minutes over this. It was I who finally solved the problem:

"They're not much good anyway, and they look dangerous up there. Why not take them down?"

"Stout fellah!" exclaimed the Hon. Corty, and started climbing up the left-hand rope ladder that hung from the mast to the balustrade of the boat. When he reached the top, he wrestled manfully at the three-cornered sail, and presently it blew off into the water. When he got down again he looked a little shaky.

"Got rid of it all right, but it's not any too safe up there. Every time I leaned over the least bit it made the whole boat tip. Positively I thought we'd capsize. You've no idea how funny you people look from up there!"

The rest of the day passed without incident. So, for the matter of that, did the four succeeding days. We were all shaking down into our places. The breeze kept up steadily from behind and we simply tore along. The doctor, who had been duck-shooting near Cape Hatteras and who was confident that he could pilot us in without any trouble, explained that the Gulf Stream was helping us along tremendously, too.

On the third day we had an electrical storm, and the wind blew differently and very hard for about an hour. But by this time we had learned the ropes, or a good many of them, and we could pull in the sails and let them out. I discovered very early that the top dagger and the deck dagger didn't have much effect on the boat unless the wind blew sideways. Once or twice when we tipped a lot I had inadvertently let the wheel slip, and the boat straightened up again. So after that I taught the others the trick.

ANNE and Corty were the only ones who went up the masts. They each had their own mast, and they used to spend hours up there talking across to each other.

Though Mrs. Budlong was titular captain, it was I who exerted the real leadership. This became obvious as early as the third day—at which time I discovered the small electric light inside the pinnacle. After that we were able to steer at night without resorting to the cumbersome if ingenious candle in a tin can which Dr. Thomas had constructed, and which was constantly blowing out.

But the doctor wasn't so bad, after you came to know him. A little pompous perhaps, and curiously reluctant to discuss professional matters—when I mentioned casually that I had been a little worried over my digestion for some years, he merely grunted, "Stop overeating," and turned on his heel. For the rest, he tagged around after Marianna, and Marianna not only softened to him but to all the rest of us as well.

The most extraordinary change, however, was in my own wife. After the decision for "Westward Ho" had once been taken, she was a different woman. She worked like a little trooper, washing dishes and sweeping and sloshing the deck—which she did in her bare feet, and she has very pretty feet and ankles. And she never once complained about her missing hot-water bottle. She even polished brasses, especially the big brass base on the pinnacle. At times I suspected that she was trying to prove herself a better man than Anne.

As for Corty, if anything, he became more nonsensical than ever with the rest of us. But with Anne he showed an increasing diffidence.

We all came quickly to first names. It was "Corty" and "Sue" and "Doc" and "Anne" before sundown of the third day. Anne languidly called Corty "the pest," and Corty addressed Marianna variously as "Matilda" or "Matty" or "Widdy

Budlong," as the fancy moved him. The doctor had snored himself somewhat into disfavor until he told us how to stop him. It appears that he only snores when lying on his back, and that if anyone calls out, "Roll over, Willie," he stops immediately. It certainly worked like a charm. But Marianna wore a thoughtful look for several days.

It was on the fifth day—Friday, I think it was—and we were bowling beautifully along with the wind sort of half on the left side again. I was steering, and Matty and the doc were pulling in the main hauler—which is the rope that controls the boom. We men were feeling very kippy, because the doctor had found an old safety razor in the crew's compartment and we'd each had a shave. Also, Sue had washed our duck trousers and shirts after we'd gone to bed the night before. The women were all spruced up, too.

We were on the *qui vive* today because we expected to see land at any time now, as we'd been averaging over eight miles an hour for the past three days. Corty was timing us now—sitting on the very tip of the bowspar with an empty bottle in his hand. He'd toss the bottle overboard, while Anne, standing at the stern with my watch, would take the time from the instant the bottle struck the water until it passed her position. The doctor had previously measured the top of the boat and found it to be within a few inches of seventy-two feet.

Corty strolled back to us.

"Fearful responsibility, this navigating," he observed. "But I've got to keep it up for your sakes. There's a certain knack about tossing the bottle. "What's the speed, doctor?"

"Nine and a quarter miles per hour, suh. Best speed yet. If my calculations are not amiss we ought to be somewhere between ten and one hundred and ten miles from the coast. That's as close as I can figure, suh."

"Quite close enough, I'm sure. What's a matter of a hundred miles between friends?"

"BUT how shall we know Hatteras when we see it?" complained Marianna.

"Whistling buoy off the Diamond Shoal Light vessel about fourteen miles southeast of Hatteras Light," said Sue without looking up from her brass polishing.

"Eh? What's that? How do you know?" we exclaimed in chorus.

Now, I must stop right here and explain that my wife had been saying this sort of thing quite a lot lately. Only two days before, we had passed a big steamer about a mile away, and the steamer had blown us a friendly toot on her whistle.

"Dip your ensign," Sue had said suddenly. "Sailing vessels at sea always answer salutes by dipping their ensigns." Then she had gone back to her scrubbing. But it was most disconcerting. Later I took her aside privily—but she was enigmatic. There is only one thing in the world that my Sue loves better than talking when she ought not to, and that is not talking when she ought to.

Anne looked at Sue queerly now.

"The woman may or may not know something," she pronounced indolently. "Or it may be some higher voice speaking through her. Anyway, I'm going to take a look from my mast. Pest—you take your post, too."

She had climbed to her perch before Corty was halfway up his mast. Scarcely had she seated herself than she started to clamber down again.

"What is it, Anne?" we called. She didn't answer until she had reached the bottom and walked over to the ladder of Corty's mast.

"It's land, all right," she announced unenthusiastically, "but it's several miles away. Lots of time. She started up Corty's ladder.

We were too excited to pay any further attention to them. Sue went downstairs to get the field glasses, and stayed an unconscionable length of time. We could see the land distinctly by the time she came back. Sue took a long look.

"HUM," she said, and lowered the glasses. "It is as I thought."

"Don't be foolish, ma'am," snapped the doctor. "What is as you thought?"

"That's not your silly Cape Hatteras at all. That's Barnegat Light on the left, and Navesink Highlands to the north of it, and the three lights on Sandy Hook to the north of that again. That's New York harbor!"

"But—but—how did we get way up here?" demanded the doctor.

"Your precious Gulf Stream, I suppose. It runs uphill along the coast—sometimes as fast as eight miles an hour—and this old boat has been skidding sideways almost as fast as it's been going ahead! There—look! That's Scotland Lightship—you'll hear the bell in a minute. You'd better take the south channel in. Don't use Ambrose—that's only when coming from the east. I'm going downstairs to pack."

"You have nothing to pack, my dear," I said sternly. "But I'm coming down to talk to you."

I followed her into the stateroom.

"Now," I said, "come across. Where did you pick up all this nautical jargon? And what do you know about sailing?"

My Sue was herself again. The five days of brass-polishing humility fell from her as a silken cloak slips from a woman's shoulders. Her lovely nostrils dilated palely and she stamped her foot, and it was music to my old ears again.

"Oh, Ray, dear"—and her fine eyes grew large and aquiferous—"I don't know anything about sailing. But you men were all going moony over that beast of a girl, and I just couldn't bear it! And then—then I found this silly book and all these things."

She lifted the lid of a concealed chest that served as a sofa beneath her berth. The compartment was full of rolled-up maps and nautical treatises

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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velvet cheeks,
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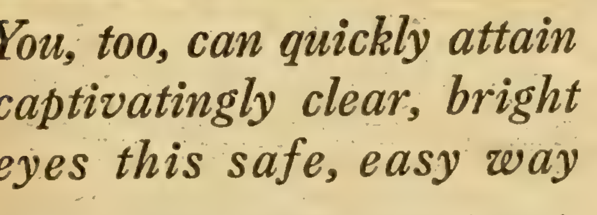

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

[WESTWARD HO!
Continued from page fifty-three]

of all sorts. On top of the heap, spread wide open at a map of New York harbor, lay a lemon-yellow volume entitled The Yachtsman's Annual Guide and Nautical Calendar.

"So there! And if you dare tell I'll never speak to you again. I just memorized some words, and then ran up on the deck before I forgot them. I didn't know it was New York harbor any more than you did until I saw the Statue of Liberty through those big opera glasses."

"Sue," I asked solemnly, "may I kiss you?"

When we came on deck a few minutes later, Anne was nonchalantly steering us straight at the lightship. The pest stood behind her in the attitude of one who has passed beyond the range of human suffering.

"Looks like a typical shell shock, suh," whispered the doctor to me; "but I reckon it's only the girl."

"If you mean me," said Anne tonelessly, "yes, I'm going to marry him. Hey, there!"—this to the lightship, which she had missed by about a foot. "We want to stop—*we—want—to—stop!*"

The lightship crew grinned and waved cheerfully.

"But I have no money," objected the pest wanly.

"Mother has," drawled Anne. "Hey, there!" We were rushing past the front of a tug that had steamed sturdily out from the quarantine station. "*Hey, there! We—want—to—stop!*"

The tug captain reversed his engines and shook both fists at Anne.

"But I don't want to work," protested the pest, a trifle more weakly.

"Don't you?" asked Anne, dreamily intent on ramming a motor-dory fisherman who was desperately zigzagging in front of her. "Well—why should you?"

WE tore past the immigrant station. We tore up the Narrows, boats tooting and scattering before us like chickens before a motor.

"I'm following that steam yacht," said Anne placidly. "Where that yacht goes—there we go."

There seemed to be much more wind than out in the ocean. The way we swooped around Bedloe's Island and toward the Battery was a caution. The steam yacht had slowed down and we dashed into the lead. Anne shot in front of a ferryboat and very prettily forced it back on its haunches. The men on the ferryboat began waving a flag at the Battery, and a low black launch came out toward us. The black launch swooped around behind us, and a man in police uniform stood up in front with a long black thing in his right hand.

"Don't run into the Aquarium, Anne," I begged. "Where are you going?"

"Up the Hudson—Albany—no wind up there—anywhere out of the wind."

SHE twisted the wheel over, and the boat lurched viciously to the left. At the same instant the big boom thing, that had stayed peacefully on one side for six whole days, swished angrily across the deck and knocked into the water the policeman who was just climbing over the tailboard of our boat. But two other men succeeded in climbing up before their launch went back for the man.

One officer grabbed the steering wheel, and another grabbed me, for some unknown reason.

"Are yez all crazy?" he demanded harshly. "Where are yez from?"

"Bermuda," drawled Anne. "We couldn't stop. We asked lots of people. Got a cigarette, sergeant? Thanks. Haven't had one for five days. I want you to know my mother—and my fiancé—he was here a minute ago. Sorry if I ran past any traffic signals. You see, I was getting engaged and steering at the same time."

"What's eatin' this bunch, anyway?" demanded the officer wrathfully. "Are yez amachoor booze-runners or a bunch of hop-heads? Why couldn't yez take in yer sails an' come in under power?"

"This is a sailing yacht, sergeant," explained Marianna with dignity.

"Ain't there a engine under that hatch abaft the binnacle?" demanded the policeman.

"Now that you mention it, I shouldn't wonder if there was," volunteered Sue softly. "In Lloyd's Register of American Yachting it calls this boat an auxiliary schooner."

"Hump!" grunted the sergeant. "We'll be after taking the lot of yez ashore and booking you."

"Fair enough," agreed Anne indifferently.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A House-Proud Bird

Little Bobby, while visiting grandpa's farm, was watching a chicken scratch in front of the barn door, and as grandpa came up the chicken went into the barn. Little Bobby said, "Gee, grandpa, that chicken sure wiped her feet clean before she went in the barn."—Carl J. Watne, Nokomis, Ill.

Mother Was Speechless

Barbara's mother was scolding her for opening the ice-box door and finally threatened a spanking if she did it again. Barbara (two and one-half years old) immediately exclaimed, "Well, you don't spank the ice man when he opens it."—Mrs. G. C. Simon, 1217 Irving Ave., Glendale, Calif.

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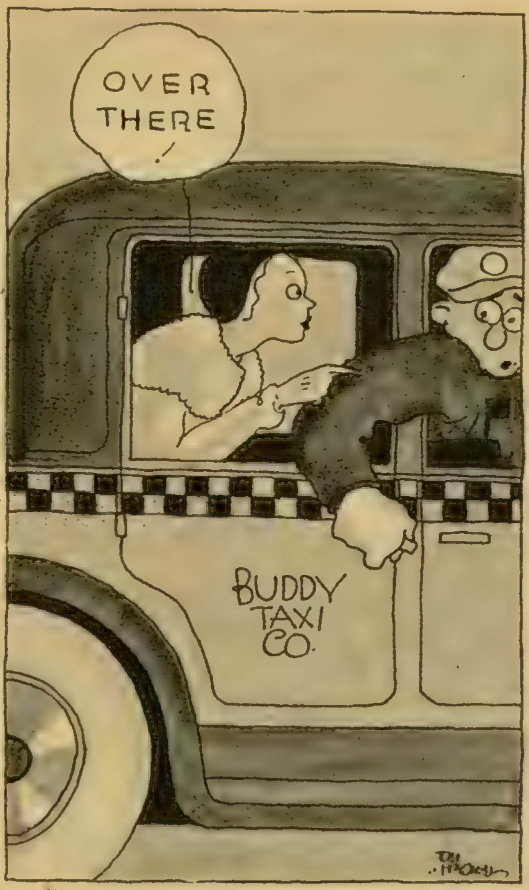
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

STEP right this way, folks! Here's your opening. Here's the window where they cash in wise cracks. Here's the place to convert your nonsense into dollars and cents. Liberty offers to pay handsome sums for the silliest answers to a question it will ask each week until further notice—provided you make your answer ridiculous enough. Uncover that secret passion for wise cracks. Make it work for you. Don't hide it under a bushel any longer. Turn the bushel over and fill it with prize money. Here's how. Each week Liberty will ask a question. You write the answer you consider the most ridiculous. If the judges agree with you their answer will be a check. Two hundred and thirty-two persons must win every week. Your chance to be among them is excellent—and that's no joke.

For example, let's suppose the question is "Why did Washington cross the Delaware?" You might pull out the old mother-in-law gag and write, "Because his mother-in-law lived in Pennsylvania." If you are not married that might not occur to you and you might write, "Because he was practicing to play 'Liza in a Tom Show." Perhaps you think neither of these is funny and that you could write something much more amusing. O. K.! We don't have to be funny. That's your part of the game. We just ask the questions. And here is this week's:

Why did the chicken cross the road?

An old question? Certainly! And one that has been answered in many divergent ways. But Liberty believes that the ultimately ridiculous answer may not have been given. Perhaps you can supply it. Write your silliest answer as instructed in the brief rules. Send it in. Give the judges a laugh and they'll give you a check.



Why did the chicken cross the road?

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use the coupon, a copy thereof, or a plain sheet of paper. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. If you do not use the coupon, write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, February 8, 1932.

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ANOTHER QUESTION AND $500 MORE PRIZE MONEY NEXT WEEK

Six Weeks

Things on Sally's Mind—What Women Want—To Tell or Not to Tell—The Desperate Race—Win or Die—Eve Spills the Beans

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by JAY BARNUM

(Reading time: 33 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is a story of rollicking Reno. Eve McIntyre Ogden and Sally Marjoribanks, both Reno divorce seekers, became friends. Eve, who carefully called herself Mrs. McIntyre, discovered that her husband, Russell, intended to marry Sally; that Russell's Philadelphia bank was tottering; and that Sally, and Sally's rich friends, Lorimer Sturges and Thurston Proctor, planned to save it. Proctor went East, and Eve got a telegram from him so confusing that she resolved to confess her identity to Sally.

PART FIVE—EVASIONS

SALLY came in at five o'clock Sunday morning to find Eve huddled, asleep, in the big chair before the burnt-out fire, the Scottie in a round black ball on her lap.

"Child," she said, "what's the matter?" Tommy Tucker woofed a sleepy welcome, and Sally came over to lay a cool hand on Eve's forehead. "Has your heart been acting up again?"

Eve blinked herself awake slowly.

"I had a telegram that worried me," she temporized. "Perhaps you can make something of it; I can't. You got one, too." The early-morning courage wasn't so high after seven hours of vigil. Let Sally read the telegram, ask what Proctor meant by "Russell sends love," and she'd have to blurt it out. It would be easier that way.

Sally had torn open the yellow envelope addressed to herself. "He must have been drunk," she said, and tossed the wire into Eve's lap. It had been copied by the same Chinese boy in the ranch office. It said:

PITTSBURGH PA 1931 JULY 4 PM 10:31
EXPECT TO RETURN BY AIR FIRST OF NEXT WEEK STOP DON'T LET A WILD HORSE BITE YOU STOP WE ARE GOING TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME STOP WILL WIRE YOU ARRIVAL EN ROUTE STOP KEEP CLINGABLE T

While Eve was puzzling over this, Sally was reading Eve's message.

"How stupid!" she said suddenly. "You got mine and I got yours. He got the envelopes mixed."

Eve's heart gave a great leap of relief.

"You get into bed," Sally ordered. "I'm going to tell Mrs. Sanford what I think of her telephone operator. But I don't know—the poor girl's working her way out here."

"It wasn't the girl," Eve said shakily. "It was one of the house boys—not Long, but one of the Chinese. He telephoned me and I told him to send these over."

Sally laughed. "It might have been embarrassing if anyone but you had got that indiscreet blurb he sent me. Lorrie, for instance."

Eve hadn't stirred from the big chair. Sally came over and hauled her out of it by one hand.

"Into bed for you! What on earth could have made you sit up all night? Just because Prock bawled me out!" She put Eve into her tousled bed all but bodily, went off into the dressing room, returned with a flask and a glass. "A good stiff drink for you, young lady. It ought to be a hot toddy, but this will do."

"I'm not in the least sleepy now," Eve objected.

"Well, cover up. . . . Drink it all. . . . I'll talk to you until I put you to sleep. I've got to spill what's on my mind, and you're such a discreet child."

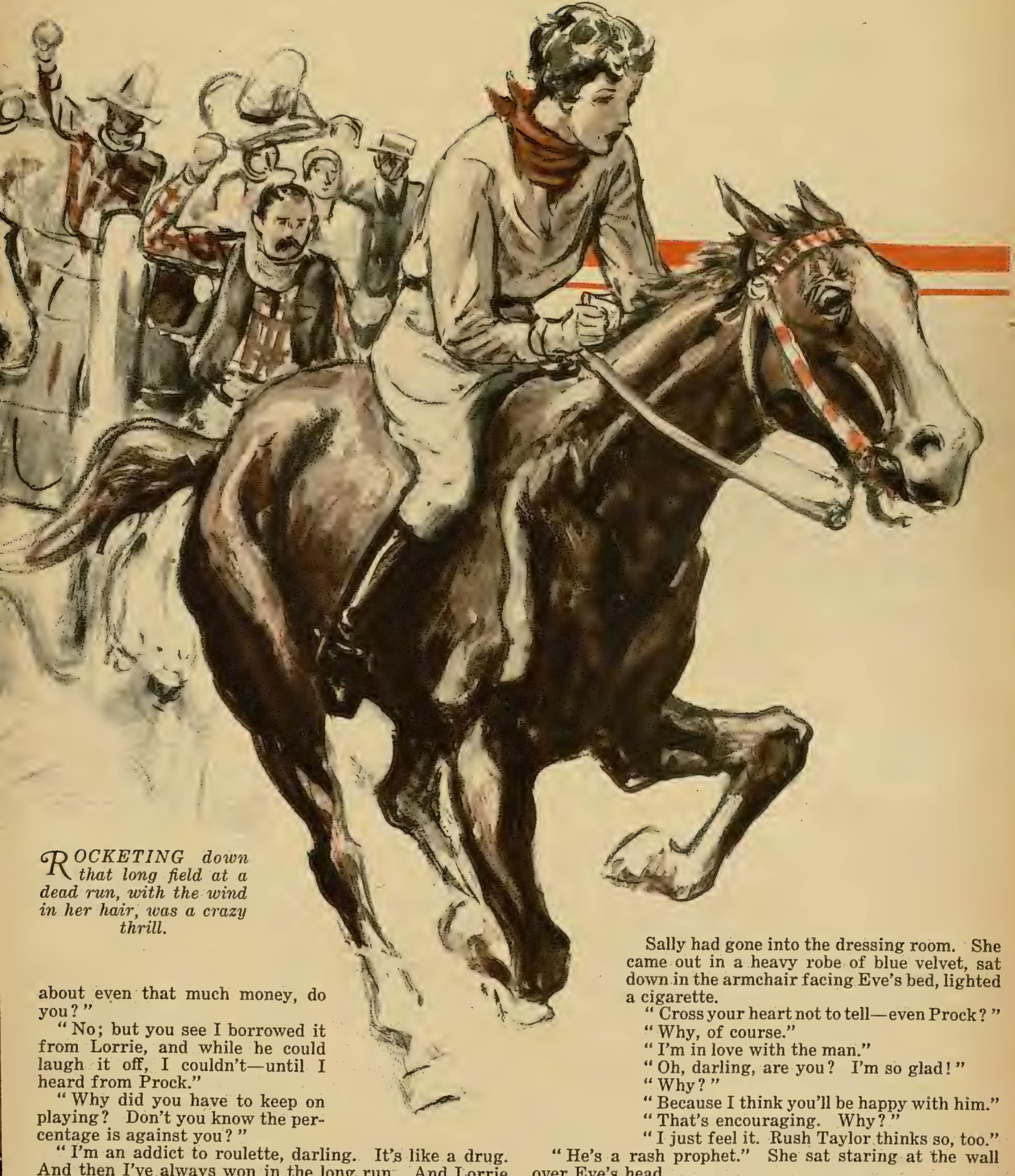
"I'M listening," said Eve. The Fates were taking the situation out of her hands.

"This is good news—this wire," Sally said, unhooking her evening dress and pulling it over her head. "I was just about to go haywire. I've lost more than fifty thousand dollars trying to outguess the little white ball."

Eve gasped. "Is the wheel crooked, do you suppose?"

"I've tried three wheels. They may all be crooked, but I don't think so. It's just a rotten run of luck."

"Well, if Thurston has been successful in raising the money for—for your bank, you don't have to worry



ROCKETING down that long field at a dead run, with the wind in her hair, was a crazy thrill.

about even that much money, do you?"

"No; but you see I borrowed it from Lorrie, and while he could laugh it off, I couldn't—until I heard from Prock."

"Why did you have to keep on playing? Don't you know the percentage is against you?"

"I'm an addict to roulette, darling. It's like a drug. And then I've always won in the long run. And Lorrie encouraged me. Every night I was going to crash through and recoup. And this place bores hell out of me. I had to do something to keep from wandering off into the desert like Phelia, with sagebrush in my hair."

"But I thought you and Lorimer were having a wonderful time—"

"Darling, he says *he* has. But, after all, I can't eat and dance and drink, and drink and dance and eat, night after night."

"Why do it, then?"

Sally had gone into the dressing room. She came out in a heavy robe of blue velvet, sat down in the armchair facing Eve's bed, lighted a cigarette.

"Cross your heart not to tell—even Prock?"

"Why, of course."

"I'm in love with the man."

"Oh, darling, are you? I'm so glad!"

"Why?"

"Because I think you'll be happy with him."

"That's encouraging. Why?"

"I just feel it. Rush Taylor thinks so, too."

"He's a rash prophet." She sat staring at the wall over Eve's head.

"You're going to marry him, aren't you?"

"I would, if he'd propose."

"But hasn't he?"

"No. He hasn't even proposed the usual alternative."

Eve reflected on that. "I'd call that a good sign. Perhaps he's just too honorable to ask you until you're both free."

"I'm afraid he is. And that's what's making my hair gray."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page fifty-seven

"Why?"

"You don't meet one like him every day. Even when we were both cockeyed, he's never made a pass at me. Not even at the hot springs, in a cabin all by ourselves. I must say I haven't been so—so touch-me-not, either. If he doesn't propose, I'll probably follow him off and throw myself at his head. Unless he washes his hands of me when he finds out."

Eve tried to stop the next question; couldn't. "Finds out what?"

"Finds out that I was supposed to marry Russell Ogden."

There! It was out. Sally lighted another cigarette off the end of the last one.

"But you're not going to?" Eve asked, in a very small voice. She hoped it wasn't trembling too much.

"No. I'd made up my mind to that before I came to Reno. At least, I know now that I had."

"What's the matter?"

Sally shrugged. "Nothing definite. It was Russell's idea that we should marry; he was so kind and sweet, and I was tired of being an unattached female."

Eve gulped down the last of her whisky.

"When I left the major and came home last fall, all of my money was in the Ogden bank. Russell handled my affairs—at least, he had to handle me. I got him to plunge with part of my capital, and we lost more than half of it; we'd built it up to more than four million. He thought and I thought that the market would come back strong—and you know what happened. I persuaded Russell to do it, but he feels terrible about it.

"I was pretty desolate when I came home, Eve: two bad marriages in seven years. I'm really a sentimental fool. I wanted to be happy. But my sainted mother married me to the Troutwine money, and I was at the point of suicide when I left him. Poor boy, he could be so sweet, but he drank like a fish and liquor made a beast of him. I'm not just being holier-than-thou when I say it." She shuddered.

"YOU divorced him and married the major—when?" Eve asked.

"I met the Honorable Leslie on the Riviera in March of '28, after I'd got my decree in January in Paris. He's a handsome brute, Eve, with that self-assurance that only ripens to its full in the British aristocracy. He was broke, and he had to marry an heiress. I had a million and was getting richer every day, with the rest of the Americans. He made love to me in the most expert and romantic way; I really think his solicitors sat in London and thought up ways for him to land me. No girl ever had a more storybook courtship. So I married him, and Tommy smashed up while we were on our honeymoon. I went to the hospital to see Tommy; he kept asking for me. That was when Leslie first showed his colors. He made an awful row about it. They had telephoned me while he was out with his eternal horses, and I just got in my car and went, and left him a note. When he found out that Tommy had left me another million in trust, he changed his tune. And that didn't help, of course."

"Of course not," said Eve. She had forgotten, in her sympathy for this girl, that there was any question of Russell Ogden between them. Sally lighted another cigarette, and went on:

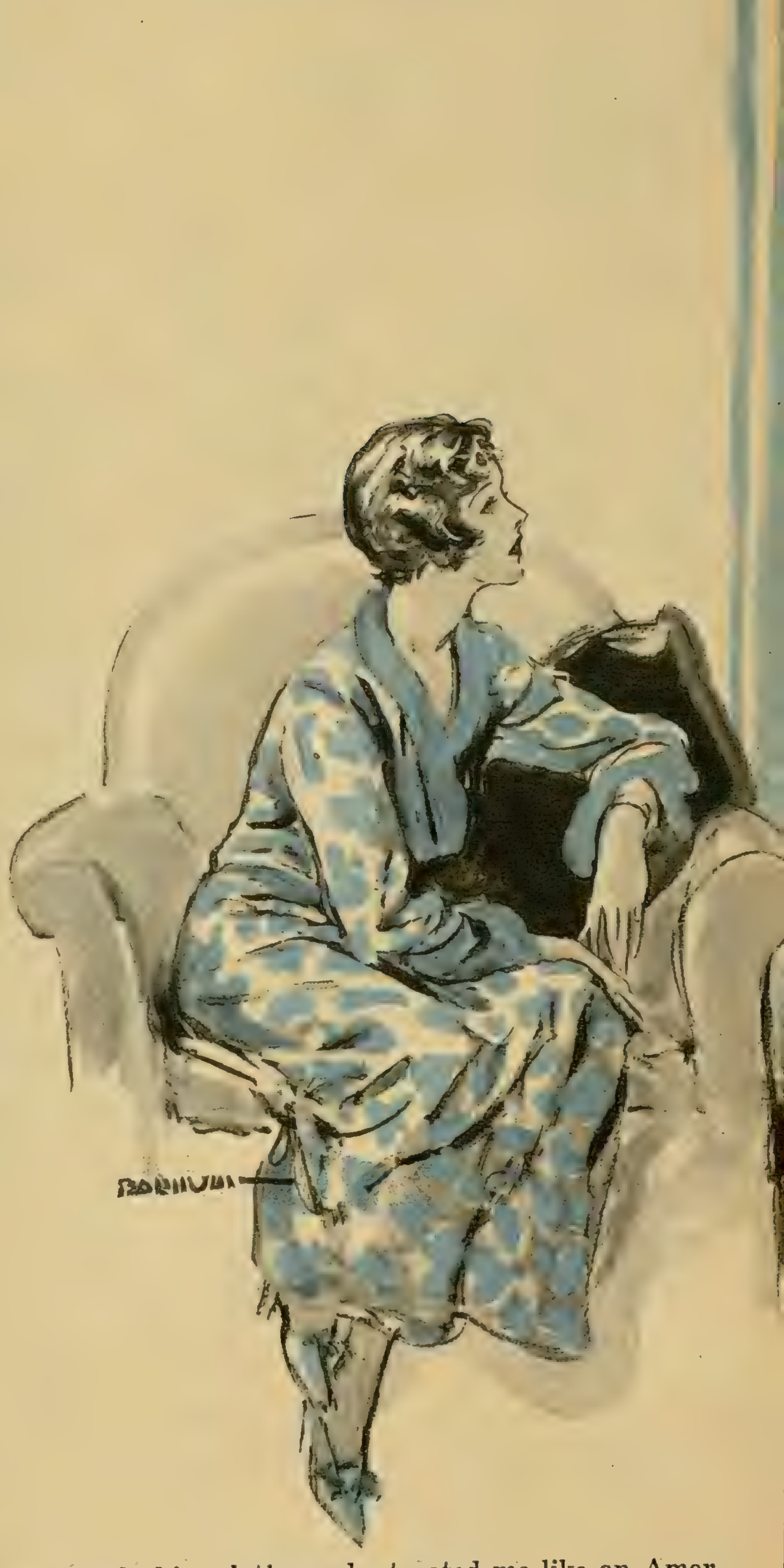
"Then we went to London for the season and I found out that I was going to earn whatever I got out of that family. They'd heard that Leslie had married a wild Amurrican who was some sort of a pickle heiress—the Troutwines made their money in pickles and preserves, you know. The women all snubbed me. Particularly the Honorable Sylvia. She was supposed to marry Leslie after the war, but she was as poor as he was. They're all land poor, and selling it off to pay those frightful taxes."

"And they snooted you!"

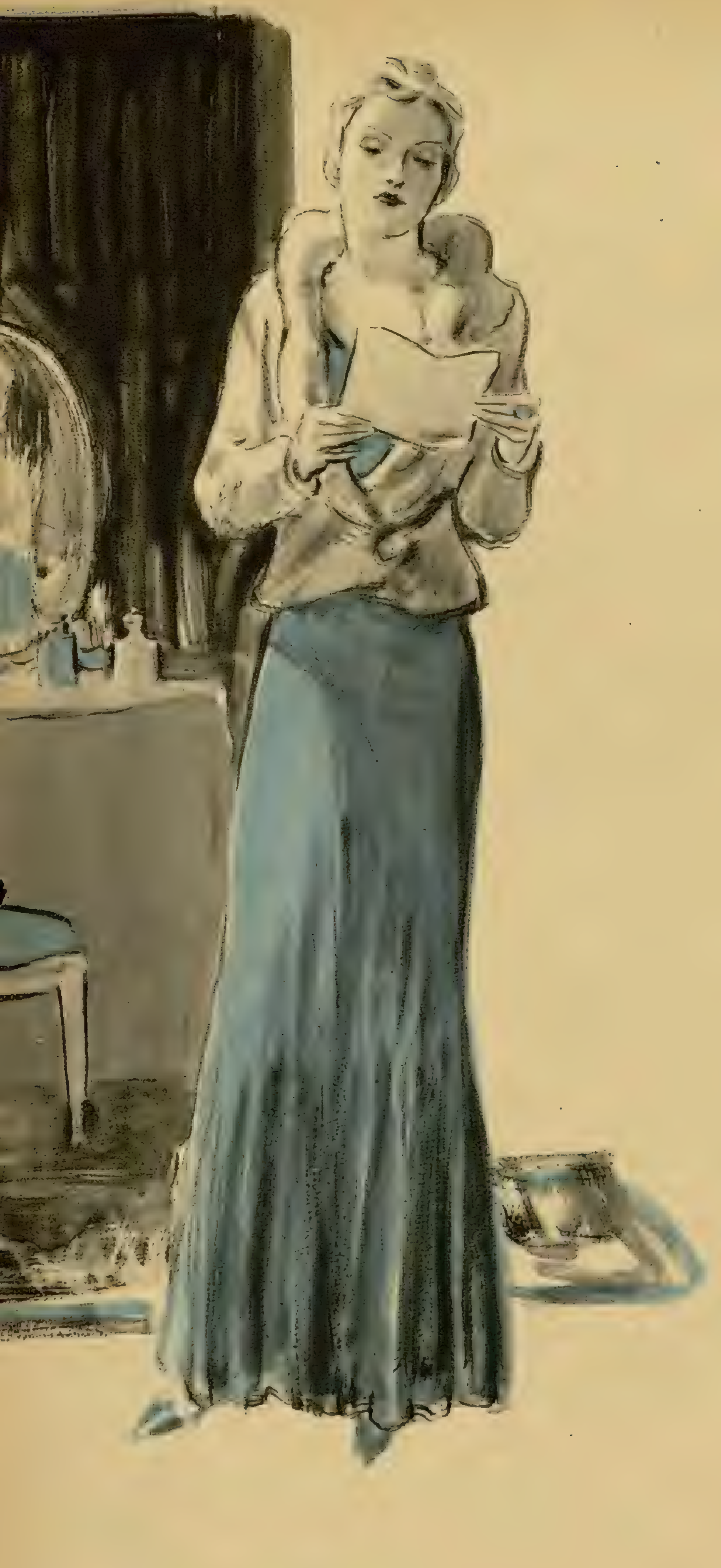
"All the men who could tell a woman from a horse followed me around like a pack of hounds—with some exceptions, of course. Some of the Marjoribanks side were fine people, but they didn't like Leslie's friends or his mother's family, and we didn't see much of them. It wasn't only his relatives who treated me like an American upstart—it was his horsy friends. I couldn't even ride a jumper. I'd done the usual finishing-school riding and bumped around the park at home, but I might as well have been ignorant of the use of a fish knife! Reaaally, my deah! Well, I learned to ride, and damned well I did it, too. I broke an arm and nearly broke my neck, but I made the grade."

"I'm surprised you haven't ridden here," Eve said.

Sally snorted. "My dear, you were never married to a sporting Englishman! For two years I saw life from the saddle and heard nothing but talk about horses and leather goods and the polo and the pigsticking and Lord Whatnot's winning backhander at Hurlingham in 1913, and horses, horses, horses, until I whinnied in my sleep. Have another drink?"



SALLY had torn open the yellow envelope addressed to herself. "He must have been drunk," she said.



"Thanks. I've had plenty."

"Mind if I do?" She poured herself one in the cap of the flask, tossed it off. "Look here, is this boring you?"

"Don't be English," said Eve. "You know it's not."

"Well, that wasn't all. The major had the marital manners of a stallion and I think he mistook me for a brood mare. When I'd been married a year, and didn't produce young, I was sent to a specialist in Harley Street. Must have an heir for the title. I wanted a child, though I'd made up my mind by then that I didn't want any of Leslie's. I was pronounced perfect and normal and the doctor suggested there were ways and means of getting an heir. I walked out of his office. Do you blame me?"

Eve didn't. "But what did you do about it?"

"I went home and got tight and told Leslie that he'd better see the same doctor, and he knocked me down."

"And you left him?"

"I didn't. After all, I couldn't blame him for resenting it, the way I put it to him. It really increased my respect for him. And then the old baronet, himself, had a long, frank talk with me about carrying on the line—it's really a distinguished line, and I didn't blame him. I told him the fault was Leslie's, and he said he would speak to Leslie about it—as though that would do any good. So we started all over, but it was just no go. I stuck it out until last summer, and refused to go to France with him and the Honorable Sylvia for the racing season, and he went off to meet her in Paris and I packed up and came home. Then mother died of her aneurism; she'd worked that weak heart of hers for years to get what she wanted. They tried to tell me that the shock of my leaving Leslie had been too much for her, but I don't believe it. I couldn't weep much when she died. She'd schemed so to land Tommy Troutwine, and she'd nearly died of pride when I married the heir to a baronetcy."

Eve could think of nothing adequate to say. Sally poured herself another drink, and went on:

"And Russell Ogden, bless him, tried to console me. He was a trump. His own marriage had gone on the rocks—he wouldn't talk much about it—but he really tried to take care of me. He suggested marriage, and I started for Reno. And here was Lorimer Sturges!"

"ARE you going to be happy with a conventional husband?"

"There's no way of telling. At least I'm not getting a Tommy Troutwine nor a Leslie Marjoribanks. But you can't be sure. Leslie was the beau ideal of romance—you'd never believe how wonderful he was! And he turned out to be just a walking history of the horse! I was afraid the babies would have hoofs, honestly, until I knew there weren't going to be any."

"He's not contesting the divorce, of course?"

"Hell, he wants it! He wants to marry the Honorable Sylvia. The baronet will do something for them—as handsome as he can afford, which isn't much, these days. Ten thousand pounds for each heir, I suppose. And the joke of it is, of course, that, unless I'm all wrong, there won't be any. But this isn't getting anywhere. How am I going to break the news to Lorrie about Russell, and to Russell about Lorrie?"

"Why not wait?" said Eve. "There's still two weeks."

Sally got up, threw off the blue robe. "I'm going to bed," she announced. "Want the light?" Eve didn't; Sally extinguished it.

"Why don't you talk to Thurston about it?" Eve suggested. "But of course, after that telegram—"

"Oh, don't take that literally. Prock's very broad-minded. I don't think he approved my marrying Russell, anyway, though he never said so. You've never seen the grown-up side of Prock; he's really as wise as Solomon about people. That's how he made his money: figuring out people and guessing what they're going to do next."

"But if he didn't mean it," Eve pursued, "why should he have put it in?" She quoted the end of Proctor's wire to Sally: "'I have not said a word, but you'll have to get out of that jam without any help from me.'"

"Teasing me, probably. I don't think he knows how near home he hit. I haven't written him anything serious about Lorimer, and I'm sure Lorrie wouldn't."

"Why do you have to marry either of these men?"

"Because, darling, I'm a woman. I may act like a man and talk like a stableboy, but I'm just the same sort of woman you are. I've been through seven years of hell. Anyone who doesn't know me well sets me down for a scheming, calculating hussy, because I've made two mercenary marriages. But I was in love with both men at first—or thought I was. Please remember that I'm twenty-eight years old and I haven't had a decent break yet. I'm going to find one I can be happy with, if I have to try all the cads in Christendom first."

"If I had your assurance," Eve said, "I might not marry for a long time."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page fifty-nine

"The assurance is all false front, darling. I'm just a normal woman who wants a home and babies. Don't laugh. I mean it."

"I'm not laughing," said Eve. "For two cents I could cry. You're so much like me."

There was a long silence.

"I'd feel a lot less foolish if you'd talk about yourself a while," Sally suggested.

"There's nothing much to tell. I married out of college, foolish about the man; not up to my job; I can see that now."

"What sort of a man?"

"Oh, a young business man. When he found out how ignorant of life I really was, he didn't have the patience to—to educate me. Or maybe he didn't know how. And he was awfully wrapped up in his work." She paused; this had gone far enough. "Really, he ought to be getting the divorce, not I."

"You never told me about seeing your lawyer. How did you come out?"

"Oh, he turned out to be a cherubic old gentleman who had handled hundreds like me. He made it very painless. We had a time trying to get up evidence. I didn't want to charge—well, any of the really bad things, because I honestly didn't have any proof. I was too proud to snoop or hire detectives. We're charging extreme cruelty."

"Which covers a multitude of small sins," said Sally. "So am I. It's really funny. Can you imagine me telling the judge about Leslie's doctor, and the baronet? You can't prove in court that your husband is—inadequate—at least I couldn't, at this distance."

"I hope you have a baby right away," said Eve impulsively.

"Darling—wait until you've got me married off, won't you?"

"You're really not an unconventional person, are you?"

"What woman is, when she wants children?"

"It just goes to show," Eve said, waking with a start, "that you can't judge by appearances."

Sally laughed aloud. "You imp," she charged; "you haven't heard what I've been saying for the last five minutes. You roll over and go to sleep."

"I'm so sorry. What were you saying?"

"A lot of ancient wisdom about the hell of being female. You didn't even hear what I said about you and Prock, did you?"

"No; what?"

"You go to sleep. I'll tell you tomorrow. But if Prock doesn't do, I think I'll introduce you to Russell Ogden. That would be an enchanting way to fix everything."

"Why?" Eve was wide awake now.

"He falls for little brown wrens like you. His wife was your type, and a man is likely to go on marrying the same type, trying to prove he was right, I suppose."

"PROCK is a lot like—my husband, in some ways," Eve admitted. She was trying to nerve herself up to the point of blurting it out.

"Well, all three of my men—counting the uncertain Mr. Sturges as the third—are cursed with the same sort of good looks. Tommy was a bit shopworn but still handsome. I seem to run to dark, quiet men with little mustaches. Except Russell. Thanks, darling, for listening. This is positively the last word out of me. The flask's empty. Sweet dreams."

But Eve lay awake, seeing specters in the dark. It served her right that she should have come to like this girl so much, want her so much for a friend, when she'd made it impossible, by her lying evasions, her criminal silence about Russell Ogden, to keep her respect. Ten days more, at most.

Why had she started it in the first place? She had resented the bald way Russell had apparently arranged to replace her before he was really rid of her. Then she had judged Sally to be a scheming, mercenary woman.

Why didn't she still resent Sally's hold over Russell? Was it because, once away from her spinster-dominated life in Lancaster, she had met two men, either of them more interesting than Russell? Probably. But the ache about Russell was still there.

There was only one thing she could do. She could pray that the gods would be complaisant enough to let her get by with her lie until the day her divorce suit was filed. Only a week from next Thursday. This was Sunday.

When she filed her suit, it would all come out in the papers. The ranch would buzz about it. That quiet little minx who ran around with Rush Taylor and never had anything to say—to think she was a millionaire's wife all the time!

She'd have to go to a hotel in Reno the day the papers were filed. She could never face these people again. If Sally were in court that day! But no, the case would be heard in chambers. Judge Obee would see to that.

She'd have to sneak out of Reno like a criminal. She could never face Proctor again, much less Sally. Sturges would just smile in his superior way. She'd go out to China. She'd better cable her father tomorrow for instructions. Later she'd have to tell him this whole mess—and what would he think of her: the girl he'd brought up never to lie, always to clean up her own litter, never to whine or complain?

By the time she had cried herself to sleep she was blaming the whole thing on Aunt Lissie. And possibly she wasn't so far from being right.

SHE slept fitfully, dreamed about being jeered out of the Better Luck Ranch by the assembled guests. She woke at noon, dozed again, woke when the dinner bell went clanging down the street at one o'clock. Sally was still asleep.

She put on the riding clothes—the worn ones, for she was going to practice saddling and unsaddling Pansy for the races and the interranch rodeo Saturday afternoon, the eleventh of July. A gymkhana! It would be just a lot of dudes from the Better Luck and nine other dude ranches over at the Bar None Ranch, but it sounded so important with that Hindu name. And there was to be a rodeo with all the dude wranglers competing for cash prizes.

From Monday through Friday she was a woman with another sort of problem. The saddle race for women was to be a sporting affair. You rode a furlong bareback, dismounted, saddled your nag, rode back to the start, unsaddled, and finished bareback.

Joe Williams had arranged that race, "for you to win," he said. Ordinary saddle races for women were just in fun, with half the ladies never getting the saddle cinched before somebody had won. To win this three-way race took skill. The trick was to cinch the saddle just tight enough and not too tight. Buckles weren't allowed; you had to tie your cinch leather and then get it untied again.

She practiced day after day, back and forth across the little pasture, until Pansy, in protest, took to bloating herself, so that the saddle would slip when she ran. It did slip once, and was turning when she finished. Eve tumbled off into Joe Williams' arms.

She hoped that would be enough for the afternoon, but Joe said no; she must do it again, and do it right, like an aviator after a crash. It took all her nerve to go through the performance again.

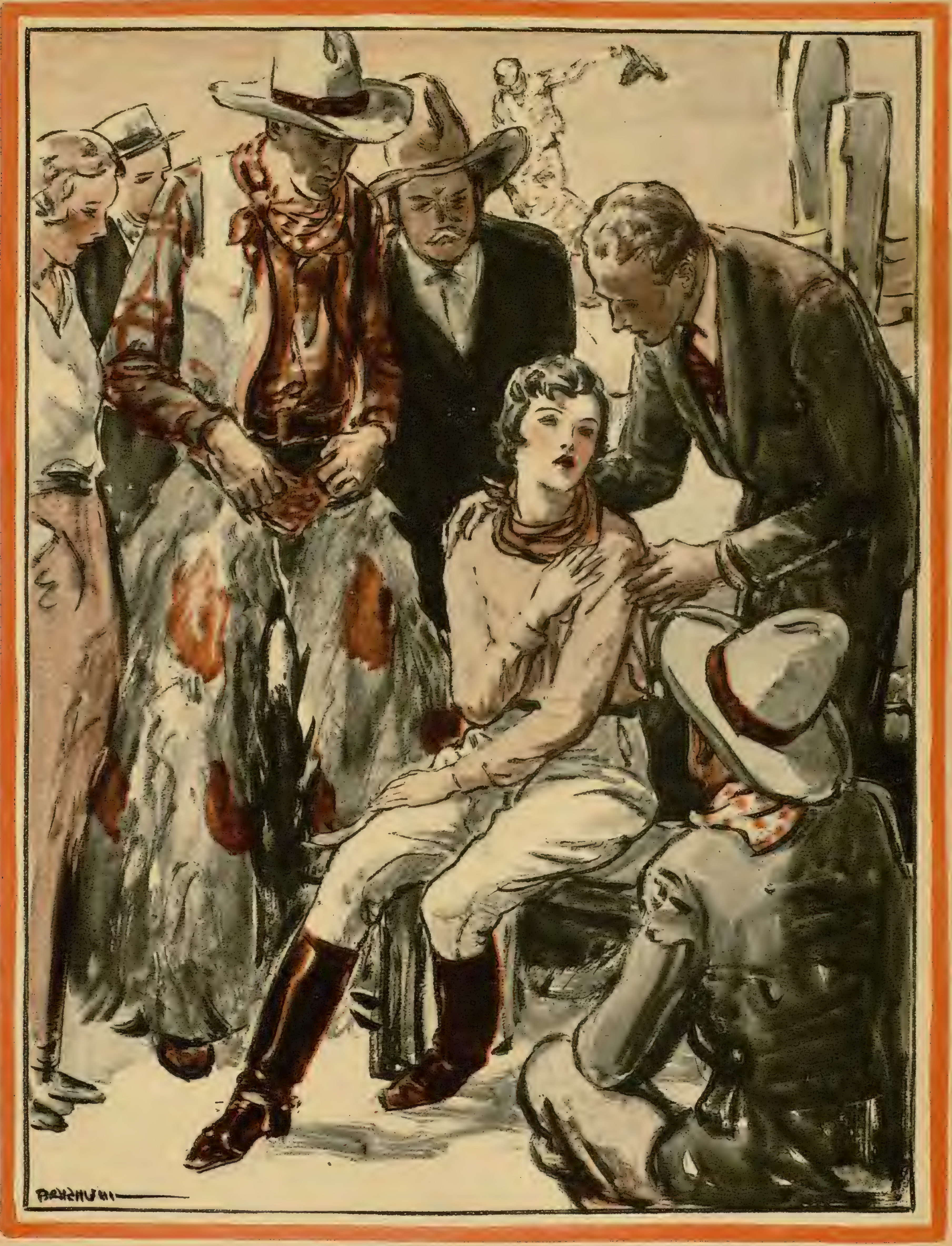
"Kick her in the slats," Joe admonished. He had mounted his own horse and pursued her. "She's swellin' up on you again."

Eve let fly with a boot toe, and had the cinch tight before the outraged Pansy could breathe in again. She made better time on that round than she ever had. Joe picked her off Pansy's sweaty back at the end, and rode all the way into the corral holding Eve on the saddle horn, towing the mare by the reins.

"You're going to win a lot of money for me," he said confidently.

"Why, Joe, you're not going to bet on me, are you?"

"My last shirt," said Joe. "You got to win, Miz Mac. I aim to win the bulldoggin', myself. They's one hand over to the Underhill that'll show me up in the fancy ridin', but they's nobody around here can throw in eighteen seconds. Is your girl friend comin' to this gimcrack?"



He set her down on a bench. People were crowding around. She felt so silly.

The ideas, Eve knew, weren't so unrelated. Joe's passion for Sally was a secret that Eve alone was privy to, and even she didn't dare tease him about it.

"Oh, yes, she's coming. I told her I wouldn't ride unless she did."

Joe went on with his original thought. "I put myself in for the calf ropin'! I don't know's I'll be in the money, but twenty dollars ain't much to lose."

"You're betting twenty dollars on yourself?" Eve asked innocently.

"No'm. That's what it costs to go in an event."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page sixty-one

“But, Joe, you didn't tell me that.”

He let her slide gently to the ground.

“It only costs you ladies ten dollars,” he explained. “I put it up for you. You can pay me back out o' your prize money. You only get a hundred. I'd like mighty well to have one of them ten-dollar gold pieces for a lucky charm.”

“Your confidence is sublime, Joe. You shall have one. See you in the morning. Suppose Pansy blows herself up in the race?”

“She won't. She was just tired of being rode back and forth. She'll run like a Swiss watch. She knows what races is for; she's been in a sight of 'em.”

II

On Saturday, the day of the gymkhana, Eve went out to the corral at ten o'clock, brave in a new crimson neckerchief, her boots polished like glass by the impeccable Long. She rode over to the Bar None, three miles, on a dude horse, with Joe Williams on his second mount, leading Pansy and his own top horse. They had lunch with other contestants at the Bar None.

By two o'clock the size of the crowd alarmed Eve. There must have been a hundred automobiles parked outside the wire of the arena, and three or four hundred persons in the temporary wooden stand!

She rode the excited Pansy at the right hand of Professor Williams in what the announcer called “the grand peerade of all contestants,” twice around the big rectangle, scanning the crowd for Sally, whom she had left still abed but promising to be on hand before two o'clock. The program began with an egg-and-spoon race for dude-ranch waitresses riding broomstick horses. A blonde girl from one of the other ranches won it handily, amid screams and shouts. The purse, it was announced, was two hundred dollars, gold, contributed by the guests of the ten ranches.

“That was a good number,” said Joe critically. “They'd ought to 'a' put it later on the program. Half the folks ain't here yet.”

“There are twice too many to please me, now,” Eve admitted.

“Sho!” said Joe. “You hush. You keep your mind on Pansy and that cinch strap.”

They watched from the contestants' end of the stand a race for polo ponies and mounts under fourteen hands, with one rider spilled but not hurt. Joe left her at this point and presently appeared among five riders in a Cossack race, won by a gentleman from the Underhill outfit known as Sweetwater Slim. Joe was third. He came back to his seat beside Eve, grinning and shaking his head. “First time I ever rode one of them fool races,” he confessed. “It ain't easy.”

“You've been practicing for a week,” Eve challenged him. “Mr. Sanford told me so.”

“That was to break the hosses to runnin' side by each without spreadin' out,” said Joe. “It ain't natural, one man on two hosses.”

The arena was being held at the moment by a red-winged and false-bearded yokel with a trick mule. Professional talent, Joe said. Eve thought he was enchanting and laughed like a child.

“He ain't been so good sence his mule died,” Joe said gloomily. “He rode her fourteen years all around the circuit and took her in vaudeville and she died of pneumony up in Boston. This here's just a young mule.”

The stands were filling up. Eve hadn't realized it would be such an occasion. There was a barebacked stake race for dude gentlemen next on the program. A man in white linen breeches and russet boots came hurrying along the aisle between the front row and the fence. Eve didn't look up. He halted in front of Joe.

“Oh, Joe,” he said. She looked up. “Hello, Eve!” It was Lorimer Sturges.

“Joe,” he said, “can you rustle up a mount for me? I've lost a bet to Mrs. Marjoribanks—a forfeit, really—and she says I've got to ride in the stake race. It doesn't matter what kind of a horse, just so he has four legs.”

“You play polo?” Joe asked, getting up.

“Some.”

“I'll git you that little fleabitten roan of Dan Lindsay's, and if you can hit the ball you'll likely be in the money,” said Joe. “Excuse me, Miz Mac!” The two clumped off toward the corrals.

The egg-and-spoon race was won by a Mister Something in khaki shorts too easily to be exciting. The stake racers trooped out of the corral, fifteen of them. There seemed to be a plenitude of polo players in Reno. Sturges hadn't been on a horse, to Eve's certain knowledge, in the five weeks he'd been at the ranch; to see him break out in boots and polo clothes that didn't look too new was astonishing.

The announcer explained that each gentleman was to drive a polo ball the length of the field and back and between the goal posts at the finish. They wore colored silk caps; the balls were painted to match the silks.

Ten seconds after the starting gun half the field was in a mad tangle in midfield. Out of this emerged a green cap and an orange cap, expertly dribbling balls along. They met the oncoming mêlée near the end boards on their way back, and got hopelessly tangled in it.

Meanwhile a foxy fellow in a blue-and-white cap was nursing a blue-and-white ball along the side boards, across from the stands, never hitting it far, never missing. He stayed wide of the mess in midfield, overrode the ball only once, backhanded it neatly, spun like a centaur, put it between the posts with a long drive that cracked against the corral fence behind the goal. Eve was on her feet with the rest of the stands, yelling like a Comanche. A portly gentleman fell off near the far end, picked himself up, mounted, came in last after missing two tries at the goal. Laughter, applause, general uproar.

The announcer waved his megaphone for silence.

“The winnah!” he bawled. “The blue-and-white, Mr. Montague Jones of Philadelphia; Mr. Montague Jones of Philadelphia riding Pecos Bill. Onnah, Mr. Daniel Lindsay of the Better Luck Ranch.” (Cheers and applause.) “Second: Mr. Lester”—Eve couldn't get the last name—“of the Stony Brook Club, Washington, D. C., and the Broken Ring Ranch, Reno.” (Cheers.) “Consolation: Mr. Philip LaFontaine of Los Angeles, California, and the Lady Luck Ranch, Reno.” (Wild cheers.) “Ride out, gentlemen, and receive your prizes.”

The blue-and-white cap did not appear with the green and the portly fellow who had lost his cap. Second prize was awarded; and the consolation prize, one of the stick horses with a pink ribbon around its wooden neck, was duly presented to the portly Mr. LaFontaine. There were calls for “Winner! Winner!” but no winner appeared. But out from behind the corrals presently rode the biggest cowboy Eve had ever seen, with a rope around the retiring Mr. Jones, who was being towed along, willy-nilly, trying to grin and bear it. Not until then did Eve perceive that Mr. Montague Jones of Philadelphia was Lorimer Sturges.

Eve found herself jumping up and down saying, “Oh, goody, goody! Lorrie!” Joe Williams came back. Three men near her were grinning at this small girl. Joe grinned, too.

“He did right well, didn't he?” he said. “Come along, Miz Mac, you're next.”

Back in the saddling pen, she got her final instructions from Joe.

“Don't do nothin' but give her her head when she's runnin',” he advised. “And remember not to cinch her too tight and just tight enough. And don't think about winnin'; just do your stuff and pay no attention to nobody.”

The saddles had been taken to the far end of the quarter-mile inclosure, each placarded with a number. Eve's was nine; she had the right-hand fence position, across from the stands. They filed out, waited until a couple of ponies had been subdued and brought into line. The starter's gun cracked directly behind Eve, and Pansy's first leap almost took her bare back out from under her rider. Rocketing down that long field at a dead run, with the wind in her hair, was a crazy thrill. Pansy braced her feet, slid to a stop, and Eve tumbled off, almost on top of her saddle. A swift glance around, in defiance of Joe's orders, showed two women already throwing their saddles on to their mounts.

A roar of laughter. Eve didn't stop to look this time; she was heaving the heavy cow saddle on to Pansy's back—the far stirrup was crossed over the cantle—never mind; cinch her up; tight enough—opp! Not too tight! Loop the leather through the rings again, tie it—tight enough—not too tight! Up and over! Pansy bolted. One horse and rider ahead of her, not too far ahead. . . . Give her her head. . . . Gaining . . . gaining. . . .

HER hat blew off, she snatched at it automatically, turned in the saddle, threw her weight on her left leg, and the saddle began to turn under her. Not tight enough! Not tight enough! Well, if you fall, you fall! Only six more lengths—throw your weight on to the right leg. . . .

Eve dropped the reins, grabbed the mane just as Pansy slid to a stop and whirled against the corral fence. What happened then wasn't clear, but Eve picked herself up from the dust, half stunned, sobbing for breath, chased the excited mare around a complete side-stepping circle, seized the cinch strap, somehow managed to fumble it loose, stumbled over the saddle, caught herself by the mare's forelock, leaped headfirst at her back, screamed aloud at the pain when she struck the mare's neck with her left shoulder, clung on by the mane, got her legs under her and into the mare's withers, sat up, and rode on and on— Bang! Somebody was lifting her off the mare. Somebody big and blond. Stars and pinwheels in the dark. She mustn't faint! Mustn't faint!

The man was carrying her, one arm under her back, one under her knees, like a baby.

"Did I win?" she asked, out of the dizzy dark.

"I'll say you did, baby!"

Proctor!

She was dreaming. Proctor was in Pittsburgh.

Rockets of pain! She stifled a scream.

"My shoulder!" she gasped. "Let me down, please! You're hurting—"

He set her on her feet. It was Proctor!

"Here!" she said, clutching at her left shoulder. "I think I broke something."

"Can you walk, if I help you?"

She nodded, teeth set. "Nothing hurt but the shoulder; not so bad now."

He helped her over to the end of the stand, set her down on a bench. People were crowding round. She felt so silly.

"Get a doctor," said Proctor quietly. "Lie down, Eve. You'll be all right!"

A doctor, the announcer, and half a dozen bebadged officials seemed to float up out of nowhere. The little grizzled man in the black hat, Dr. Tomkins, explored the place where it hurt through the open collar of her riding shirt. "Collar bone, most likely," he said. "Take her to the emergency room."

It seemed there was a little hospital under the stands, just as they had in the bull ring in Lima. No altar and no candles here, but a regular operating table. Eve shivered. The examination was painful but mercifully brief. Somehow it seemed important that she'd torn one knee of the new riding breeches, the first time she'd had them on. She felt like crying over the ruined pants.

"Hurt anywhere else?" the doctor asked.

"My elbows."

He pressed the joints with expert fingers. "Hurt?" No, it didn't.

"You skinned 'em," he said. "You're a plucky little goose," he added.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SIX WEEKS
Continued from page sixty-three

"Did I win?" she asked Proctor.

"You sure did, baby!"

"How long does it take a collar bone to get well?"

"Not long," said Proctor. "I've broken both mine; one twice."

"Football?" The doctor asked.

Proctor nodded. "It's painful but simple," he assured her. "You'll have to be good a couple of weeks or so."

"At least," said the doctor. "Bend your knees. Hurt?" It didn't. "Now the ankles; wiggle your feet." She wiggled. "Now your right arm. Both wrists."

"Now, my advice," he said finally, "would be to go down to the General Hospital and let's look you over. I'd like an X ray of that shoulder. We can go in my car, or you can drive your own, Mr.—"

"Proctor. Thanks, we'll go in your car."

THE road was smooth, and, cuddled against Thurston Proctor's woolly coat, Eve was comfortable enough. She lay down in the reception room at the hospital, and a nurse brought her a long cool drink that tasted only a little druggy. "Medical rum," she explained, grinning.

Proctor came in with the doctor. "Well, how does it feel to be the winner of the Grand National?" he demanded.

"Did I really win?"

"By two lengths!"

"But I lost my saddle. That disqualifies me."

"They can't disqualify you!" he protested hotly. "Any other woman would have flopped where she fell. You got that saddle off and got on and rode like hell. You should have seen her," he said proudly to the smiling nurse. "With a broken collar bone."

"But you were in Pittsburgh," she protested.

"Flew out. Fellow I knew was flying out to Hollywood to see his girl. We came along. Five-place cabin—plenty of room. Thirty-two hours, including meals and sleep in Wichita. That wouldn't be so good for Cap Hawks or Jimmy Doolittle, but it wasn't bad for a cabin job with three hefty men aboard."

"Three?"

"Ogden came with me. To see Sturges and close up the deal. Everything's set— What's the matter?"

Eve had sat up; the nurse was forcing her back gently. "Mustn't jump around," she was saying, "until your fracture's set and strapped."

Eve tried to push her aside.

"Russell came with you?" she stammered out.

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"He was with Lorimer and Sturges at the rodeo."

"Did he see me?"

"Sure. Everybody saw you. You were the star of the show. I'd better go telephone, if I can get a message to them. They'll be worried."

"Well," said Eve, "it had to come out sooner or later. He's my husband."

He didn't say anything.

Finish what you start, Eve, and to hell with how much it hurts!

She closed her eyes, so she wouldn't have to look at him. "Russell Ogden's my husband," she repeated, louder.

Why didn't he say something?

The truth is out! Events now move with a rush—events which may make Eve happy, or break her. Next week's concluding installment will tell you whether she finds or loses herself.

Fourth of a Series of Yardleygrams

By Herbert O. Yardley

Author of The American Black Chamber

"A THOUSAND lives and a billion dollars in property were destroyed by the munitions explosions at Red Devil, Three Rivers, and Sandford Cross," Allan Crossle, the cryptographer, told his student, Leonard Russell. "At the White House, in the files of Prince Buelow, the man who had impersonated the confidential secretary to the President, we found correspondence that pointed to the German spy, Harry Hudson, as the guilty person. This man was in Washington, but we had no idea what he looked like or where he could be found. Finally, in desperation, our chief, Van Hart, ordered me to forge a letter in the handwriting of Blackenburg, the Director of German Espionage in Berlin, and mail it to a German secret cover address which we found in Von Buelow's correspondence. We knew that mail so addressed would reach, through undercover channels, the hands of Harry Hudson's superior."

"But," protested Russell, "I don't quite see what good that would do."

Crossle smiled indulgently. "It was the custom of Germans to execute their own spies whom they suspected of being traitors. Crosswise to the 'open letters,'" he explained, "we wrote in secret ink which we knew the Germans could develop, the following message. If you can decipher it, you will see how simple our plan was to have Hudson executed by the Germans." GYOPX FRBRM KGRYQ PZGQM QYZRZ RLLBC.

"It is the same cipher," Crossle continued, "as used by Von Buelow, except that the letters instead of the words are on different horizontal lines."

The solution will appear in next week's Liberty.

Mother's Secret

A Short Short Story

By

DO SOO HAHN

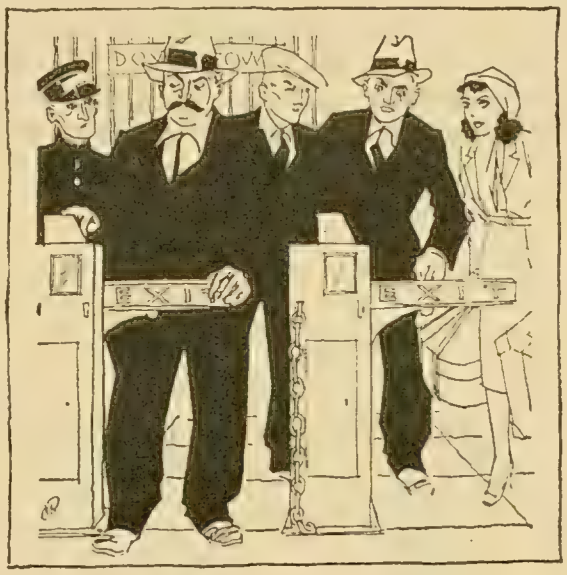
who is a Korean by birth, came to this country in 1920, attended preparatory school and college also, until forced to leave because of illness. Since his recovery, he says, he has been devoting himself to writing, and filling in his spare time the last six years by taking a moving-picture-scenario writing course by mail.

(Reading time: 5 min. 7 sec.)

SINCE his own widow mother had been arrested away by the police, John watched Henry, suspecting him of stealing Mrs. Johnson's jewels and of framing her (John's mother).

Henry was Mrs. Johnson's cook, John her useful butler, and his mother the nurse of her child.

Meantime, unseen by Henry, John searched in everything and everywhere in Henry's room and in the house as well for the jewels or their trace, wherein he thought Henry might have hidden them, but in vain. It made him incline to think that Henry may have hidden the jewels out somewhere in the world or sold them.



A night when Henry slipped out of the house, John followed him out without being seen, wondering if he might be going to the place wherein the jewels were hidden. Henry was much older than John.

Now John, among some other people, followed Henry into a local subway station.

Henry waited on the platform until the others had all gone in the first train.

John knew he had not been seen by him yet.

From the platform Henry slipped down to the track, and was walking up. John followed him, wondering if he had hidden the jewels somewhere in the subway.

Now they were alone, out of sight from the platform. When Henry turned his head, John tried to hide, but without success. The former walked close to the latter.

Henry said, "By dam', you thought I didn't know you were following me, eh?" So saying, he promptly knocked John down. With the head against the wall the latter fell in a faint.

As he had planned, he dragged and laid the fainted John across the track that a train might run over him.

Then John woke up. Springing up to his feet, he hit Henry, and cried, "Where you hid the jewels?"

Thus a good fight was going on. Alternately either was on the track and the other out of it. Now they sort of wrestled; now they sort of boxed. Now one's vest was burst and the other's shirt tail out. Now one's collar was burst and the other's shirt rent. Now one had a black eye and the other a bleeding nose.

At length they were both exhausted by the damned fight.

Finally John knocked the enemy down flat on the track. The latter did not move even a single finger like a corpse; the former felt of it.

In agony of horror John shook him and shook him, crying, "You must not die! Where you hid the jewels? Whom you sold them? Tell me where . . . whom . . . before you die. Got to prove my mother's innocence! You have a mother, too. See! See!"

Despite all Henry did not say a word like the dead.

John tried to hear Henry's heart, but in vain, because a train was heard, instead, now coming down, thundering and all-shaking.

Then he sensed that the train was bound to run over Henry. He tried to pull him by the waist out of track, but without success, for he had been himself so exhausted already. He tried to save him the other way: he pushed him a little.

Then, when, having got himself on the track, he pushed him out of the track, from the latter's waist one end of a flat bag slided along down to the ground with some necklace partly shown out, between cottons, through the burst place.

Now John was himself alone on the track—in danger. If he was killed, what was the use of his having seen the jewels? The numerous mighty wheels of the train were bound and bound to crush him any second. The train ran over his back or something when he did his very best to get out of the track, stumbling.

In fact, the mighty wheel mercilessly got his shirt tail and tore it off.

What a narrow escape his life had!

First, he picked up the jewels; then he tried again to hear Henry's heart. The latter woke up from the faint. Upon this John breathed a deep sigh of perfect relief.

WITH a policeman John took Henry to where his own widow mother was imprisoned.

When having been brought in the office of the warden, John's mother found her son and Henry. . . . She coughed; she had a cold. She was a little older than Henry.

Showing her the jewels on his desk, the warden told her all about what he had himself heard from her son, how her son had got the jewels from the real thief, Henry.

She was more than happy and more than proud of her son; having burst into tears she embraced him.

Having been touched by this scene, the warden chid Henry, "Didn't you a mother? You framed a innocent mother. You're the worst devil . . ."

"I ain't framed her," Henry protested.

"Telling a lie yet!" the warden retorted. "What's the hell the use?"

The widow mother said, "Henry's right, Mister Warden. He didn't frame me . . ." Her cough interrupted her.

Meantime the warden came to wonder if the widow may had sacrificed herself to save Henry for some secret reason or love, or if she may had had her share in the theft.

She continued:

"You remember the two pearls I was caught with by the detective, Mister Warden?"

"Yes, I do."

She continued, "Mrs. Johnson told the detective that the two pearls belonged to the string-broken necklace among her lost jewels . . ."

"So I heard," the warden interrupted.

She continued, "I found the two pearls in my son's pocket when pressing his suit. But for his sake I kept it a secret. Now I feel sure that Henry framed my son."

The warden turned to Henry, saying: "You planted the two pearls in his pocket. Is that it?"

The real thief protested no more.

John hugged his mother with a profound gratitude in his voice, "Oh, mother!"

THE END

Vox

City Asphalt versus Country Acres

Terre Haute, Ind.—In Vox Pop, recently, a man signing himself Longhorn, of Port Arthur, Texas, sounded his horn thusly: "I believe Liberty's suggestion that the surplus workers go back to the farm is the only permanent and sound solution to the unemployment problem."

"Sound" solution is right! But we hear so much strange "sound" on the radio. The very air is full of it. No other than "sound solutions" have been offered as yet. It must have been one of these that Longhorn heard—not the only one—but may the Lord forbid it be made "permanent."

Imagine the "sound" made by the feet of seven million surplus workers trudging back to the farm!

It is understood, of course, that these farms are all in readiness for us; the cows, pigs, mules, and chickens duly lined up in the bountiful barnyard to welcome us back.

Under this plan, we imagine, the fatted calf would be slaughtered in honor of the prodigals' return, and there would be someone (I don't know who) to fall on our necks and weep.

Then, after that, we would have all we wanted to eat, drink, and wear; not much work to do, no expenses to amount to anything, and, best of all, we wouldn't even have to ask our boss if we could go afishin'.

Sounds like a dream! Let's go, boys! —*E. L. Ferguson.*

Kansas City, Mo.—Liberty hasn't given us any editorials or articles on its back-to-the-soil idea for a long time. Come across with a few more!

I don't believe all the unemployed can be sent back to the land. But hundreds of thousands of them can be sent back. So let's get busy and do it! It's a lot better to dig, and plant, and plow than to walk the city pavements idly.—*A Lover of the Land.*

Albany, N. Y.—Several of my friends, despairing of finding jobs in the cities, are planning to buy small farms, with what is left them of their savings. They are city people, born and bred, and I'm wondering how they are going to fare on the land.

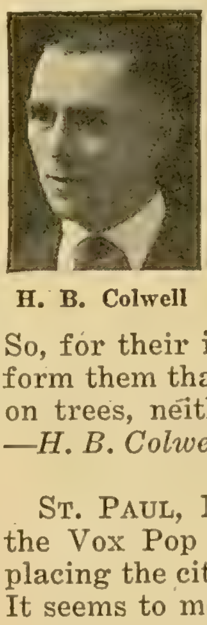
If Liberty's back-to-the-soil idea is sound, they ought to do well. And yet, when I think of the difficulties these friends of mine will have to face—the problems of poultry raising, for example—it seems to me that they might be wiser to stay in the city.—*A Doubter.*

Rupert, Idaho—There is today, and has been for two years, a surplus of everything that is produced on the farms of America.

Cognizance of this fact is no indication of brains but is the commonest of knowledge. Nevertheless you print Vox Pop letters by saps who sagely advise us that all we have to do to relieve the present unemployment situation is to have more people on more farms producing even greater surpluses.

Here in Idaho they grow the finest potatoes known, yet the growers have been forced to sell this year's crop for ten to fifty cents per hundred-pound bag—a price in no way commensurate with the cost of growing.

Now will these economic wizards of yours please explain how their nightmare is going to furnish these people with clothing and food? Heretofore those things have been acquired only by purchase and that required money (cash).



H. B. Colwell

Maybe they think that farmers raise shoes, clothing, fuel, and all of those things. So, for their information, I want to inform them that such things do not grow on trees, neither on bushes nor stalks. —*H. B. Colwell, City Manager.*

St. Paul, Minn.—I've been reading the Vox Pop comments on the idea of placing the cities' unemployed on farms. It seems to me there should be no delay in getting these people back to the land. On farms they would be self-supporting, or practically so. In the cities they are public charges.—*J. B.*

The Oiled Road to Fortune

Oklahoma City, Okla.—In re George Sylvester Viereck's article about John D. Rockefeller, Jr., entitled, "The Greatest Need of Business Today," I wish to say this: In the use or need of oil lies the value. The accumulation of a colossal fortune arising out of such a need—a fortune from which $600,000,000 has been given in the form of philanthropy—is but taking a loaf from a child and returning it a crumb.

If this is "generosity," then heaven is hell.—*George Skidmore.*

Thoughts on Throttling Taxes

Hoboken, N. J.—Many thanks for your wonderful editorial, "Mass Meetings to Save Us from Throttling Taxes." Your courage is truly commendable. More power to you, and may you be victorious!

I read several periodicals weekly, and two metropolitan newspapers daily, but none of them have the courage boldly and forcefully to tell the facts as you have.—*Wm. F. Huneke.*

St. Joseph, Mo.—In your editorial, "Mass Meetings to Save Us from Throttling Taxes," you say: "Call a mass meeting in your town. Arouse the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotarians, and the Kiwanis Club."

Listen, buddy! Call it yourself. I ain't got no time to go round calling mass meetings. It's all I can do to find time to call the roll at home.

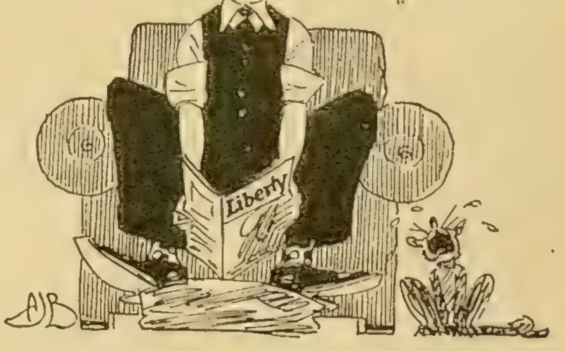
You say: "We are just a lot of dumb brutes—saying nothing, doing nothing, while our pockets are being picked."

You're kiddin', ain't you? Even so, you want to be kind of careful. I'm touchy about being called a dumb brute! —*B. B.*

Bawling Over the Billionaire

Glenmora, La.—Mad? Yes! You may as well know it now. You see, I read that article by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. It was called: "How Society Is Meeting the Depression."

So society is getting generous, eh? Dismissing their servants and throwing cheaper parties in order that they may be able to give to charity, eh? Well, why in the h—— don't they keep their servants? Because of the depression they can't afford a more expensive vacation than a trip to Europe? What a sacrifice!



And to think of those poor unfortunates whose incomes have dropped from $400,000 a year to only $150,000, making it necessary to struggle along on the pitiful sum of $3,000 a week! The thought was so heartrending that I was forced into tears.—*H. L. Robinson.*

Pop

Just a Naturally Smart Family

ROUND LAKE, ILL.—About five weeks ago I bought a Liberty instead of a bar of candy because the price was the same and the cover looked innocent.

Since that time I have been compelled by members of the family to spend a nickel every week. They all line up and yell for your magazine as soon as I come in the door with it.

The oldest boy has got the airplane bug and can't live without those stories, the next one is taking snapshots and promised me the nickel back in case he gets a hundred dollars. The girl wants to finish " Six Weeks," and, worst of all, after reading " Why We Put Our Husbands in Jail," my wife wants to clap me in the hoosgow and get alimony!—*Henry Janssen.*

Checked Up

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The article, " Ex-Prosecutor," by Harold L. Davis, was one of the best ever published by your magazine. I lived for twelve years in Los Angeles, and followed all cases mentioned by Mr. Davis, and he stated the *truth.—J. A. T.*

Estimates of an Editorial

AURORA, ILL.—In Liberty for January 2 appeared an editorial, " Choking the Life Out of Business with the Income Tax."

Glenn Cobb

In it you claimed that under the income tax system the individual is taxed for being successful and, therefore, the advancement of business ability and business expansion is retarded.

Is such a condition any worse than taxing a man for maintaining an attractive home—an asset to the community?

Under the present system two men may have the same income, one paying a high tax for his property and the other paying few or no taxes because he may live in a tumble-down shack which is a disgrace to the community in which he lives—a shack which tends to undermine the initiative of the persons living therein.

Under this same system the sale of real estate is retarded because the upkeep of taxes on such property soon amounts to a great deal more than the original cost. This, in turn, retards building, thus holding a great many more men out of work in the building trades than the number of men kept out of work by the retarding of expansion through an income tax.—*Glenn Cobb.*

PETERSBURG, ALASKA—You surely hit the nail fair in your editorial on the income tax, although there are many who yell to the contrary.

I am a producer, and it surely fits my case to a dot.

I am one—and no doubt there are many more like me—who finds greater pleasure in expanding his business, thereby being able to give more people employment, than in making more money.

I and those like me have the good of our employees at heart. We like to see them busy, well, and happy, and the more we can gather around us the better we like it.

Now along comes the income tax on such producers as I, and whittles off the edges which I want to use either to expand, or to use in bettering the condition of my people.

I surely feel that the country at large would be much better off if such incomes were not taxed as much as they now are.—*Earl N. Ohmer.*

Couple of Cover Comments

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have followed the pro-Thrasher, anti-Thrasher debate ever since it started in Liberty and I see, now, someone suggested a ballot. Well, mine is cast for Leslie Thrasher!

My hat is off to Liberty for having the courage of its convictions and not being a dumb sheep or rubber stamp.

Some of us like a magazine cover that doesn't have a lovely female languishing on it, even though we fully appreciate lovely females.—*Miss Ruth.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Since S. A. Allen asks for it, here's my vote . . . in favor of Leslie Thrasher's pictures with a story. Of course some people prefer to see a ravishing motion-picture star reclining on a divan, or a platinum blonde model gazing soulfully from heavily fringed eyes.

I'm satisfied with my Liberty covers. —*Claire McMahon.*

For Mr. Annixter

WICHITA, KAN.—Your articles are good. The same goes for your other swell features. But what really makes Liberty elegant are stories like " The Bear That Lived in a House," by Paul Annixter.—*Dal Perkins.*

When Truth Is Sourer than Fiction

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I note that Liberty has been opening its columns to discussions of unemployment relief.

The unfortunate phase of our need of charity on a large scale is that our chosen leaders dare not tell us the truth, for the simple reason that we will not vote for them if they do.

Verne L. Havens

We want our Congressmen to tell us that wheat will sell for two dollars per bushel next March; that every victim of city life will have a good salary and a happy home before spring; that taxes will disappear but everybody will get a bonus; that immigration will be stopped and the influx of unemployed will thereby cease; that the Federal Reserve Bank will be compelled to loan us money on our unsecured notes; that the government will support us when we get old or lazy and that beer will be free, if that is what we want.

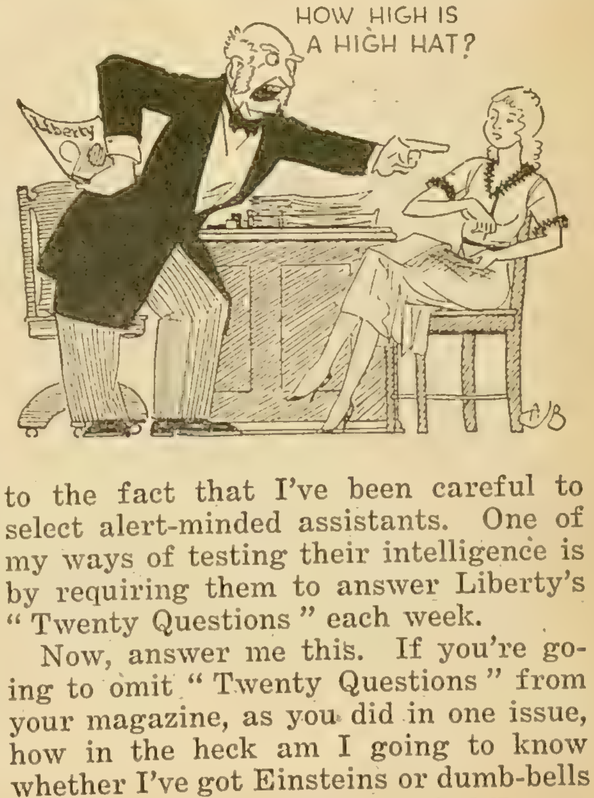
Our Congressmen are Congressmen because they tell us all the guff and nonsense we would like to believe. It is not their fault. It is our fault.—*Verne L. Havens.*

Turn to Pages 35 and 65

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — The short shorts are your prize feature. Try giving us two a week, and see how happy we'd be!—*Elizabeth MacKaye.*

Can You Answer 'Em Yourself, Huh?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am a business man, and employ a fairly large office force. I believe that my success is largely due to the fact that I've been careful to select alert-minded assistants. One of my ways of testing their intelligence is by requiring them to answer Liberty's " Twenty Questions " each week.



Now, answer me this. If you're going to omit " Twenty Questions " from your magazine, as you did in one issue, how in the heck am I going to know whether I've got Einsteins or dumb-bells working for me, huh?—*A Mind-Tester.*

A Page of Prize Winners!

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

FIFTH WEEK

HERE are the winners of the Fifth Week of the snapshot contest which closed January 2. Prize checks will be mailed to each winner forthwith. Awards for the Sixth Week contest will be announced next week.

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Joseph Baldorff, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$10 SECOND PRIZES

F. G. Angle, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Roy J. Chivens, Cameron, Mo.; Grace D. Cockcroft, Northport, N. Y.; A. H. Cox, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Ingersoll, Ont., Can.; Mrs. Inez B. Kelso, Boulder, Colo.; Omer G. Kremkau, Washington, D. C.; E. C. Le Pointe, Oneida, N. Y.; Val B. Mintun, Kansas City, Mo.; Robert Shults, Highland City, Fla.

$5 THIRD PRIZES

Mary Sackett Amrhein, Delaware, Ohio; Mrs. L. W. Baynard, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Earl Bock, Dubuque, Iowa; Earl Boyer, Poteau, Okla.; Margaret Brock, Buffalo, Wyo.; Neale M. Brown, Goodman, Mo.; William T. Brown, Toronto, Can.; Nick Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.; M. C. Colburn, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. G. C. Crary, San Diego, Calif.; G. M. Cross, Newton Center, Mass.; Mrs. C. Crowell, Pompton Lakes, N. J.; Rachael H. Decker, Parshall, Colo.; Arnold C. Falk, Houston, Texas; Florence Fenton, Vineland, N. J.; W. S. Goenlank, New York City; Earl R. Gray, Hartford, Conn.; Ben Gropengeiser, Onida, S. D.; Russell Harrison, Knoxville, Tenn.; Louis Haepel, Cleveland, Ohio; Florence Jensen, Long Beach, Calif.; Stella M. Jordan, Clemenceau, Ariz.; G. A. Larkin, Yellowstone Park, Wyo.; J. E. Le Pla, Palatka, Fla.; Mrs. A. O. Lynch, Lido Beach, N. Y.; Rael Mawrence, Chicago, Ill.; Miss M. Porter, Montreal, Can.; Clover Sautter, Waynesburg, Ohio; Mrs. C. L. Schwab, Bend, Oregon; H. Y. Simmons, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Hoke S. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Oscar H. Stroh, Linglestown, Pa.; John A. Stull, Cumberland, Md.; Mrs. David Sweigart, Lincoln Park, Pa.; D. Townsend, Galion, Ohio; Harry J. Twitchell, Anaheim, Calif.; Edgar A. Weimer, Jr., Lebanon, Pa.; W. Theodore Whitaker, Jenkintown, Pa.; Alex. R. Whittaker, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Maud Oliver Wisner, Hempstead, N. Y.

And Here Are More Winners in

THE JIG-SAW PUZZLE CONTEST

THIS week we publish more Jig-Saw winners supplementing the names printed in the previous issue. This list will be continued next week and will be completed as rapidly as space permits. Prize checks will be mailed when all winners are announced.

$500 SECOND PRIZE

K. S. Greene, Globe, Arizona.

$50 EACH FOR THESE

Gerald Damush, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. H. B. Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.
Claire Audoun, Baltimore, Md.
June M. Crouse, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

K. S. GREENE

He wins $500. Is a native of Lehi, Utah. Graduated from U. of U. Civil Engineer. Worked on Coolidge Dam, near Globe. Is 29, a member of several fraternities, an amateur actor and $500 richer than when he entered the Jig-Saw Contest.

MORE $10 PRIZE WINNERS

Lais Leone Manning, Webster Groves, Mo.; C. H. Vernon, Los Angeles, Calif.; Walter F. Thurlow, Syracuse, N. Y.; Edward S. Dunlap, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. C. W. Durant, Kerman, Calif.; Hamilton Noss, New Castle, Pa.; Lucy Sullivan, Washington, D. C.; Ann Lee, Staten Island, N. Y.; W. H. Seidel, Sugarland, Texas; Margaret M. Hayden, Germantown, Pa.; Ercole Tomei, Akron, Ohio; Evelyn C. Gill, Knoxville, Tenn.; Lee Salt, Glen Lake, Minn.; Mrs. Walter McH. Moore, Houston, Texas; Mildred Berglund, Minneapolis, Minn.; Leslie Dingledy, Pulaski, Pa.; Harold Donlon, Cleveland, Ohio; Charles W. Hamilton, Los Angeles, Calif.; Don J. Anderson, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. George F. Cogan, Stoneham, Mass.; Rose Sorenson, Blackfoot, Idaho; Mrs. Jeanne Friess, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Kathryn M. Steen, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. M. F. Swallow, Oakland, Calif.; Rena Corvino, Stockton, Calif.; Mrs. Orville T. Lee, Elkhart, Ind.; Beatrice V. Pease, Seattle, Wash.; T. V. Marshall, Jr., Williamsport, Pa.; M. S. Mitchell, Harvey, Ill.; Mrs. A. H. Ditto, St. Louis, Mo.; Mabel Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. H. Ogletree, San Antonio, Texas; Katherine Karkau, Spokane, Wash.; Lawrence A. Gates, Covington, Ky.; Allen S. Dawe, Hackettstown, N. J.; J. A. Boucher, Hudson, N. Y.; Evelyn Jackson, New Brighton, Pa.; Francis J. Ross, Los Angeles, Calif.; William Sofran, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Bess I. Leh, Bethlehem, Pa.; Agnes M. Weschler, Brookland, D. C.; Wm. A. McKenzie, University City, Mo.; Ellie Jordan, New York City; Walter G. Craig, Jr., White Plains, N. Y.; Mrs. D. T. Keith, College Park, Ga.; Fannie Terrell, Lake Charles, La.; Mrs. Gussie G. Raines, Dawson, Ga.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Joseph N. Finni, New Bedford, Mass.; William E. Trout, Camden, N. J.; Joseph Abeles, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. E. R. Weisser, Jr., Akron, Ohio.

Barbara Scott Clark, Uniontown, Pa.; Hilda Carr, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. H. De Steese, Merrick, N. Y.; Bert Levine, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Genevieve B. Worsham, El Paso, Texas; M. Mears, Oak Park, Ill.; Jean B. Krupman, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Melva Ethel Crouch, San Antonio, Texas; Mrs. Frances B. White, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. H. C. Swidensky, Muskogee, Okla.; Thelma B. Hansen, Pensacola, Fla.; Estelle M. Kennedy, Evansville, Ind.; Waldo Sachse, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ellen F. Craig, Elkins Park, Pa.; Beulah Hendrickson, Patchogue, N. Y.; Thelma Gillespie, West Haven, Conn.; Mrs. H. J. Halbach, Houston, Texas; Bertie Jones, Detroit, Mich.; Whitney Ward, Hornell, N. Y.; Ellen K. Sparnicht, New York City; John Seymour Brearley, Waynesboro, Va.

Kathryn Burns Hall, Ansonia, Conn.; Ann Marie Mokas, Chicago, Ill.; Viola M. Dolley, Los Angeles, Calif.; Charlotte D. Boies, Knoxville, Tenn.; Victor Davidson, New York City; Franklin S. Moseley, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. Helen Thomas, Houston, Texas; Alma M. Harley, Detroit, Mich.

Cleo Anderson, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Helen M. Reher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Ida Engle, Avilla, Ind.; Bertha L. Hamilton, Pittsburgh, Pa.; L. Howe, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Rose Silberstein, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. H. H. Peck, Kenmore, N. Y.; Mae D. Shepard, Boston, Mass.; R. J. Clementz, South Bend, Ind.; William A. Batts, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Carol Atkins, Tulsa, Okla.; Marie Krewett, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas H. Kilgour, Oakland, Calif.; John E. Todd, Salt Lake City, Utah; Violet G. Shuman, Long Beach, Calif.; Russell Solomon, Alameda, Calif.; Mrs. Arlyn Huston, South Euclid, Ohio; Ida McLaughlin, Sheridan, Mo.

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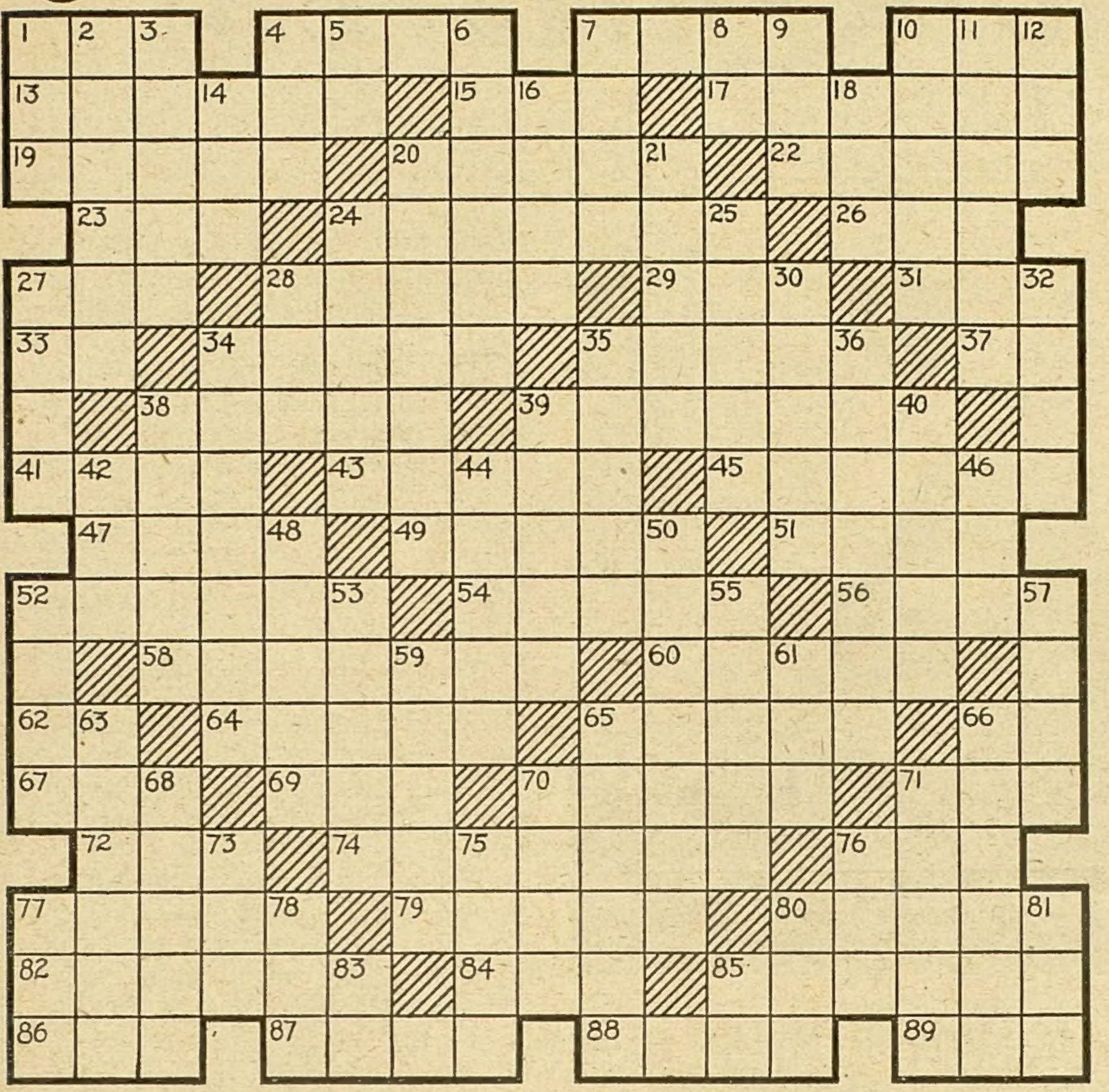
WATCH FOR FURTHER PRIZE WINNERS' NAMES IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

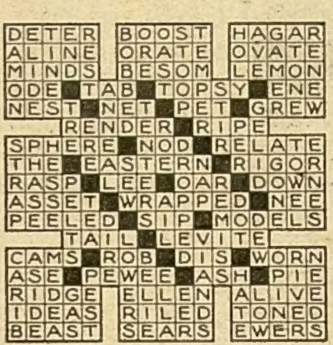
1RST

Cross Words
A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Past
4 Electrified particles
7 Great supply of cash
10 Period
13 Characteristics
15 Greek letter
17 Speaker
19 Merits; deserves
20 Marsh marigold
22 Evade
23 Indite
24 Crown
26 American author
27 Couch
28 Ragout of game
29 Disease of sheep
31 Bring to a close
33 While
34 Skin of a calf's head (plural)
35 A parrot
37 Toward
38 Document
39 Dwellings of kings
41 Heavenly body
43 Cardinal number
45 Sparer
47 Metal-bearing masses
49 Drivels
51 Support for a mast
52 Thornlike processes
54 Spars
56 Hastened
58 Cut-out design for applying lettering
60 Badgerlike animal
62 Form of to be
64 Frolic
65 Measure of length
66 Parent
67 Gypsy
69 Woman's nickname
70 Overawed



DETER BOOST HAGAR
ALINE ORATE OVATE
MINDS BESOM LEMON
ODE TAB TOPSY ENE
NEST NET PET GREW
RENDER RIPE
SPHERE NOD RELATE
THE EASTERN RIGOR
RASP LEE OAR DOWN
ASSET WRAPPED NEE
PEELED SIP MODELS
TAIL LEVITE
CAMS ROB DIS WORN
ASE PEWEE ASH PIE
RIDGE ELLEN ALIVE
IDEAS RILED TONED
BEAST SEARS EWERS

Answer to last week's puzzle

71 Crafty
72 Fall behind
74 Article of diet among Mexicans (plural)
76 Ejaculation
77 Saltpeter
79 Atom
80 Woman's name
82 Joined
84 By
85 Poker term
86 Cardinal number
87 Pigeon
88 Unquestioning
89 Compass point

VERTICAL

1 Devoured
2 Juicy berries
3 Rowed
4 Pronoun
5 Bone
6 Uses mercy
7 Air; manner
8 Not
9 Three (Italian)
10 Musical exercise
11 Gnawing animal
12 Measure of area
14 Hostelry
16 Stain
18 Wing
20 Overlaid
21 Kingly
24 Quotes
25 Coin of Siam
27 Clubs
28 Acme
30 Fish (plural)
32 Portal
34 Progenitors
35 Neck hair (plural)
36 Come safely through stress or peril
38 Son of Priam
39 Part of a flower
40 Mollusk
42 Highest point
44 Come forth violently
46 Center of a target
48 Percolates
50 Scattered
52 Scorch
53 The nose of a hog
55 Gluts
57 Vehicle
59 A constituent of milk
61 Man's nickname
63 City in Illinois
65 Teeth
66 Puts in position
68 Matutinal
70 The stem of a palm
71 Gleam
73 Obtain
75 Give way to dejection
76 Alcoholic liquor
77 Egyptian goddess
78 A color
80 Copy
81 Sooner than
83 Note of the scale
85 Either

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 50 sec.)

LOVE burning in silence—a secret admirer—a mysterious swain who sends, anonymously, a pale, expensive flower to his lady every night. . . .

I call that perfect. Perfect, at any rate, as a setting for the most famous of living Spanish dancers. And that is what has been happening right here in this country during the present tour of Antonia Mercé—La Argentina.

Yes, the unknown admirer sends her a bouquet *every* night—wherever she is: in New York or New Orleans, Boston or Baton Rouge. She hasn't the faintest notion who he may be.

I had tea with Argentina the other day—asked her questions about her remarkable career. She acknowledged frankly (as so few great folk will) that she adores success. She loves applause, public acclaim, baskets of flowers handed up across the footlights, applause, more applause!

It was quite a relief, I thought, to hear a star confess without silly affectation that she loves to be admired.

La Argentina

Applause determined Argentina's career. She has never forgotten the handclapping that greeted her when she danced in public for the first time—at the age of six. Her mother and father were dancers both.

If Spanish dancing gives you a special thrill, see Argentina when she comes your way—or, if she doesn't, then get her phonograph records. They are very good.

They do not, of course, convey any of the colorful fascination displayed by the woman herself in the costumes she herself designs. And she's a wonder at costuming.

Argentina was born in Buenos Aires of Spanish parents. Curiously, she hates heat and adores snow. Never turns on a radiator in her apartment.

She is the first Spanish citizen to be decorated by the new republican government.

I HAVE come reluctantly to the conclusion that men have much better theater manners than women. Rarely will a woman rise, as all well bred men do, to let holders of adjacent seats pass to or from their places comfortably. No, indeed; there the average woman sits, grudging the slightest move, while all and sundry suffer in their efforts to squeeze past her. And how she glares if you bump her or step on her! What venomous remarks she hisses at you!

Also, when you are scraped and jostled from behind, the back of your head whacked by a passing elbow, your hat knocked askew before you can take it off, your hair devastated, look around and nine times out of ten you will see that the inconsiderate one is a woman.

Then there's the perfume pest. Strong perfumes are annoying to many people, yet women often make a special point of using such perfumes in the evening—and nauseate whole sections of a theater audience.

More frequently, too, than men are women guilty of loud talk during the action of the play, and of noisy late arrivals.

Why should we be so ill-mannered?

GAY, gayer, gayest—that's the best way I can find to describe the new Palm Beach shoes. I think they are likely to be all the rage next summer. The latest thing is glove kid dyed in "sun colors" with the most entertaining names. These are fashionable not only for spectator-sports shoes, but for evening wear as well. Some of the color names are: hi-li red, a cross between scarlet and orange; Biscay blue, a vivid cobalt; cabaña green, a light emerald; tropic yellow; orange glow, this last being a messy tangerine tone which I disliked.

Heels are medium high, toes rounded and comfortable. For dancing I thought a glazed white kid sandal piped with gold was ideal. White stitching on a Biscay blue shoe looks extremely smart.

But the biggest novelty is the *kidette* shoe, cut with a high cuff over the heel, like those romantic old slippers of the Middle Ages. The new kidette cuffs are cut out with pointed edges or draped sashwise. They curve up over the back of your ankle.

Very pretty—but I wonder if many of us will accept such a startling innovation.

CAN anything be more gratifying to a hostess than the receipt of a polite little note from a guest, thanking her for pleasant entertainment?

Personally, I am all for this old-fashioned courtesy.

Maybe the custom is coming back, for I find that the latest thing in writing paper is a small double sheet, 4½ by 5½ inches, made to slip into the envelope without folding—just large enough for a few words.

Narrow lines of color edge the paper—red and silver; blue and gray; dark brown and gray; or white on gray paper. The envelopes are lined to match. A tiny monogram, or the address in small plain letters, completes the idea.

Colored paper is less favored now than white, or white with the faintest crisscross of gray lines.

That small sheet is making me write more letters than I've written in years.

VITAMINS are bothering the men who run the big ocean liners. They say their passengers know too much about vitamins these days. The stewards of the big ships used to build up reputations for themselves by catering to sea-sharpened appetites with mere richness of quality and hugeness of quantity. But passengers today demand their fill of vitamins A, B, C, D, etc. Which reminds me of the woman who asked her vegetable man, "Has your lettuce got vitamins in it?"

"Well, ma'am," he said, "you're apt to get them pests on anything green."

TWO perfectly gorgeous stay-up-all-night-reading mystery stories: About the Murder of the Night Club Lady, by Anthony Abbot (Covici, Friede); and From This Dark Stairway, by M. G. Eberhart (Doubleday, Doran).

At 39 she laughs at Birthdays

"Yes–I am 39"
Frances Starr

You can share the screen stars' secret

"Of course I am 39," says Frances Starr, famous stage and screen star.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin, and I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

Countless lovely stage and screen stars agree with Frances Starr!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty.

Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care. They find this luxurious soap, for their convenience, in the dressing rooms of theatres all over the country!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

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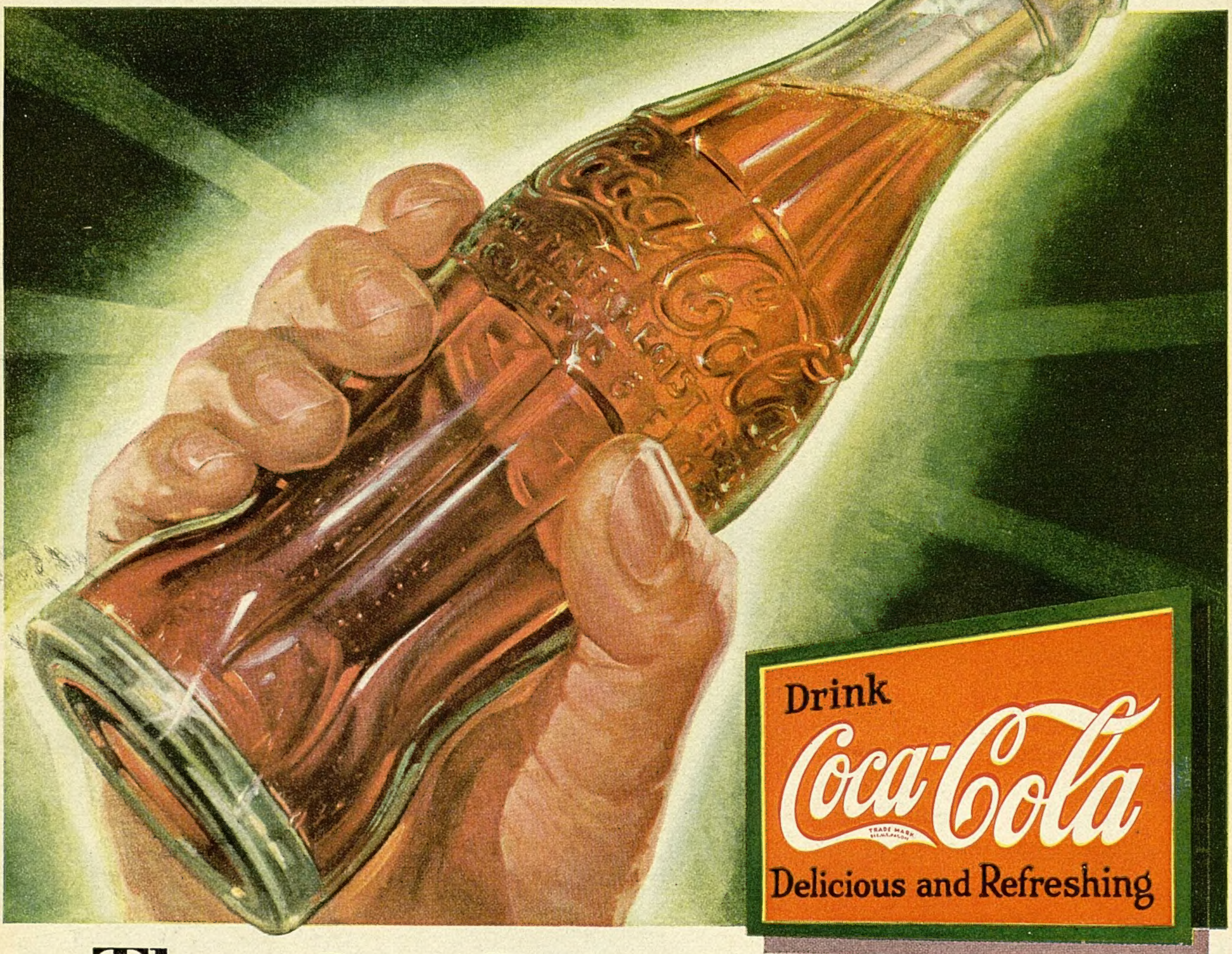

The drink that makes *a pause refreshing*

Could you ask more in flavor than a tingling, delicious taste? Could you wish better than a cool, wholesome after-sense of refreshment? Could a drink be more perfect than to make you forget you were thirsty? And to have it ready, ice-cold, around the corner from anywhere for 5¢.

That is Coca-Cola! , , Thus it fits into modern, busy life. It fits into anybody's busiest day. It cheers up rest minutes—making them *the pause that refreshes.* Uninterrupted, either work or play tire you out. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , , IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS